AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1981-$2.50*

GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

T.J. SMITH'S MELBOURNE CUP BOMBSHELL

Plus: Linda Lovelace, 4WD Muscle, Sex By The Stars

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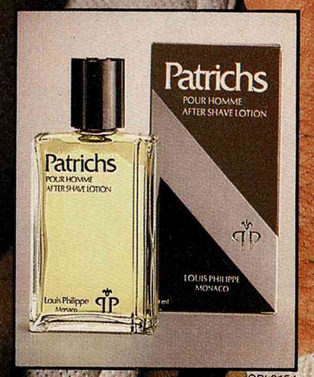

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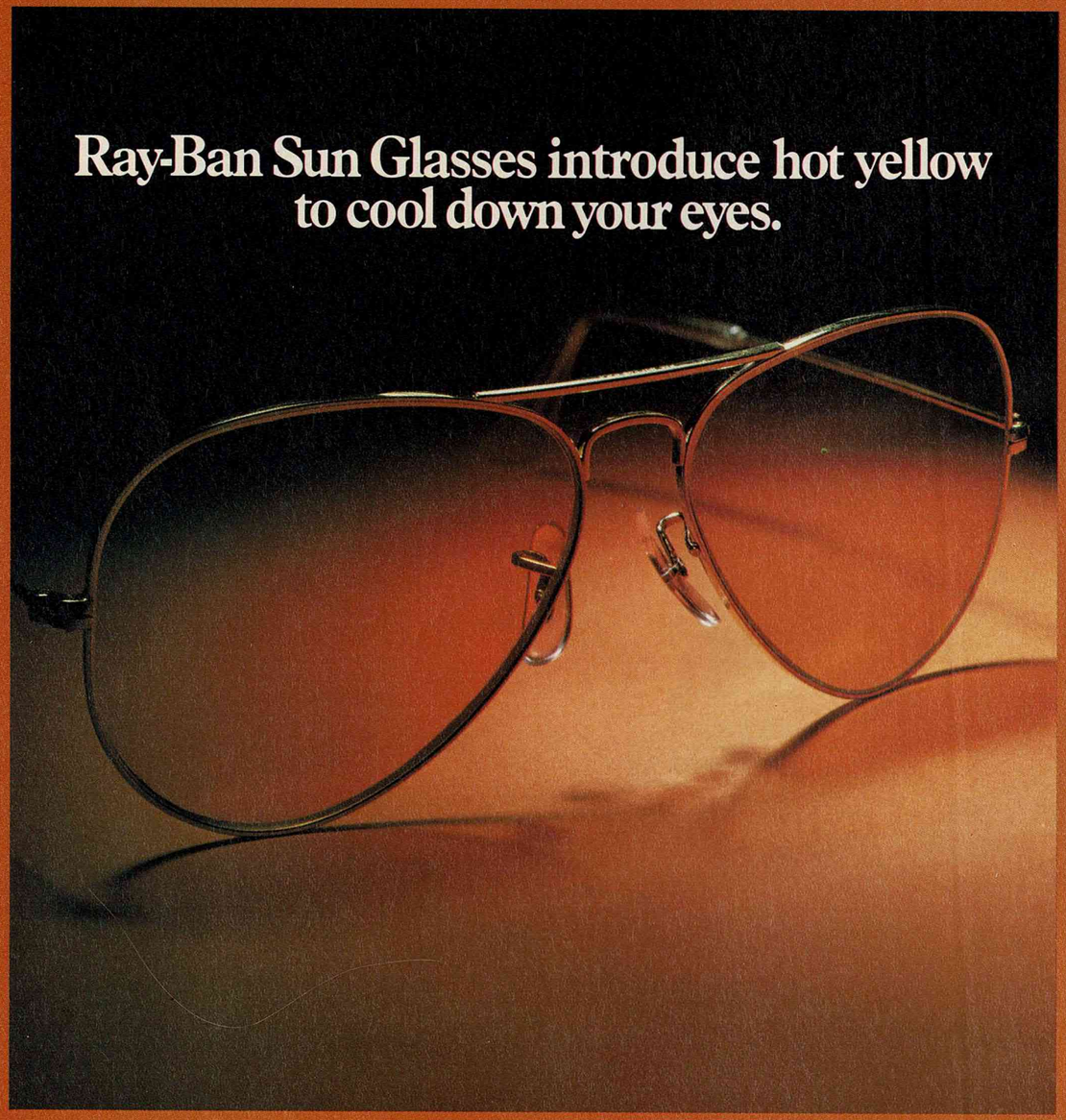
Ray-Ban Sun Glasses introduce hot yellow to cool down your eyes.



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PLAYBILL

THIS IS the time of which the poet sang: "Spring is sprung, the grass is riz, I wonder where the boidies is?" Well, you don't have to wonder. We don't have too many little feathered friends to show you, but our November issue contains a plenitude of those other glorious creatures that are sometimes referred to by that euphonious appellation.

First, there is the wondrous Julie Welling. So many of you have been besieging us for more, more, more of our stunning September cover girl that we trekked north again to the quiet Queensland beach where Julie communes with the wind, sea and sky. It was worth it, as you'll see inside from **Colin Stead's** photographs.

Then it was on to Perth. The sun-drenched capital of the West has long had the reputation of turning out some of the most stunning women you could hope to see, and it's evident from our pictorial on The Girls of Perth.

While in Perth, we happened to run into enigmatic genius, Ralph Sarich. Sarich has been working away quietly for years now to perfect a revolutionary new car engine that shows promise of surpassing all the works of Detroit, Coventry and Stuttgart. In this month's issue, we bring you up to date on the man who presides over what could be Australia's greatest contribution to automotive technology. **George Williams** landed this rare interview.

Other things, too, are stirring in the Golden West, things their owners thought would never stir again. As **Suzanne Simpson** reports, Western Australian doctors are performing technological miracles for ageing or otherwise incapacitated Lasseters who had thought their last ride was long past. You've heard of bionic arms and legs, but would you believe in bionic . . . well, read our piece inside entitled Is That a Pump in Your Pocket or Are You Just Glad to See Me, and find out. **Collide** illustrated.

The month of November is traditionally marked by the running of Australia's greatest horse race — the Melbourne Cup. But is it really the greatest? T.J. Smith, who himself has been hailed as "The Greatest", is not so sure. From any other man, this would be heresy indeed, but Tommy Smith has the qualifications, as you'll see from **Russell Deiley's** penetrating profile.

From horses to horsepower, our motoring editor **Rob Luck** takes us into the fascinating world of four-wheel drive. These tank-tough vehicles have evolved into some of the most desirable vehicles on or off Australian roads.

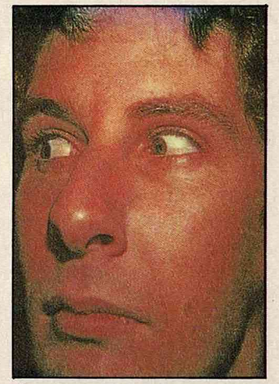
In fiction this month, **John Byrell** continues his lighthearted exploration of that sinful strip known far and wide as The Cross, while **Terry Blake** takes us on an imaginative voyage into the possible future of Australia's own underwater wonderland, the Great Barrier Reef. His powerful story, The Seabird, raises an issue of vital importance to all of us. **Alan Ewart** was the painter.

Is there sex in your stars? **Athena Starwoman**, Australia's most luscious astrologer, is here this month to tell you. Chart your course by Athena and don't forget the stout and oysters. We start a new feature called Money this month. Written by **Steven Schwartz**, it will help chart your financial course.

In addition, PLAYBOY this month takes you into the troubled world of porno star Linda Lovelace under the able guidance of writer **Anthea Disney**, and into the tinselled streets of Los Angeles with **Peter Schjeldahl**. His piece is perhaps the finest portrait of a city you will ever read.

Finally, PLAYBOY this month offers you the chance to win your own dream machine — a Suzuki Sierra, customised to perfection by our own **Rob Luck**. See inside for details, and enjoy.

SIMPSON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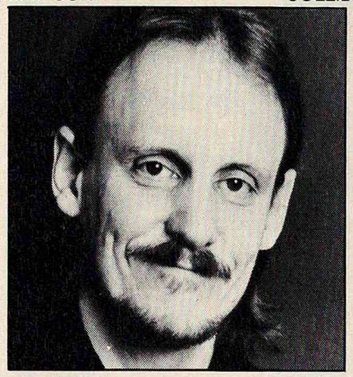
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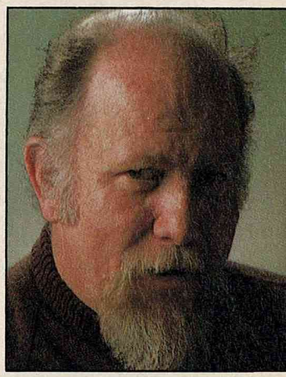
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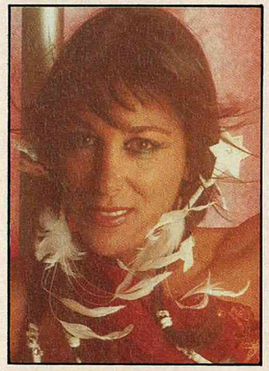
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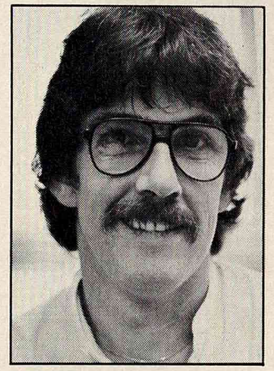
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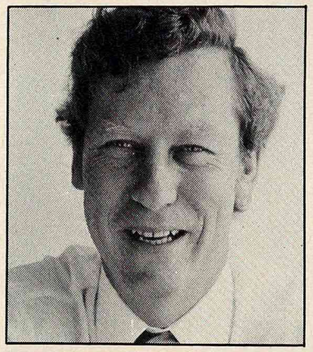
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AUSTRALIAN
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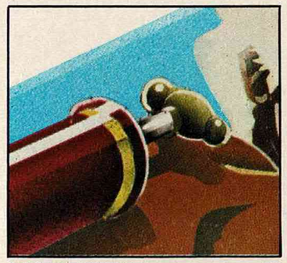

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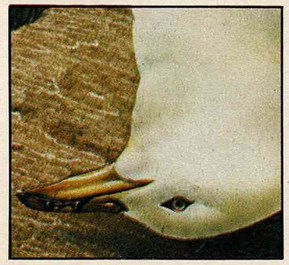

SEABIRD 126

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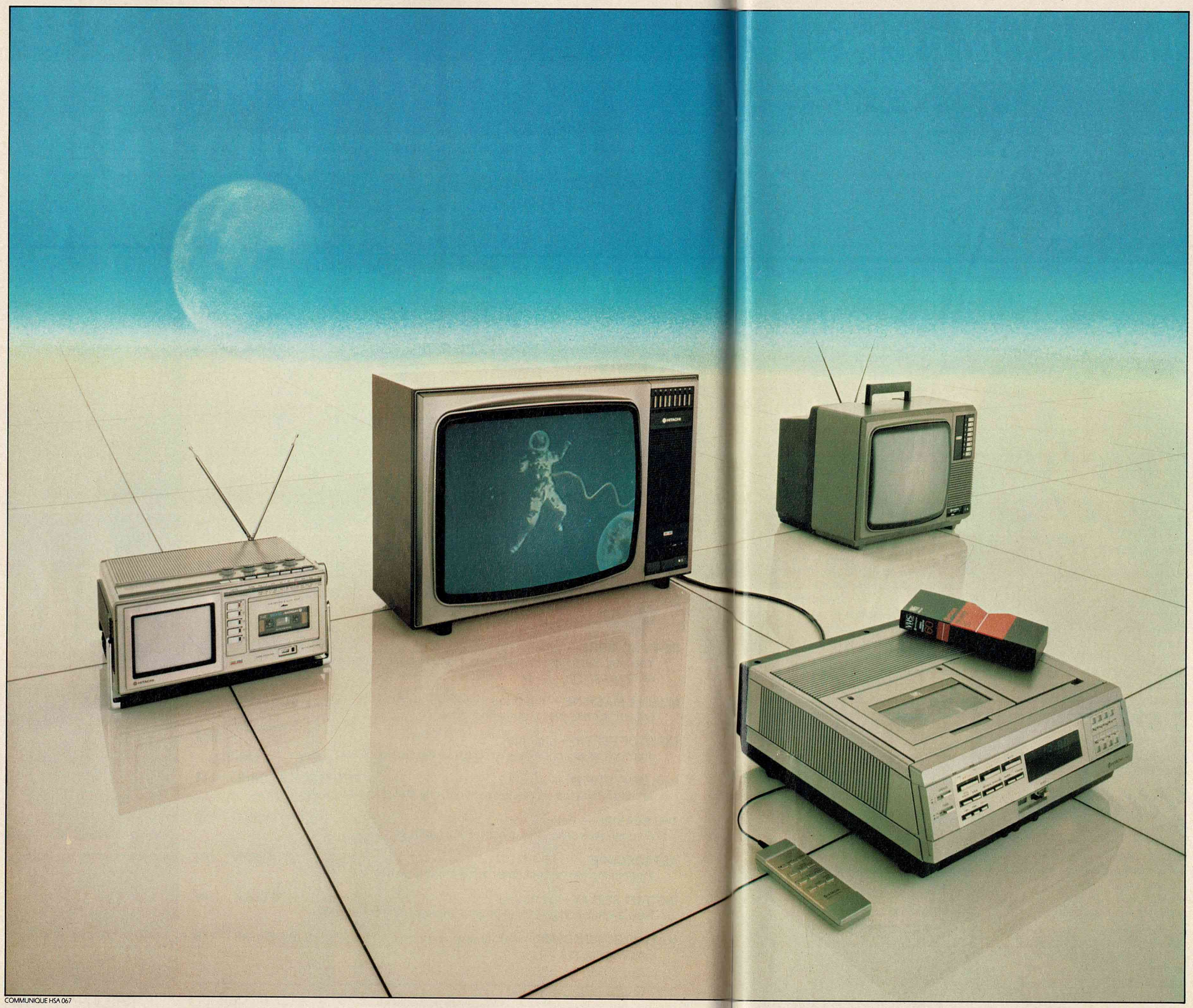

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

SECOND SIGHT

I would like to comment on your great magazine. Every one that has come my way, so far, has been great, but the August issue was superb — especally those Gold Coast girls. They were all beautiful and deserved more space than they got, but I realise that when there is so much in your magazine, one can't be choosey; however, I believe that there were four girls who do deserve another tribute. They are Lyn (sigh) Barron, Roxane (pant) Gamble, Elizabeth (puff) Chapman and the best one of all, my choice for playmate (oh please, if only) is Irene Shanks. Thank you also for doing a spread about my favorite actress, Valerie Perrine. What did you say her address was? But just one small complaint. How come, for all the time the magazine has been published in Australia, that there has not been a photo of a Tassie or Northern Territory bird? I hope that you guys will soon correct this anomaly, as I know that there are a lot of beauties in these States.

"Reached",
Mundubbera, Qld.

To your last point — be patient and keep buying Australian PLAYBOY. Since you wrote, Elizabeth Chapman and Lyn Barron have already been honored in the September and October issues. — Ed.

LYN AND LIZ

Every boy's dream came true in the October issue of PLAYBOY with your fantastic centrespread on Lyn Barron in the Whitsunday Passage. I use the word "boy" advisedly because that angle would make any guy, no matter how old, feel young again.

October was not the first time we have seen lovely Lyn, of course, for she was the opening bird in your August Girls of the Gold Coast pictorial. That Surfers Paradise was a rich source of beautiful women is fairly obvious when you remember that Elizabeth Chapman turned up as the centrespread in September.

More of the same please.

Terry White,
Adelaide, SA.

As requested, here's another look at lovely Lyn Barron.

BEAUTIFUL BEV

I have known Beverley Inkster since her early teens and was glad to see her beautiful body among the pages of Gold Coast girls (August) — even though Bev's originally from Adelaide. Beverley has been on the covers of other national magazines, but I would love to see more of her in your magazine. Maybe a good spread of her on the beach somewhere — Bev is a good surfer and outdoors girl.

Bob Stanfield,
Unley, SA.

PLAGUE ON SICKIES

After reading your article on The Sickie in August's PLAYBOY, I've often wondered what the author, Lee Patterson, must think of the Australian boss. It is just as well you class the article as a humor piece!

You must think the Australian boss is dumb as well as stupid.

Reader,
Sydney, NSW.

OH BO!

Congratulations on beating the American film censors with your fantastic spread on Bo Derek in the new Tarzan movie.

What a lady! Painted white, she looked very like a modern day version of the Venus di Milo.

I will go to see *Tarzan, the Ape Man,* for Bo's sake and can only hope that the censor has not screwed up a movie that, potentially, will give a realistic view of life in the jungle. I've read in the press that the movie is doing great business in the United States, so there is hope yet.

Again, congratulations to PLAYBOY, and photographer John Derek, on a collection, of outstanding and sharp-colored pictures of beautiful Bo and her friends.

L. J. McP,
Strathfield, NSW.

THIEF'S CHOICE

It was with much amusement that I watched a very timely news story the day I had bought and read your September issue with Rob Luck's story on the spare parts racket in Australia. The news item concerned a young Sydney doctor and his brand-new zillion dollar Alfa Romeo. He had left the car parked in his driveway when he retired one night only to find it missing when he awoke. Two days later, his medicine kit (which had been in the stolen car) was tossed over his back fence — morphine, pethidine and all other drugs intact. Attached was a note from the Robin Hood-like thief: "Dear Doc, here is your bag. I only took your car for spare parts and don't want your drugs. I would never have taken any doc's car. You should put a badge on your bumper saying this is a doc's car." Must be a lot of truth to Luck's story — any thief who passes up narcotics must indicate there is a bloody good market in spare parts.

P.H.,
Sydney, NSW.

SCARLET LADY

Frankly, Scarlet, (PLAYBOY, October) we do give a damn. What a bird and where did you find her? How come we've never heard of the lovely lady before? She makes all the other beauties of your magazine seem tame by comparison.

I've got a strong feeling we'll be seeing a lot more of Scarlet in the very near future. I suspect she could be a great addition to a show like *The Restless Years.*

If you get letters like this one from a lot of other readers, and I imagine that you will, then take it as a strong hint — that we would like to see another spread of this lady — in bed or out of it.

J.L.K.,
Sydney, NSW.

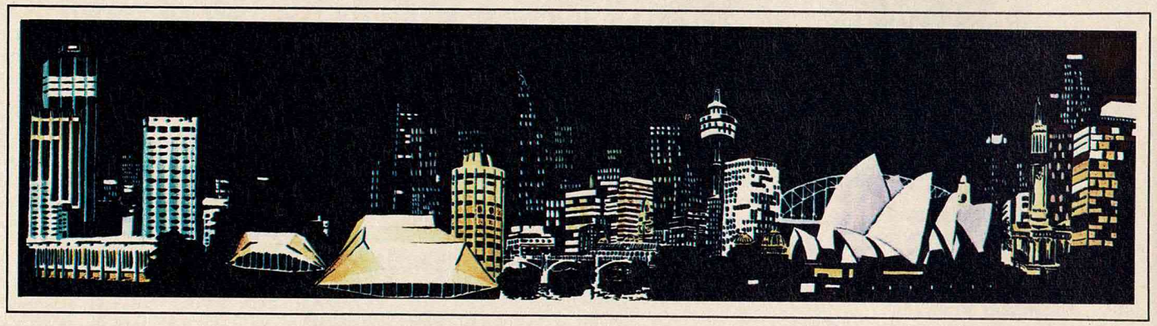
HAPPY READER

I was one of the winners in the Manila competition, and I would like to thank you for your magazine.

Your outstanding choice of women is unbelievable. Once again, thank you for two and a half years of enjoyable reading.

A Contented Reader,
Ferny Hills, Qld.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



RABBIT POWER

They're massing now, even as we write. Hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands of them. More and more, bigger and bigger. Rabbits. Gigantic, super rabbits. As big as Alsatians. No, this is not some feeble-minded Hollywood script. This is the real thing. Mr G. Rabbidge (true!) from the NSW Field and Game Association is deadly serious when he warns about the new strain of bumper bunnies. He says that their resistance to the myxomatosis virus is building them bigger and tougher all the time. We mustn't delay, he says. We must act now. To meet the new fanged threat, amateur shooters should be encouraged. Ten rabbits eat as much as one sheep according to his figures, and where modern chemicals fail, a bullet will succeed.

MAE'S FORGOTTEN MAN

For many years film star Mae West had a live-in lover, muscleman Paul Novak, but when the star died, she left the former Mr America exactly nothing in her will. Mae, according to Novak, had promised him all of her $1.1 million estate.

The ageing body-builder, who is filing a suit in Los Angeles, is arguing that he was Mae's de facto husband for 25 years, but did not even rate a mention in the will — made many years before the star's death.

STATUES MUST GO

A South Australian man has been in trouble with the police over statues of two naked women reposing on his front lawn.

The man, a sculptor, fashioned his "girls" out of scrap metal which he had kept in his backyard. The statues, one titled Look, and the other Consider And Learn, have been on the man's lawn for two years.

A passing motorist complained to police that they were obscene.

WAGNER SILENCED

There are strikes and there are strikes . . . but one of the most unusual happened this year in Munich, West Germany.

Opera lovers filed into the theatre to hear a performance of a work by Richard Wagner. But when the chorus came on stage, it merely moved its lips (in time to the music) without emitting a single sound.

The astounded audience was later told that the singers were on strike for higher pay.

HOME OF COMBAT

All cricket fans remember the day . . . January 20 last year at the WACA ground, Perth, when Australian firebrand Dennis Lillee exploded with rage and threw his revolutionary aluminium cricket bat on the turf.

The umpires officiating in the one-day international between Australia and England had told Lillee that he could not use the bat.

But the headlines here and overseas of the infamous bat-throwing incident meant a ready market for the aluminium bat which is known as "Combat" because it is produced by Comalco. But where did that famous bat go after attracting world-wide attention in the Perth Test?

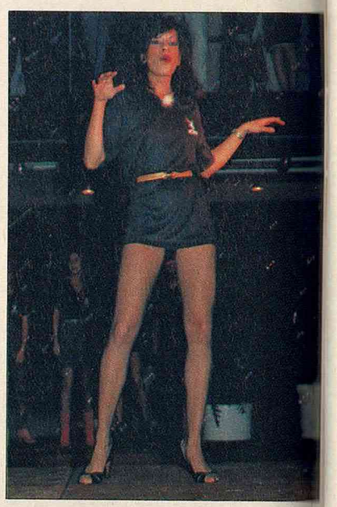
Believe it or not, it now spends its days in the south-western Sydney suburb of Chipping Norton, where it is among the prized possessions of cricket enthusiast Les Harmer. The bat that Lillee made a legend is part of a cricket memorabilia which Harmer has begun.

Harmer acquired the bat after visiting the cricket centre run by former England Test all-rounder Barry Knight.

"I expressed interest in starting my own museum, so Barry gave me several old cricketing photographs, some English county club ties and other items," said Harmer.

Among the items was the "Combat" which had found its way to the centre for testing shortly after Lillee's infamous fling.

Ever since Karen Pini and Jane Priest hit PLAYBOY, we have thought it high time PLAYBOY hit Perth. After all, next to iron ore and rock lobsters, it seems girls are the most abundant natural resources Western Australia can boast. Our path was paved on arrival by man-about-town Bob Maher and his extremely efficient and charming secretary, Jackie Oldroyd, who co-ordinated location sites and appointments with interested girls before we arrived, so we were all set from day one.



Pinocchio's — a great place to let it all hang out.

DESK-BOUND

This is an uplifting and moral story about a young woman, who wanted to become a writer.

Miss Crystal Black was 24 last year and a bit down in the dumps when she took a job in a Perth escort agency. Nobody disputes that. Even the police agree.

But then, says Crystal, the bosses wanted her to entertain men on the premises or give massages. She said that from her brief experience, the men did not really want a massage. She did not say what they DID want. Anyway, on one day, Miss Black arrived for work and, she says, there was a gentleman waiting to see one of the other girls.

As she says: "The boss likes us to chat with gentlemen who are waiting and give them a cup of coffee. So I did. When I found out he was a carpenter, I asked him if he would have a look at an antique desk I liked which was in another room.

"I asked him if he would give me a quote. I wanted a desk like that for my writing. I'm really into writing just now, and I'd love a nice desk. It was then that the two policemen came in and I just thought it was a routine check-up."

As she entered the courthouse a few months later, her lawyer advised her to plead guilty because it was unlikely a magistrate would accept her word against that of the police.

But Miss Black wasn't having any of that. She marched into court, defended herself, and did such a good job that the magistrate, Sir Clifford Grant, accepted her word against that of the arresting police.

"I have no alternative but to dismiss the charge," he told the prosecutor.

Miss Black is now working as a barmaid and says she spends her spare time writing poetry and a novel. But she still doesn't have a desk she likes.

THE WELCOME INN

It's quite amazing how Australian PLAYBOY's readership keeps on spreading. Recently, we received the photograph shown with a covering note from a reader in Cork, Ireland. He captioned the photograph this way:

"It has been claimed, perhaps unfairly, that an 'Irish queer' is a man who prefers women to booze. But this pub sign in downtown Cork could herald a welcome change in Ireland's ultra-conservative image."

Top o' the mornin' to ya.

LONG HOP

Sydney jewellery stores are currently selling a new line in men's leather watch bands, stamped (in gold, no less) "GENUINE KANGAROO SKIN". They're also stamped "MADE IN CANADA".

IT BITES DOG

A most unusual twist to an old newspaper chestnut "Man Bites Dog" comes from El Salvador, where a transvestite has just been charged with killing a dog after a number of fierce bites.

Jose Almir dos Santos Baltazar explained that the

PLAYBOY GOES WEST

We were sailing smoothly along with two days' shooting in the can before the inevitable disaster struck — photographer Colin Stead was attacked by the most recent flu virus sneaking around Perth, and suffered the rest of our visit in bed. Local photographers Noel Holly and Nick Clark, however, stepped in and did a magnificent job.

During our week, we were helped by the infinite generosity of Perth people, but special thanks go to Tony and his team of girls from the Inn-Trim hair salon, who trekked all over the city without a word of complaint when schedules had to be adjusted daily. One of the more outstanding locations we used was The Sanctuary, a luxurious new fitness and pampering hideaway for lucky Perth women. Barry O'Callaghan and Bob Roget also opened their doors to welcome us at Hannibal's, Perth's leading night spot, where we retreated for a bit of dancing and relaxing.

Mine host Alan Johnson with the Girls of the Golden West.

The Chateau Commodore hosted our stay and stopped at nothing — not even a sixth bowl of punch on our Friday night slap-up — to ensure our comfort and well-being. Many thanks to Alan Johnson, Ian Landells and the staff.

But the brightest event of the week was the PLAYBOY night at Pinocchio's, where Issi Dye superbly hosted a dazzling show featuring 14 of our Perth beauties, after which the party raged on and on and . . .

We must also say thank-you to the Coupella boutique, who kindly supplied the garments, Barbarella lingerie and two very special ladies who allowed us to romp through their homes with naked ladies, huge piles of photographic equipment, hair-dressers, make-up artists and several bags of props and clothes.

Because it was the first visit to Perth for some of us, we made good use of our Budget hire car to take in the sights to and from locations. We also managed a visit to historic Fremantle for fish and chips at Fisherman's Wharf — an experience not to be missed and never to be forgotten — especially those obese sea gulls. Our Budget car also ferried our deputy editor, Andrew Cowell, to and from radio and press interviews, one of which was with ex-Sydney DJ Tony Murphy at 6PM. It turned out to be an old boys' re-union for Tony and Colin Stead, who had teamed up back in the '60s on some Beatles' promotions.

More than anybody, we would like to thank the girls of Perth who took part in our pictorial, and of course, Debbie Harbour, our make-up girl, who encouraged the girls and helped bring out the best in them.

dog kept following him during his activities in the city's red light district. The final straw was when the dog bit him, so Jose replied in kind.

FOILED AGAIN!

One of France's unluckiest robbers — he has a string of convictions for previous attempted bank holdups — decided he had overcome his jinx at an out-of-the-way Paris bank recently. He successfully collected the establishment's spare change and made off toward a side exit with self-locking double doors — and got stuck between them.

FUN IN THE SUN

Looking for a slice of sunshine and blue sky in the middle of June is no new problem for any PLAYBOY photographer faced with the task of capturing some warmth for a spring edition.

Colin Stead flew north from Sydney to the famed Whitsunday Passage, where Queensland's all year round summer was in abundance, to do justice to last month's Playmate, Lyn Barron. Looking at Lyn suggests the October Playmate could easily feature in any climate, but we figured we'd had enough of the cold weather blues, and as a Queenslander, Lyn couldn't agree more.

PLAYBOY stayed at Coral Point Lodge, which offered an expansive view of Shute Harbor, gateway to the Passage and the island chain, which includes Whitsunday, Hook, South Molle and Hayman Islands. The best way to explore the area is by boat and PLAYBOY teamed up with Bernie and Yvonne Katchor, who run Whitsunday Rent-A-Yacht, to cruise around the islands in a Columbia 28, eight-berth vessel.

Whitsunday Island offered some stunning locations with calm anchorages and a dazzling five-kilometre long stretch of stunning silicon white beach.

During the day, we snorkelled off the coral reefs and barbecued the evening away on the island. With the temperature hovering around the 27-degree mark, blue skies and tans were easy to come by. Before returning to Shute Harbor and its excellent wharf restaurant, we explored smaller Pentecost Island, just one of the 74 in the group. The high copper content of the rock paints its cliffs an imposing red, making it one of the area's unusual landmarks.

The only problem with those sort of assignments is that they have to end, but we're happy with the results, and judging by the popularity of lovely Lyn, so are most of our readers.

KANSAS COVER-UP

All nude dancing in the Kansas city of Wichita has been banned on the orders of a District Court judge.

More than 30 clubs and taverns were offering nude entertainment in the city. The judge imposed the ban on the application of the police, who claimed that the nude entertainment "leads to an increase in the crime incident rate in any metropolitan area."

Club owners feel bitter about the order, claiming that no other city in the state has bothered to even delve into the matter. Said one tavern owner: "You can see more skin at the swimming pool every day." Some are considering closing.

THE FRENCH WAY

The French have never been slow to show their feelings, and a Bordeaux couple decided to take it to the limit by setting a world record for the longest unbroken kiss. They kept it up for 17 hours, 25 minutes and 15 seconds before feeling the need to pause for breath.

PARALYSING PASSION

Beware the passionate love bite, warns a British medical report, which cites the case of a 28-year-old man who couldn't lift his arm above the horizontal for six months after being bitten on the neck by his girlfriend.

RUN, DON'T WALK

American researchers say women who run a lot may have trouble getting pregnant because the exercise burns up body fat necessary for normal menstrual cycles. But they say the condition is only temporary.

HAMBURGER HEAVEN

The quiet of a US hamburger bar was disturbed when a thief jumped up, grabbed almost $200 from the till and made off. Unfortunately, for him, he ran into the arms of two policemen. His name (wait for it) was Ronald McDonald.

JAIL FOR DESSERT

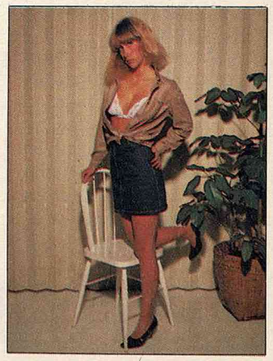
A Seattle tramp ended up in jail after visiting a plush city restaurant. He had ordered clams, shrimp, crab and lobster — running up an $80 bill — and then announced he was broke.

LE MUST?

The Sydney owner of a new Ford *Cartier* Fairlane has a unique way of getting the message across. Spurning the usual poser's personalised plates, his licence (in regular yellow and black) is OWE-000.

PHOTO STRIP

From this month on, we are running a photo strip like the one below. If your girlfriend or wife would be willing to have you take three photographs of her "getting it off", send them along to us. If we think she's as great looking as you do we'll give you $200 and publish the pix. This month's girl is Amanda Dole, from Sydney's North Shore. Watch for more shots of Amanda in forthcoming issues of PLAYBOY.



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

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"Picture Search."

The fast forward and reverse you can actually see.

Imagine you're looking for a particular scene on a 3 hour tape. With most ordinary video-recorder, it's a time-consuming hit and miss affair - Fast Forward, Stop, Play, Rewind, Continue.

The Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a unique time-saving capability called "Picture Search". "Picture Search", allows you to see the picture going past at 11 times normal speed on your television!

What's more, the Sony Betamax's "Picture Search" will do exactly the same in reverse. When you find the place you want, simply take your finger off the "Picture Search" button, and the Sony Betamax will stop the tape where you want it to. With Sony Betamax SL-C7, there is no time-consuming stopping between modes. You can switch directly from one mode to another - even Fast Forward to Reverse - without having to stop the machine.

Remote Control. Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 comes with a cordless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions including Picture Search "x3" speed, Freeze Frame and Record.

Automatic Timer. Another time-saving feature of the Sony Betamax SL-C7 is its unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means is that you now have the ability to record any four programmes over a two-week period and replay them at a time to suit yourself. Such rationalisation of programming can save you hour after hour of valuable time. (We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner).

Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which most endears Sony to professionals - particularly those involved in film and television production - is Sony quality.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market.

Only then will you understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality". Only then will you begin to see why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Beta

Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SONY

Sony Betamax Specialists:

N.S.W. METROPOLITAN

Ashfield	Russin Hi-Fi 799 2421
Bankstown	David Jones 709 3222
Birkenhead Point	Audiocom 81 3132
Blacktown	Myer 621 0022
Bondi Junction	David Jones 387 0244
Bondi Junction	Grace Bros 387 0222
Broadway	Grace Bros 2 0946
Brookvale	David Jones 93 0111
Brookvale	Grace Bros 938 9111
Cabramatta	Bing Lee 724 4932
Campbelltown	David Jones 25 9000
Carlingford	Myer 871 9111
Chatswood	Chatswood Colour TV 411 2090
Chatswood	Grace Bros 412 0111
Dee Why	Masterstone 982 5749
Eastwood	Audiocom 85 2726
Fairfield	Bing Lee 727 7000
Homebush West	Eurovision 764 1555
Hornsby	Grace Bros 476 9111
Lindfield	Hi-Fi World 46 6536
Liverpool	Grace Bros 600 0011
Miranda	Geoffrey Button Sales P/L 524 6464
Miranda	Grace Bros 526 0111
Miranda	Myer 524 0433
Mosman	Berny's Radio 969 3830
Mt. Druitt	Grace Bros 625 1111
Northbridge	Video Programmes 958 1977
North Rocks	Audiocom 872 3829
Parramatta	Bing Lee 633 4011
Parramatta	Grace Bros 635 0366
Parramatta	David Jones 635 0377
Penrith	Myer 21 4331
Rosebery	Commodore TV 699 7722
Roselands	Grace Bros 750 1111
Sans Souci	Geoffrey Button Sales P/L 529 4000
St. Leonards	Trident Video 439 3688
Sydney	David Jones, Market St. 266 5544
Sydney	David Jones, George St. 266 5544
Sydney	Dynasty Video 212 5075
Sydney	Myer, Cnr. George & Market 238 9111
Sydney	Sydney Hi-Fi 29 1082
Woollahra	Woollahra Electronics 387 1647

N.S.W. COUNTRY

Bathurst	Myer 31 2133
Canberra	Kent Hi-Fi 82 2874
Canberra	Canberra Professional Equip. 80 5576
Canberra	David Jones 48 9966
Canberra	David Jones 81 5222
Canberra	Myer 51 2522
Cessnock	Grace Bros 90 1144
Dubbo	Myer 82 4011
Gosford	Myer 24 2555
Newcastle	David Jones 2 0311
Newcastle	David Jones 57 0361
Newcastle	Grace Bros 2 4732
Newcastle	John Perry/Edmund's Moir 61 4991 (Area Distributor)
Orange	Myer 62 1455
Tamworth	Myer 66 3691
Tweed Heads	Myer 36 2811
Wagga Wagga	Myer 23 1611
Warrawong	David Jones 74 0711
Wollongong	Bing Lee 29 3011
Wollongong	David Jones 29 9244
Wollongong	M & S Engineering 71 5777 (Area Distributor)

VICTORIA METROPOLITAN

Armadale	Compucolor 509 2511
Ashburton	E & S Trading 25 4577
Blackburn	Reilly Bishop 877 5555
Cheltenham	Myer "Southland" 93 0111
Chadstone	Myer 569 0211
Dandenong	Myer 791 0211
Doncaster	Myer 848 3311
East Malvern	Pal TV 211 3333
Frankston	Myer 783 0111
Knoxfield	Myer "Knox City" 221 5111
Maribyrnong	Myer "High Point West" 318 3333
Melbourne	Brashs (all stores) 63 6701
Melbourne	Myer 6 6111
Melbourne	Stereo Hi-Fi Centre, Bourke St. 63 1703
Melbourne	Video Recorder Centre 63 3086
Melbourne	Intercape Video 63 3086
Melbourne	Natsound 67 8158
North Balwyn	E & S Trading 857 8091
Preston East	Myer "Northland" 478 2211
Richmond	Buyrite 428 4253
Ringwood	Clive Savage 870 1533
Ringwood	Myer "Eastland" 870 8966

VICTORIA COUNTRY

Ballarat	Myer 31 1555
North Ballarat	John Thomas 31 3662
Geelong	Myer 9 0271
Geelong	Steve Bennett Audio 21 6011
Hamilton	Moon Electrics 2 3244

QUEENSLAND

Brisbane	A1 Sound 229 6220
Brisbane	Video Home Systems 229 4805
Brisbane	Video Pro 31 1267
Brisbane	Qld. Entertainment Co. 341 1166
Brookside	Myer 355 7077
Buderim	Allentronics 45 2212
Buranda	Reg Mills 391 5606
Cairns	Stereo World 51 1725
Chermside	Myer 59 5955
Chermside	A1 Sound 59 4613
Coorparoo	Myer 397 8122
Fortitude Valley	Myer 52 0211
Fortitude Valley	A1 Sound 52 1033
Indooroopilly	Myer 378 5111
Mackay	Mackay Stereo 57 7512
Maryborough	Bradshaws 21 5520
Mermaid Beach	Video Home Systems 38 9168
Mooloolaba	Aust. Colour Video 44 3733
Mt. Isa	Sel Pfeffer 43 2316
Rockhampton	Premier Sound 27 4004
Southport	Video Pro 32 8544
Townsville	Tropical TV 79 1421
Tweed Heads	Myer 36 2811
Toowoomba	Elbournes Elect. 35 8522
Toowoomba	Myer 32 1000
Woolloongabba	A1 Sound 391 3068

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Adelaide	David Jones 217 0321
Adelaide	Focus Video 212 3000
Adelaide	Grenfell Hi-Fi 51 5017
Adelaide	Myer Emporium 217 0123
Adelaide	Video World 223 5342
Campbelltown	Spartan Electricals 337 3331
Glenelg	Jim Ryan Sound 295 1564
Mt. Gambier	Aslin Hi-Fi 25 6000
Norwood	Ern Smith's 332 8000
Pt. Augusta	Gateway Traders 42 3222
Salisbury	Video Centre 250 4670
Woodville	Astra Housewares 268 2411

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Fremantle	Myer 335 5455
Karrinyup	Myer 446 0011
Leederville	Videolink 382 1177
Perth	Myer, 246 Murray St. 321 0151
Perth	Gibson Bernness Ind. 323 8686 (Area Distributor)

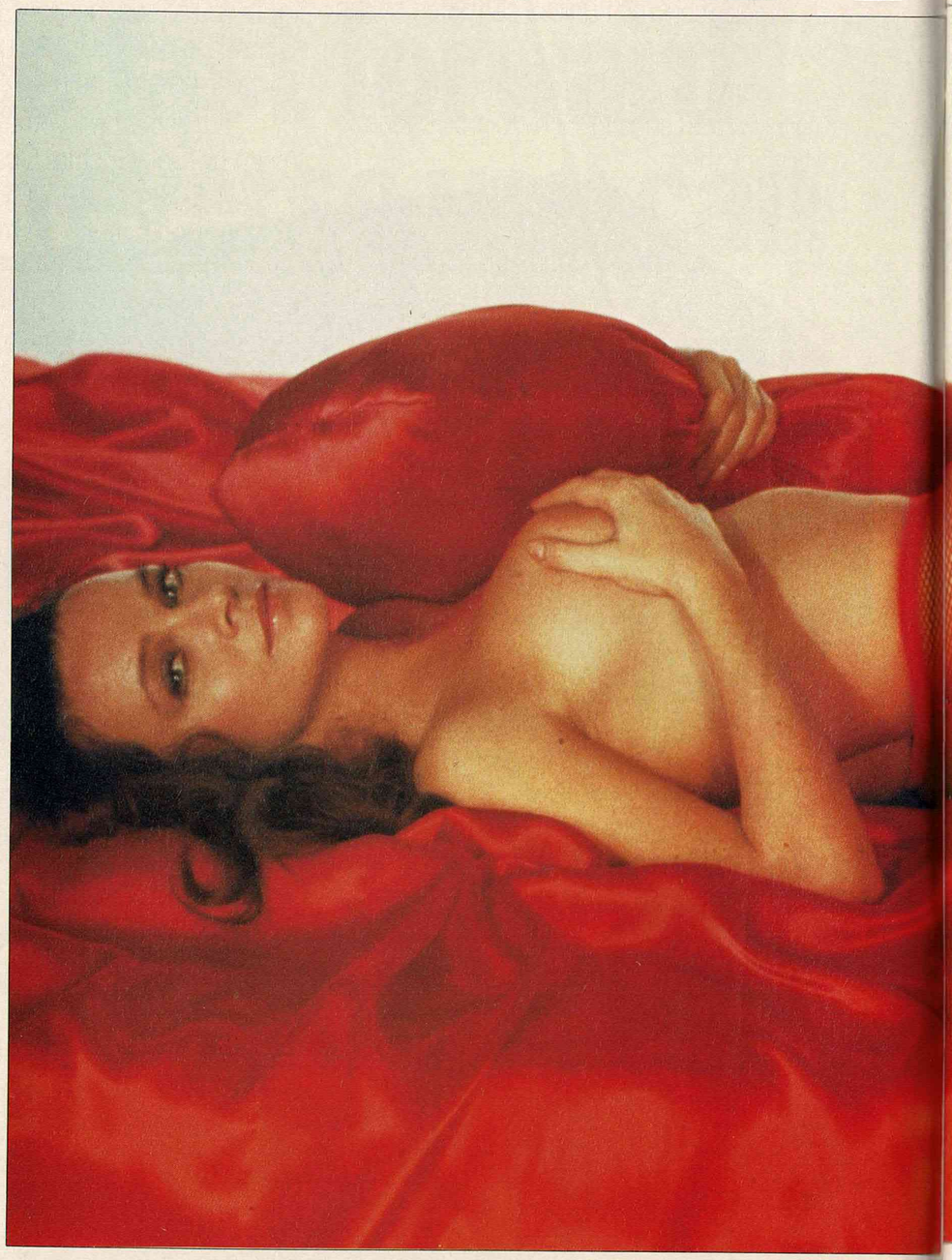
TASMANIA

Launceston	Myer 2 2074
Launceston	Dawson's Agencies 44 3078 (Area Distributor)
Hobart	Myer 34 2888

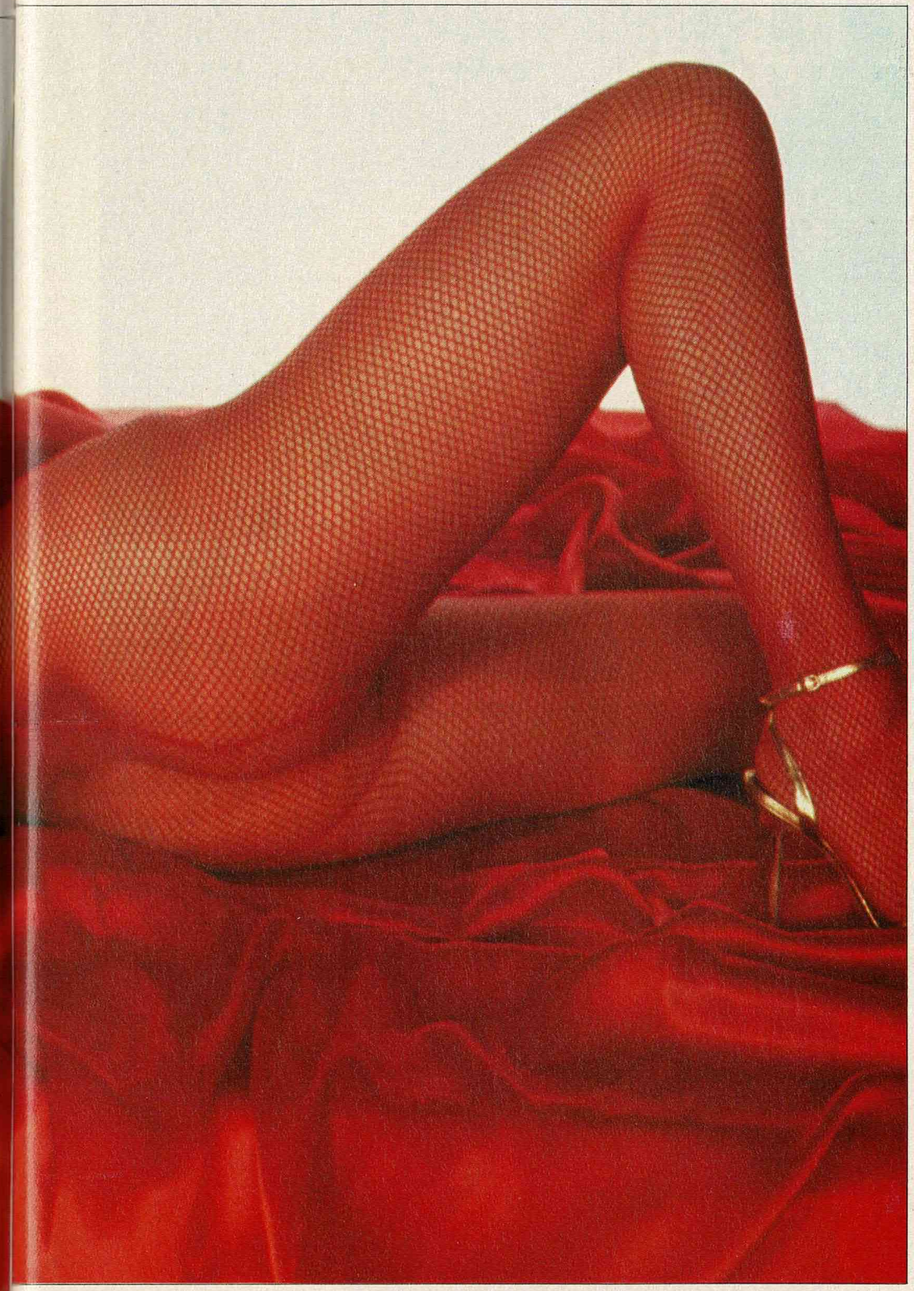
SONO095/R

SONO095L

LAURA ANTONELLI



"I always try to lose my own personality when I'm acting and truly become the character."



Beautiful, sweet, typically Italian, Laura Antonelli has become an internationally known film celebrity. To commemorate her triumph, she kindly donated this pictorial celebration of her beauty to PLAYBOY. In our visual parade of her fantasies, we open with a posture reminiscent of one other famous movie star, the late, great Monroe. Yet despite the red silk and the suggestive pose, Antonelli's soft, madonna-like face summons forth the aura of a Botticelli painting. These mixed images, all evoked by the same woman, are one of the reasons that Antonelli has become a desirable commodity to movie directors throughout the world. Another reason is, of course, is that she is a fantastically good actress, bringing both magic and reality to every part she plays. Perhaps her best-known appearance on the Australian screen was in Visconti's *The Innocent,* released originally in the late '70s and now a favorite re-run around the arthouses. In 1976, when Visconti met Antonelli, he called her an innocent herself, because she was "beautiful and brave and very, very honest." She was never afraid to appear before the camera entirely devoid of make-up and other artifice. A natural and a sensual woman, Antonelli brings to mind the beauties of the 19th Century; the infamous poet lover of that period, D'Annunzio, would have been captivated with her lyrical gaze.

Before Laura went into pictures, she trained as a gymnast, eventually getting a job as an instructor. Even now, her athletic prowess shows up in her body's litheness.

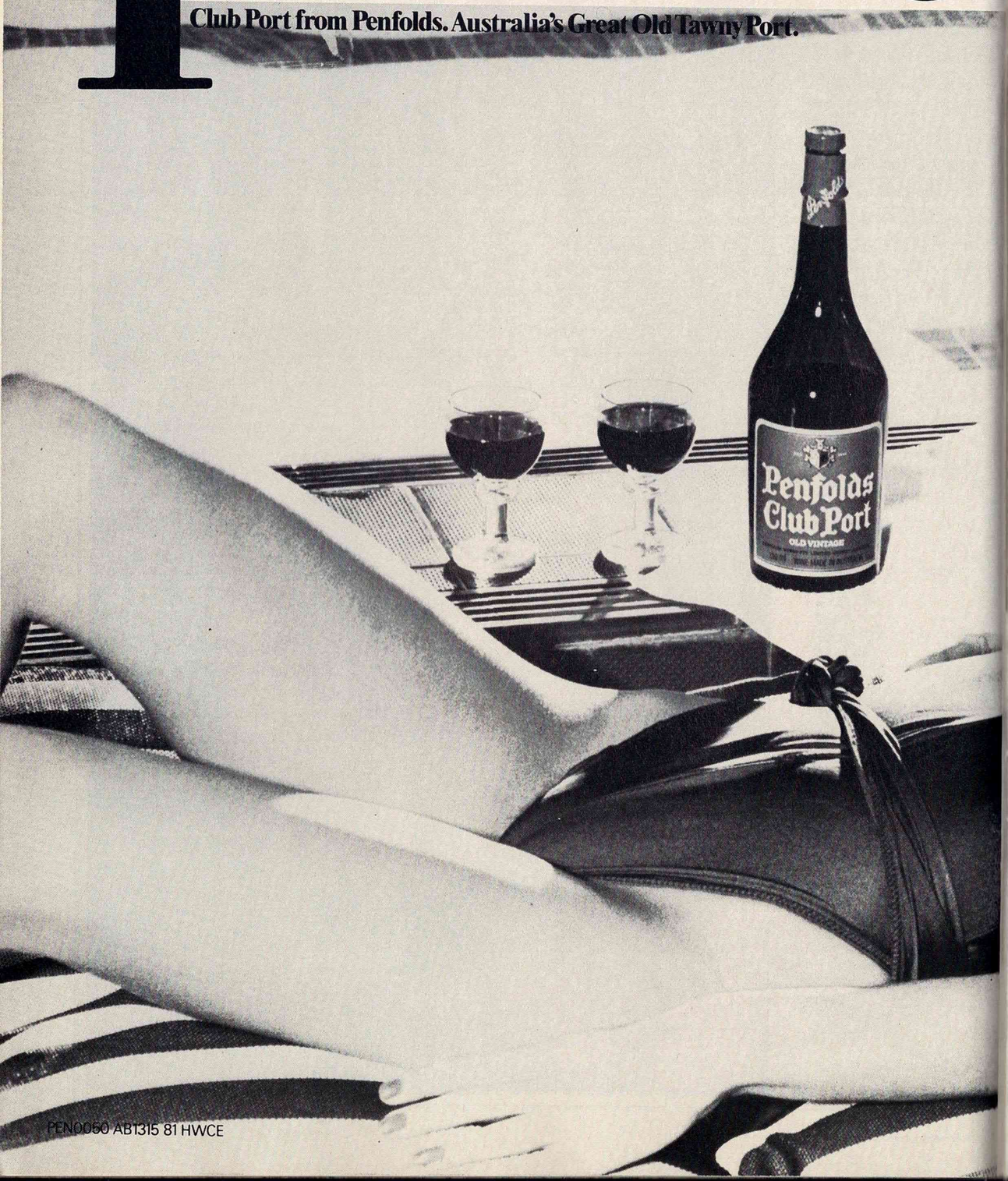
It's been said that Laura's bottom is like a hand-made cello, carved of the richest woods. And like wood, it gleams with life, seemingly waiting for a touch.

FLYNN

Where did you get that hat? We found Flynn and titfa in London Town, and she is a Mayfair Lady who knows how to put the bloom into the English rose. Tweed is fine for work, but this girl prefers stripped for pleasure. We agree.

INSIDE CLUB MED.

Club Port from Penfolds. Australia's Great Old Tawny Port.



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From that simple start you can progress very quickly. Because every time you take a shot little lights in the viewfinder tell you what the XG1 is doing.

After a while you will have learnt enough to make decisions about shutter speed and aperture control yourself. Then, all you have to do is keep your eyes open.

Send in for a free brochure on the Minolta XG1. Write to Photimport (Australia) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 35, East Brunswick. Vic. 3057.

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MINOLTA XGI

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I recently spent a night with a woman who had one of those bidet things in her bathroom. I'd never had any first-hand experience with one before, and started asking her about why she had it there, but she told me not to ask stupid questions and changed the subject. I could more or less figure out how they work, but I was curious to know whether they were strictly for washing in, or whether they could also be used as a toilet. Pardon my ignorance, but I'd like to know. — F.A., NSW.

It's a pity that your woman friend felt so embarrassed about her bidet that she found it necessary to change the subject, as they are becoming increasingly widespread, and no longer a subject of bewildered amusement. The bowl is plumbed for both hot and cold running water, and is used for washing the genitals and anus after sex or defacating. They also have a central spray for women to use for douching the vagina. They can be used for urination but not defecation. However this hardly matters as they are usually installed in close proximity to a normal toilet.

"I've heard of plaque, but this is ridiculous."

My fiancee and I are considering buying a waterbed. I have not personally slept on one, but, she says she finds them very comfortable. However, she is very concerned as to whether the waves might make waves, so to speak, during sex. Not having experienced the delights or otherwise of playing around on such a potential sea of troubles, neither of us knows what to expect, as far as variations from sex on *Terra Firma* are concerned. We would like your views on whether sex on a waterbed is safe, practical, and most of all, fun. — S.H., Qld.

Most waterbeds these days are built to extremely high specifications, so you shouldn't have any worry on the safety angle. You certainly shouldn't be worried about the bed bursting under the force of your love-making and sending you crashing through the floor. The only waterbed-related injuries that are occasionally reported happen as a result of a couple being caught by a large wave and projected into the bed head, but you should be able to avoid this with a suitable sized waterbed and a little attention. The majority of waterbeds are sold for their sex enhancing properties, and it can certainly be an exciting sensation. It is not to everyone's taste, and you could perhaps try to get the feel of one before you make the decision to buy, though we doubt that the store management would allow you to have a full trial run.

I have recently decided to buy a video recorder, but I don't know which format is best, Beta or VHS. Friends have told me that Beta cassettes are hard to get hold of and I'd like to know if this is true. I'd also like to know if I would save money by waiting until I go to Singapore to buy the recorder. Would there be any problem in getting one in Singapore, and could such a machine be used on local current? — J.G., WA.

The video-tape scene is changing so rapidly that any advice we give could well be out of date within a year. However, there is at present very little difference between the VHS and Beta formats. For a while, it seemed that there were more pre-recorded cassettes of feature movies available on VHS than on Beta, but most distributors now advertise their movies in both formats. Before you buy, you could check a few catalogues to see whether the kinds of movies that appeal to you are better served by one format or the other. If it is convenient for you to wait until your trip to Singapore, you will certainly be able to make a reasonable saving, and you will find video recorders being offered at you from all directions. All brands are available to accommodate Australia's 240-volt requirements.

Recently I had what I thought was gonorrhea. I'd had it before, and the symptoms were the same. The doctor agreed, and put me on the usual penicillin before getting the results of the tests. However, the penicillin didn't have any effect, and then the tests didn't show any sign of gonorrhea. The doctor told me I had something called non-gonococcal urethritis, which I'd not heard of before. He put me on some other pills which cleared it up. Can you give me some more information about what it was that I had? — T.A., Vic.

What you had is sometimes more commonly referred to as non-specific urethritis (NSU), so-called because for a long time it was not known exactly what caused it. It is extremely difficult to distinguish the symptoms from those of gonorrhea, and is usually identified only after attempts to treat it as gonorrhea have failed. The majority of cases are caused by a virus-like organism called Chlamydia trachomatis, one which can be treated with antibiotics other than penicillin, usually tetracycline. There are still a number of unknown aspects to the disease, and research on the subject is continuing.

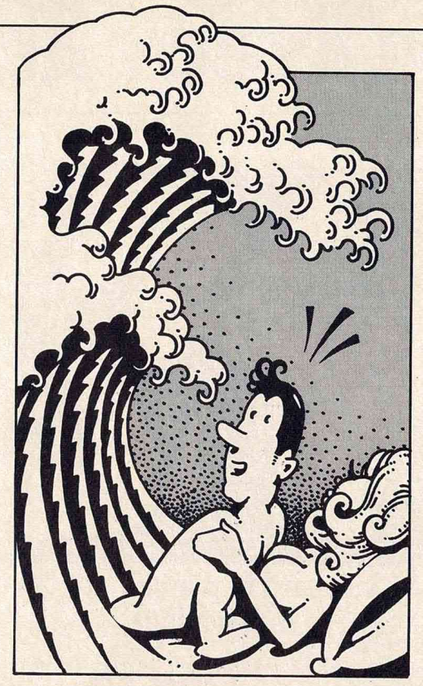
I would normally consult my father or doctor for advice, but I find this too disconcerting a topic so I would like your opinion instead. On the underside of my penis I have lots of small, white lumps not unlike pimples. When I have an erection they become more prominent and hard. As I am a 17-year-old virgin I don't think they could be any kind of VD. Am I a freak or do others have this problem too? — A.C., NSW.

No, you're not a freak. The condition you describe is quite common, and a number of men have written to us about it in the past. It is very probable that the lumps you describe are nothing more than a minor skin condition which, as you rightly assume, has no connection with any kind of venereal disease. However, if you find them irritating, or merely wish to have your mind put at rest about them, there is absolutely no reason why you shouldn't consult a doctor. The last thing you should worry about is being embarrassed, as your doctor certainly won't be.

A couple of months ago, I went on a two week cruise in the Pacific where I met a girl

and got heavily involved with her, and really had the time of my life. I think she felt the same way. Sexually we were just perfect. Since getting back from the cruise, we've kept on seeing each other, but our love-making is not nearly as good as it was aboard the ship. There just seems to be something missing. It's a pity, because I like her a lot, but if things don't pick up sexually again we'll probably both agree just to call the whole thing off. Is there any way we can get back to what we had on the ship? — B.W., Vic.

The shipboard romance syndrome has been around for a long time, but nobody seems to be getting any closer to finding a cure for it. The pair of you came together in the most exotic and rarified of situations, with nothing to distract you from each other, and no reason to look beyond the next evening. Under those circumstances, you would be quite likely to ignore any points of incompatibility there might have been between the two of you, and just get on with extracting the maximum possible pleasure out of the short time available. That, after all, is what a cruise is all about. Life is different on dry land, however, and if you are looking for a way to recreate all the feelings that existed during your hothouse holiday romance, forget it. The two of you may still have something going for you, but to bring it to fruition you will now have to get to know each other as people, not merely tourists.



His fantasy ran into troubled waters.

Some time ago during a session at the pub, a group of us were discussing our sexual fantasies. One girl there described how she would like to go out into the middle of a tranquil lake on a big rubber raft, have champagne and caviar, then be massaged all over, and made love to. I got into the spirit of things, and even described the lake to her, and how I would row the raft out into the lake while she lay back in the sun, naked. We were joking about it, but she seemed to like the idea, and I had the impression that it had a good chance of coming true. Since then, though, every time I've tried to make some sort of arrangement with her, she's just laughed it off. I found a suitable lake, and showed her photographs of it, and even inquired about hiring a rubber boat. The last time I put the suggestion to her she seemed a bit annoyed, and I don't know what to do next. It was such a great fantasy, and I'd really like to have a try at making it come true, so what do you suggest that I do? — K.S., Qld.

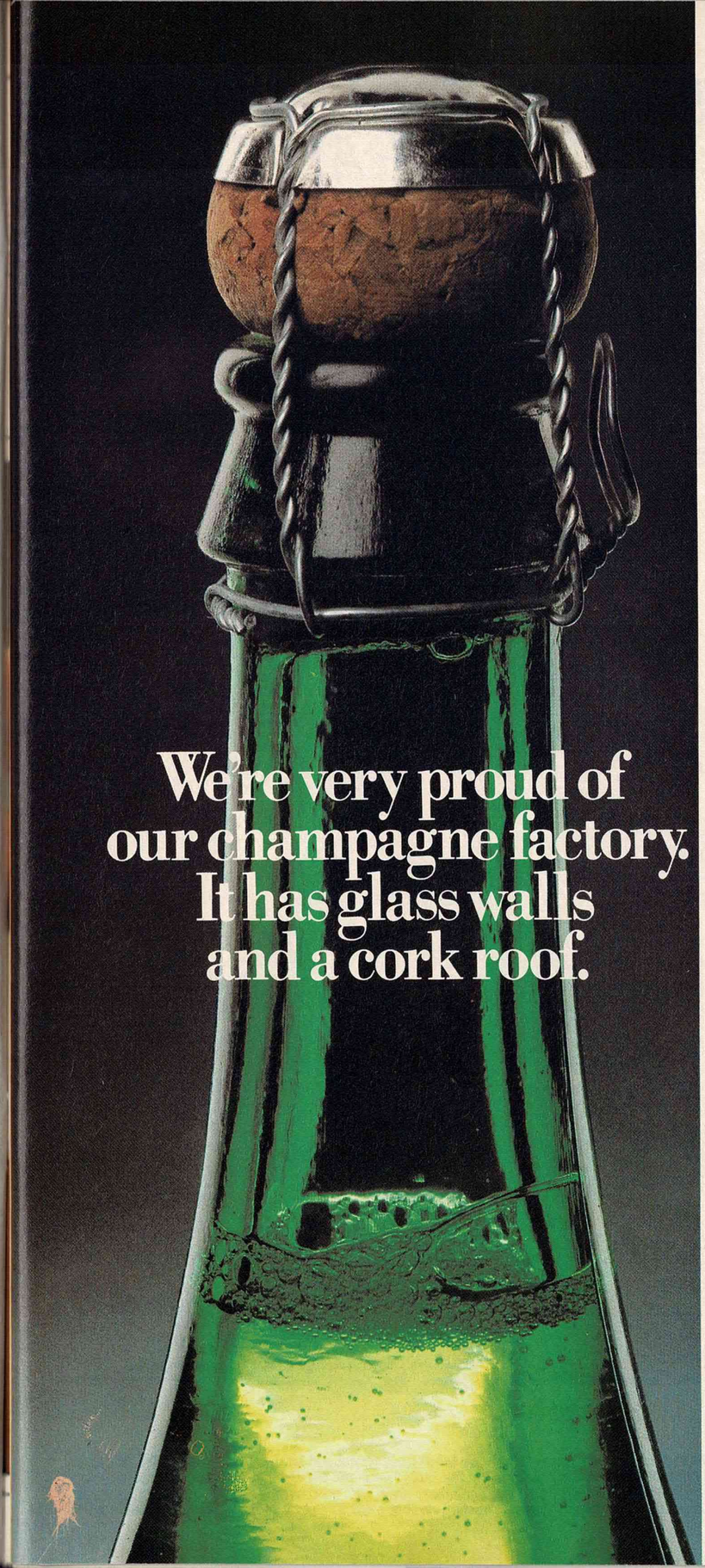
Sexual fantasies can only come true if the people concerned are mad about each other. They are not something to be shared with just anyone. Just because this woman was prepared to talk about her fantasy with a group of people at the pub after a few drinks doesn't mean that she was inviting anyone there to join in. If there was not already some basic, mutual attraction between the two of you, it is pointless to try to force it to happen. To persist endlessly with your overtures even when she has made it clear to you that she is not interested is a good way to make yourself very boring. Some other woman may be only too glad to drift away on your raft, but she'll have to like you as well.

My problem is a bit unusual, and I don't know that there is much anyone could do to help, but I'd like your advice anyway. As a result of a car accident some time ago, I now have a withered left arm, and a scar at the top of my forehead and part of the way down one side of my face. I've had plastic surgery, but it was impossible to completely eradicate the scar, so I'm stuck with it. Before the accident I had a good social life, and could make it with women fairly easily. Now all that has changed, and I'm finding life very difficult. I find it very hard, if not impossible, to approach any woman, and am always worried that they are pitying me, rather than being interested in me for who I am. I've only managed to have one one-night stand since the accident, and that wasn't very satisfying. I suppose this is just my tough luck, and I'll have to put up with it, but that's hard to accept, and I'd like to know what solution you'd offer. — P.G., NSW.

While you are going to have to accept that certain aspects of your life have changed forever as a result of your accident, this does not mean that you should throw in the towel where the idea of having a satisfactory social and emotional life is concerned. Inevitably there will be some people who find themselves ill at ease in your presence, or unable to cope with a person who appears slightly out of the ordinary, so your field will be narrowed. However, with both time and patience you should find that the vista opens up again, once you learn to recognise those people who are capable of taking you as just another person, and to approach them without any feeling of being different. That is a tall order, and more than most of us have to cope with, but it has been done.

Could you please tell me whether it is true that it is now possible for people to be fitted with some sort of artificial penis, which they just pump up when necessary?! Not that I need to get one, I'm must curious about how they work. I don't see how it could be any good, as you wouldn't be able to feel the usual sensation through the skin. — A.C., NSW.

As far as we know, science has yet to come up with an artificial penis that is capable of performing all its normal duties. The major reason is, as you suggest, that technology is still a long way from being able to re-produce the sensitivity of human skin. What has been achieved though, is an inflatable device which can be implanted in the penis in cases where an erection would otherwise be completely impossible. Through the use of a control valve, the wearer is able to inflate the implant on occasions when an erection is desired. *See our feature on page 58 for more details.*



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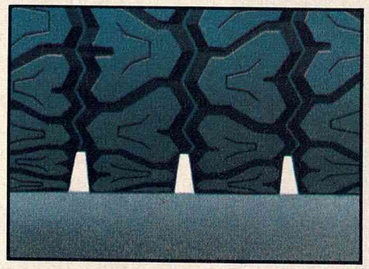
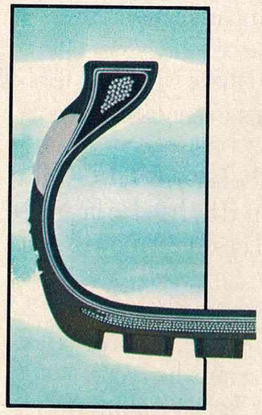


The varied pitch ratio of the computer-designed tread minimizes noise patterns and provides a quiet ride.



T/A High Tech radials have a dual compound tread that provides a cool-running tire with excellent wear characteristics.

Unique sidewall styling sets T/A High Tech radials apart at a glance. Four-ply DuroGard® folded belt system and two radial plies provide the incredible combination of strength and flexibility.

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T/A High Tech radials, born of racing-developed technology, assure effective on-the-road performance with every 50-60-70 series tire.

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Some of the great traditions of Wimbledon.

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This is not just another tennis shoe. This is the tennis shoe.

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Tough enough to take it on the rim, where tennis shoes really take a hiding.

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The Grand Slam, like all the tennis shoes in the Dunlop range, carries the endorsement of the Tennis Professionals Association of Australia, as well as the approval of the L.T.A.A.

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And so it should.

DUNLOP

Leo Burnett 4.3174

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

STEREO SEX

I've reason to believe the current mini-portable stereo revolution is truly the most important advance since the old automatic bread slicer. Arrange a pair of phones around the head and you've got great music for walking, jogging, cycling, skiing or skating. Now, hands up all those who've tried screwing with the phones on?

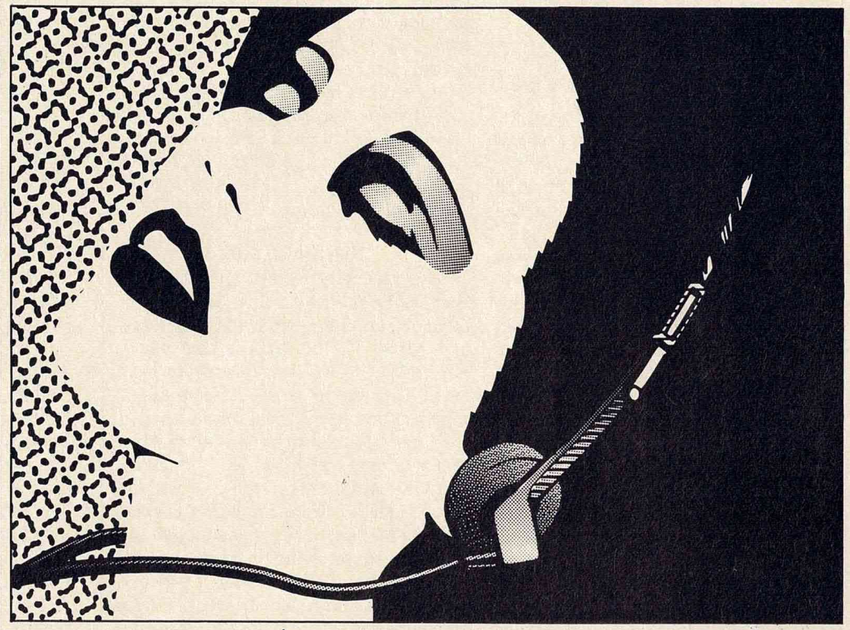
I was up at the snowfields recently and it was my mini-stereo system which really introduced me to a girl keen to try it out on the downhill run. I asked her to return it that evening, and she said to meet her in the disco. That was a wrong move because there wasn't any chance to converse over the top of the music and, anyway, she was one of those females who danced through every single disco number. However, the following evening I met her in the bar, took her to dinner and over a few bottles of wine we got to talking about skiing and, uh, some other pursuits. I remarked on her dancing form and she joked about my perhaps being a lover and not a dancer. Now, that sounded like a come-on so I took the plunge on one more bottle of wine to finish in my room.

While I went for the wine, she went ahead with the keys and by the time I got back, the lady had the mini-phones on and was happily boogeying around the room. Fortunately I had two sets of phones and we worked our way through the wine and Dire Straits. I groped for another tape and this one turned out to be Stevie Wonder's *Hotter Than July*. Well, the disco queen really came alive then and started throwing it to all parts of the room. I finally snared her long enough to confine her movement to the bed; and I can tell you that for the next half hour or more Stevie Wonder never sounded so good to me.

We never got to repeat the fine performance as my friend headed home two days later. But I thought so much of the experience that I'm just waiting for the chance for an action replay.

T.R.,
Frankston, Vic.

Ever thought of doing it on the slopes? — Ed.



STAR'S VIEWS

Having seen most of Donald Sutherland's major films and admired his work, I was intrigued to read his in-depth interview (PLAYBOY, October). I was previously unaware of Sutherland's anti-war activities, despite noting the sentiment of his role in the much-praised (often for all the wrong reasons) film, *Kelly's Heroes*. Perhaps my only complaint was that not much more than scant mention was paid to the picture which I consider to be his finest. *Don't Look Now* might rate as one of the most atmospheric horror movies of all and it's a crying shame that it didn't do better business when shown here around 1973-74. Sutherland's part as the reluctant psychic embroiled him in a film role which demanded he pay heed to other duties including that of a father, husband and professional man operating against a backdrop of old Venetian splendor and Julie Christie's beauty. That the "goofy-looking" Canadian guy managed to achieve all and contribute to one of the hottest screen sex scenes of that year said heaps for him.

The old sentimentalists might long for the golden days of Hollywood and the star system, but I think I prefer a regime in which the real respect factor is reserved for non-stars like Donald Sutherland.

Mike Barnes,
Glenelg, SA.

Sutherland, for reasons of his own, chose not to dwell on this film and we think it says something about the man that he also chose not to talk much about (that is, to promote) his latest movie, Eye Of The Needle. *We agree, he's a fine character actor with an intriguing face and inimitable voice. — Ed.*

THE OLDEST SPORT

The issue of sex as a form of healthy exercise was raised in Paul Dougherty's piece Finding The New You (PLAYBOY, September). If a screwing session accounts for 250 calories, then sex in such abundance is infinitely preferable to fun running. We should be screwing for charity, enjoying City to Surf sexathons as well as spending as much time as possible practising. I think it would be a lot more fun to rumba with any female workmate between one and two than spending my lunch hour among the jogging hordes. Just think of the savings on track shoes!

Dougherty's experiences recalled those of a mate who shared a house with friends during our student days. He was a first grade footballer and part of his training schedule included an early morning run. We admired his self-discipline in rising near dawn to set out in the cold. It wasn't till the season was over that we discovered he had been jogging no further than just around the corner where he clambered in through the bedroom window of another house and had it off with a very attractive young science student. He was admired far

and wide for his magnificent physical fitness which convinced me that there was much to be said for regular sex.

L.P.Y.,
Willoughby, NSW.

Now tell that to the International Olympic Committee. — Ed.

VITAL PARTS

Maximum points to Rob Luck for having the nerve to tackle the spare parts business (PLAYBOY, September) straight on. What an ants' nest! I thought Luck was right on the ball in drawing out the point that it is the rip-off prices asked by the "legit" industry which have paved the way for the illegal operators. Just recently I read a court report of how the police busted a backyard team which had been stealing new cars off the lots, stripping them and selling the parts.

The crazy part was that most major components were thrown in the lake. This team specialised in prestige cars and when busted had just worked over a Datsun 280 ZX. It's clear that the problem is too large for the police and that the initiative will have to come through government regulation on prices. The history of the entire spare parts industry proves that self-regulation is just a joke and whatever gains the consumer makes through motorists' organisations are offset by fiddling the prices of other products.

T. Payne,
Darwin, NT.

A reasonable argument, held by many. But how would government regulations beat those backyard boys who throw major components in the lake? — Ed.

POMTIFICATION

What an amazing visionary is Alan Coren! For one who has never visited Australia, his impressions of Oz (PLAYBOY, October) were uncannily accurate. How could Coren have ever known that Barry Humphries, the brothers Gibb, Patrick White, Nellie Melba and company represent merely the tip of Australia's great cultural iceberg? If the truth must be told, it is my firm belief that Coren really has visited our great country, perhaps disguised as a British shop steward, and actually penetrated the very corridors of our cultural and academic institutions. If he was faced with this accusation he would very likely say that he might have been here, but in the state of confusion caused by the disorientating effect of long distance air travel had forgotten about it. This is quite plausible, because I once knew a chap who set down in Bombay and thought that the plane had already arrived at London's Heathrow.

I've forwarded Coren some copies of Australia's fine tabloid newspapers to illustrate the sort of craft that Mr Rupert Murdoch has attempted to bring to Fleet Street. These are mere examples of Australia's real creative genius, and I trust Mr Coren will distribute them to his friends so that others might come to realise the true revolutionary depth of our cultural drive. Believe me, it's export quality.

Advance Australia fair!

P.Grant,
Leichhardt, NSW.

No doubt he'll be grateful to hear what you have to say. — Ed.

CUPBOARD SEX

I've recently realised that sex can become an addiction and, like booze, dope or gambling, can lead to all sorts of trouble. The problem is that when you're on the hunt, it is easy to lose sight of common sense. After a great night spent at a local nightstop, I managed to convince an attractive young thing with whom I'd been drinking and dancing that it would be a good idea if I drove her home. On the way home she openly admitted an aversion to screwing in cars and, as she still lived with her folks, it was my place or nothing. At the time I was sharing a flat with two other guys and had previous bad experiences to recall for taking girls back there. But I wasn't to be put off and managed to talk her into leaving her bedroom window open so that I could climb in after her folks had gone to bed. About 20 minutes after all the lights had gone out, I was scrambling through the window to alight on her bed. I was pretty nervous, but so keen that within no time at all we were both naked and humping happily. That was when I heard footsteps quickly coming down the hall.

I grabbed my gear and darted into the small wardrobe about three seconds before the mother entered the room and switched on the light. I was perched awkwardly on some boxes, and it was while struggling to find a comfortable position that I leaned forward, causing the cupboard to topple over and trapping me inside. Of course, the father appeared, found me there and was all for calling the cops till his wife asked: "What will the neighbors think?"

I didn't see the girl for about three months but we finally got together and had a good laugh about it. I've since found better digs and confine my screwing to safer surrounds.

T.E.W.,
Essendon, Vic.

It might have been easier to go to a quiet hotel. — Ed.

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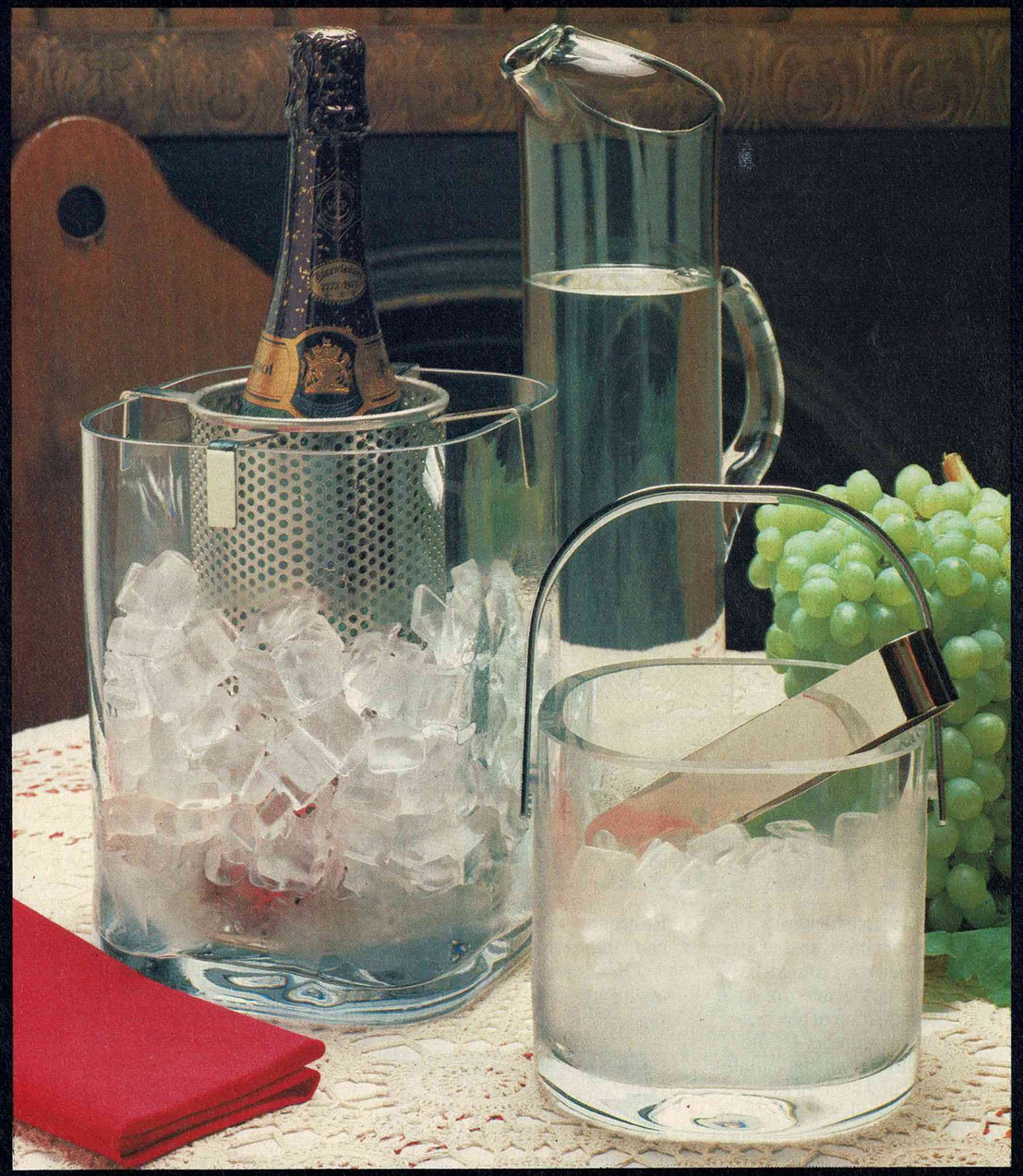

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RIBALD CLASSIC

AGOSTINO was a brave soldier of Parma who had lost one eye in the wars and it so happened that he wed the prettiest girl of the city. Her name was Giulia.

When they awoke on their wedding morning, Agostino sat, dejected, on the edge of the bed and stared deeply into space.

"*Prediletto,* darling, why are you suddenly so very gloomy?" she asked.

"Well, it does seem that you've made a fool of me," said Agostino glumly. "I guess that I took it for granted that a well-bred girl would be a virgin on her wedding night. Now, of course, I've found out that's not true.

"When I took you in marriage you were not whole," Agostino muttered.

Giulia was crying a bit, but she tried to be reasonable about it.

"I took *you* in marriage and you are not whole. You are missing one eye, aren't you, my love?"

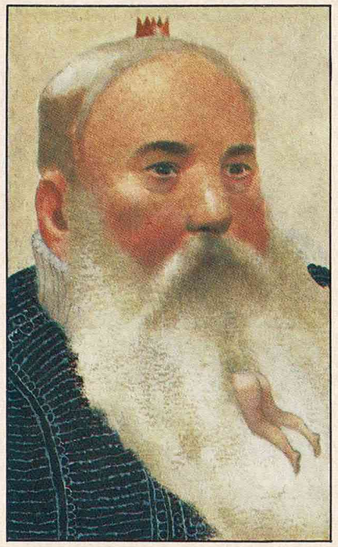
Grudgingly, Agostino nodded his head. "Yes, true. But it was my enemies who made me lose it."

"So?" said Giulia. "In my case, it was my friends who made me lose it."

— Ludovico Domenichi (1515-1564)

WHEN old Messer Giuliano Davanzati of Florence was posted as ambassador to the court of Naples, he became quite friendly with King Alfonso. Now, there was a persistent rumor that the king was having a royal affair with a certain Neapolitan noblewoman called the Lady Lucretia. It seemed likely enough since she was without a doubt one of the most superb beauties in Italy. Her form was perfection, her face was classic; her skin was smoother than unborn calf; the color of her hair made the raven's wing look ashy.

There was no evidence at all to support the rumor. The king was never seen *tête-à-tête* with the lady. He paid her no special attention in public. The rumor was often



denied. And it was none of Giuliano's business.

One shining spring morning, the king invited Giuliano to ride with him and, pounding along one of the forest trails, they met lovely Lady Lucretia.

After she had passed, Giuliano said musingly, as if half to himself, "Yes, indeed, one of the loveliest women I've ever seen. It's a shame that she had those two ugly blemishes on her body."

"What? What?" shouted the king. "What blemishes are you talking about?"

"No personal observation, I assure you," said Giuliano, "Just hearsay — but it's often said that she has a large black mole on her left buttock and another on the inside of her right thigh.

"*Per cap de Dieu,* by the head of God, that's a lie!"

"*Per cap de Dieu,* I believe you," Giuliano said, smiling. "I was just testing out a real rumor."

— Niccolo dal Bucine (1430-1499)

MARCO VITELLI was a very adept painter and a very short-tempered man, and he was always on the outs with his parish priest, whom he considered mad. One day, he was at his easel in his second-storey studio, just adding a touch of burnt umber to a canvas he had almost completed, when Padre Satrielli burst in.

The priest hurried all around frantically, sprinkling the floors and the walls with holy water. In horror, Marco saw a spray of water fall on his newly-completed landscape. "Idiot! What are you doing?" he screamed.

"Why, just my duty," said Padre Satrielli in a calm voice. "This is Holy Saturday. And every Holy Saturday, I am supposed to visit all the homes in my parish and bless them with holy water."

"Why? But why?" Marco wailed hysterically, staring at the spotted oil painting.

"Because it is good in the sight of the Lord. Remember God tells us that every good deed we perform will be returned to us a hundredfold from above."

"Oh, He does, does He?" said Marco as the priest went out the door.

He rushed into the bedroom and pulled the chamber pot from under the bed. He ran to the open window and waited for the good Father to emerge into the street. Then Marco emptied the load of piss on to the priest's head.

"Here is the hundredfold blessing from up above!" Marco yelled. "Come back on the next Holy Saturday and the Lord will provide you an even bigger return!"

— Leonardo Da Vinci (1452-1519)

OLD FATHER Arlotto, the famous joker, storyteller and wit, arrived in Naples in the spring of 1448. He had been there only three days when Alfonso V of Aragon, King of Naples, sent for him. "I have heard much of your humor," said the king when Arlotto was ushered in, "and so I wished to have a conversation with you."

They walked into the gardens, toured the palace and finally sat down to enjoy some wine. From time to time, the courtiers could hear shouts of laughter from the king as the priest told some amusing story.

In the course of the talk, the king said, "I have heard of the renowned book you keep, that special black book that lists the greatest fools in Europe and the most remarkable exploits of stupidity. Is that true?"

Arlotto nodded.

"And you have been here in Naples three days, is that not so? And, in that time, have you found any Neapolitans to enter among the select?" The king grinned.

"There is just one," said the *piovano.*

"Ah, and whose is that?"

"Your own."

"So?" cried the king in astonishment. "Explain!"

Arlotto pulled out his black book and consulted it. "Yes," he said, "I see that you recently entrusted your German servant, Teodorigo, with five hundred gold ducats and sent him to buy cattle in Germany."

"Father, that is hardly something that deserves to be on your list!" exclaimed the king. "Teodorigo, though a German by birth, has been my most faithful servant for 20 years."

"Forgive my suspicions, Your Majesty," replied the priest. "But he is a man outside the Church of Rome; he is returning to his native land; and, moreover, one can live comfortably for a lifetime in Germany on five hundred ducats."

King Alfonso remained silent, his face darkened, as he contemplated his mistake. Finally, he looked up and smiled: "Father,' you may be right. But, then again, you may be wrong. What if Teodorigo *does* return with the cattle? What will you then do with your famous book of fools?"

"Well," said Arlotto, "I'll just scratch your name out and write his in."

— From *Motti e facezie del Piovano Arlotto,* 1514. Retold by Carlo Matteo.

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FOR MEN

Thomas Burberry was a countryman, a sportsman and an innovator. When he opened a small clothing shop in Basingstoke, England, in the mid-1850's, he set out to design a fabric that would keep the rain off outdoorsmen, but would also breathe. The result? The first raincoat as we know it today – lightweight, comfortable, cool.

Burberrys quickly built a reputation with leading sportsmen, explorers, and during the Boer War, with the Military.

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with a one day stopover in Hong Kong then on to London staying at the traditional Brown's Hotel for 7 days and 7 nights with tours around scenic London."

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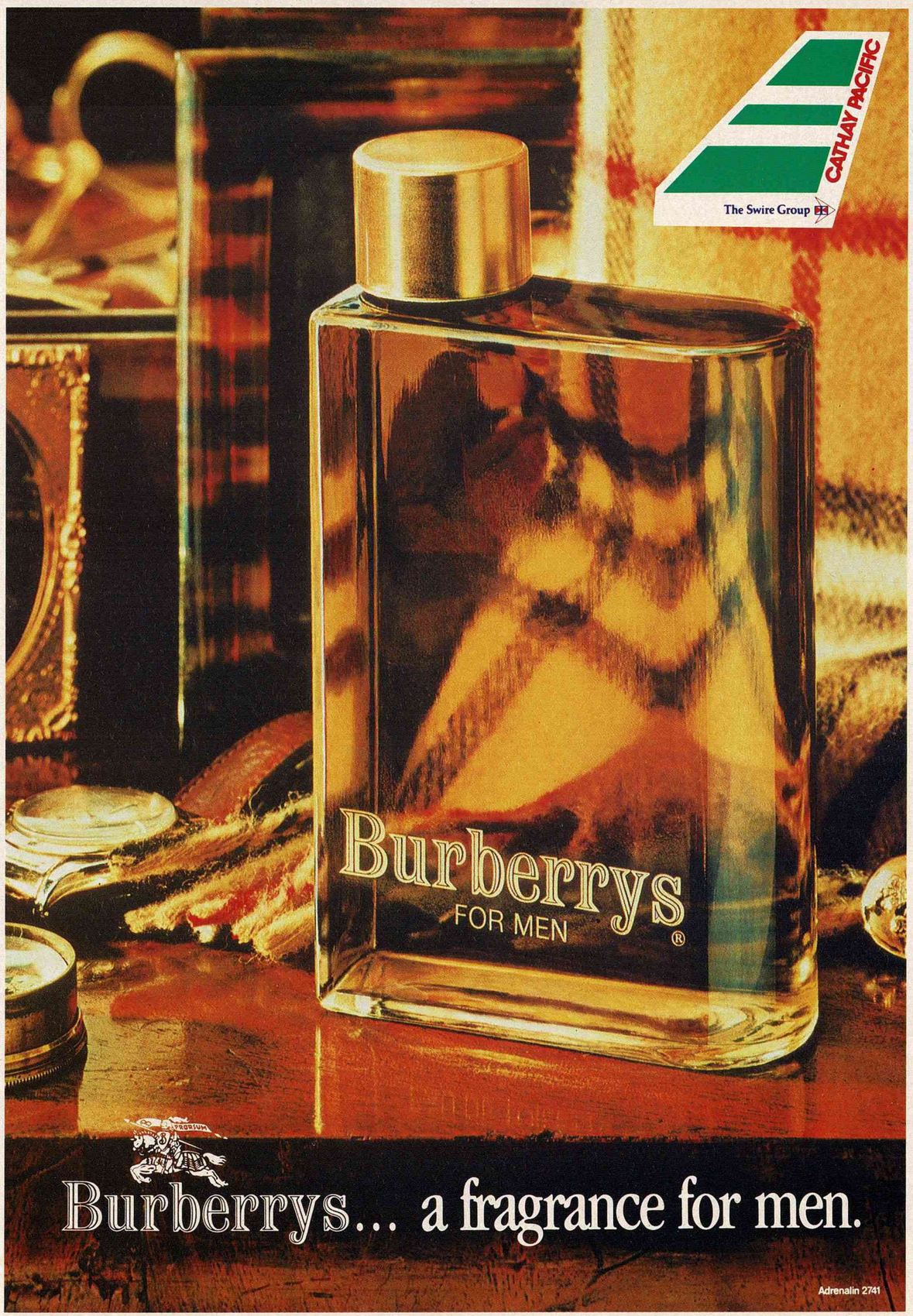

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Playboy Interview

RALPH SARICH

though still earth-bound, the inventor of the orbital engine is aiming for the moon

A GRINNING factory messenger boy walks in quickly with a mewling black kitten in his dust-coated arms. The switchboard girl "Oohs" and Ralph Sarich's secretary "Ahs". They all wish the boss was there so he could see the kitten too. He'd grin, squeezing his black-brown eyes into slits, and they would all feel happy.

While he hurtles along a new trail of motoring history at a speed which makes Henry Ford seem to be a timid learner, Sarich is working hard at remaining a human being. Early — about seven years ago — he discovered the folly of taking his work too seriously too often. Now, he deliberately and consciously fits in a few wry, human moments each day.

This is the man who aims to give Australia a bigger niche in motoring history than Jack Brabham and Alan Jones already have.

He works 10-hour days in a neat modern factory on the fringe of Perth dreaming of the day when maybe four in every 100 cars on Australian roads will have a Sarich Orbital Engine. A lot of people will then have to eat their words. Since the first ruddy blush of enthusiasm and encouragement for his revolutionary engine in the early '70s, Sarich has taken a battering from the critics. There is a long trail of embarrassing newspaper headings which show how he and many others were carried away in the early days.

As he told ***George Williams*** *in this exclusive interview: "Unfortunately, because of our rapid initial success, we were grossly over-confident, and unfortunately, as I have to admit, extremely naive in respect to the tremendous difficulties associated with carrying out such a task."*

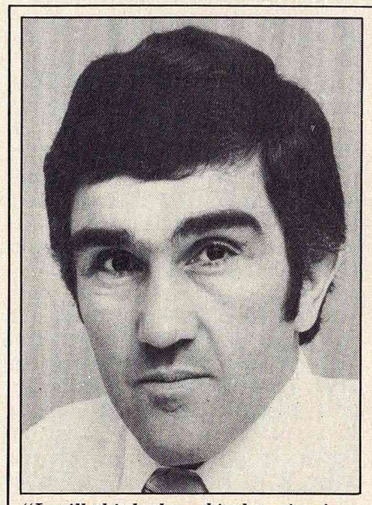
That's a brave mouthful from a proud, highly competitive man who hates the idea of failure, or even error. It takes quite a lot for him to concede publicly that he has been wrong — especially in such clear, categorical terms. Sarich has become extremely cautious and careful with his public statements, and he even pauses in private conversation to consider, deliberate and assemble thoughtful answers to any questions about the orbital engine business.

Most of his life is business. He has a duplicate office at his home and fits in even more work there when he is not being a family man.

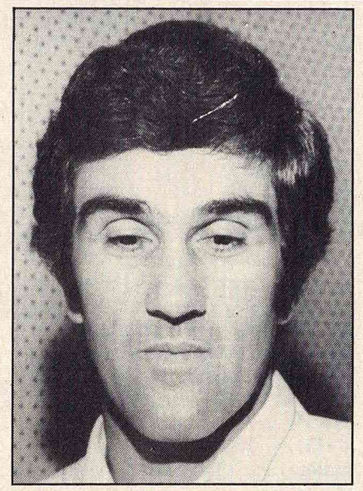
He does that well. At home and at work, he puts in great effort to be a very model of a very model businessman, husband, father, employer, and friend. Sarich also remembers birthdays and anniversaries, he is on first-name terms with his employees and they all have a great respect for him. Some would call it affection, but it stops short of love. Love is a rather awkward word to associate with Ralph Sarich, who comes across like the sort of young man every Australian mum would like her son to grow into. He drinks occasionally; he doesn't smoke; he jogs; and he works, and works, and works.

Sarich rarely shows any strong emotion. Usually, it's a matter of a quiet smile rather than a belly laugh, a few careful critical words rather than a shouting match. He's shy about publicity, and when he gets it, tries hard to make sure that it's accurate. A recent national newspaper report tagged him as a millionaire and made him angry, but only a few people know about it. Unlike many of Australia's 40-ish successful businessmen, he is not in it just for the money — or necessarily the glory. He really is out to set up a major motor car engine industry based in Perth. Despite the offers of millions, he won't let it go to Detroit or Tokyo — or even as far as Sydney.

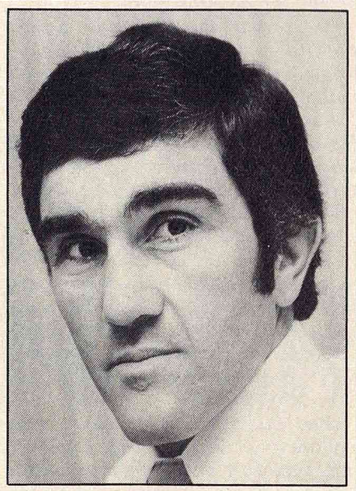
It's one of the curious things about Sarich, this quiet obstinacy. He gives the impression of a man who would stand up well to torture. He has a single-mindedness that appears totally unshakeable. The same independence of spirit shows in his relations with



"I still think the orbital engine is a very valuable concept to bring in, but as for manufacturing a new car and a new engine, I think it would be an absolutely dangerous thing to do at this point."



"To the best of my knowledge, BHP have never attempted to have me removed as managing director, even during periods when some difficulties were evident. I have found this particularly interesting."



"There is a network — a web — of inter-relations with patents, whereby certain interests are concentrating in one direction. They are not keen to foster another new concept which may cost them a lot."

the rich, the famous and the powerful people he now meets through his work. Without pretension of any sort, he will casually mention Sir James McNeil, head honcho of BHP. The reference fits into his conversation with not a hint of name-dropping, elitism, fawning or awe. Respect for the big names is given when it's deserved, but foolish critics are put down savagely and swiftly.

Sarich says, like a judge passing a death sentence: "We have been the recipients of criticism which was deplorably based. The particular critics, in their explanations, did not even understand the rudiments of the concept." But at the same time, Sarich is easing into a slightly grudging respect for academics. As a student, he found most of his schoolwork boring and monotonous. He has railed against rigid curricula for years, and is now ready to challenge the entire system.

He argues for a stronger blend of practical work and initiative with the formal basics of engineering theory. "Perhaps all the time I spent daydreaming about innovation and the course I would take may have biased my thinking toward putting out ideas, rather than memorising other people's knowledge," he says.

It is the streak of rebellion, the willingness to challenge, to ask why, that sets him apart.

He is the practising revolutionary, not an idle dreamer musing about political theory and unrealistic machinations. His dreams are practical. His radicalism works.

It shows in the smallest ways. While thousands of other motorists accept the advertised economy rates of a popular European car, Sarich checked it with his scientific knowledge and equipment, then argued politely but unrelentingly to get value for his money. It is hard to imagine his accepting anything but precisely what he orders in a restaurant. There would be no obvious fuss on his part, but he would not leave until he was completely satisfied.

That's the sort of conundrum that makes Ralph Sarich tick. He appears the total conservative in his dark suit, white shirt and tie, his short-back-and-sides hairstyle, his sensible family sedan (a Commodore SLE), his sober habits.

But his mind is jangling with radical ideas in education, engineering, transport and even the politics which he shrewdly prefers not to discuss for publication. He knows that many knives are out for Ralph Sarich, but he is not afraid . . . merely careful.

PLAYBOY: The question everybody has been asking about the Sarich engine right from the very beginning is: when?

SARICH: One of the world's biggest manufacturers said recently that if it was considered really good, then with flat-out effort, it would be two or three years; if it was "quite good", then it could be eight years; with a conventional engine and vehicle, it would be five to eight years.

PLAYBOY: Is it a goer? Are you still that confident?

SARICH: Without any doubt. It's fulfilling its promise in the way we have always expected. We're now achieving our technical goals.

PLAYBOY: So when do you expect vehicles with Sarich engines to be a common sight?

SARICH: It's impossible to set a date.

PLAYBOY: But are you thinking in terms of days, weeks, months — or even years?

SARICH: Years. Five to eight years.

PLAYBOY: Are you still adamant, then, that the orbital idea is the thing?

SARICH: Look, we're putting a very big effort into the project; however, we're flexible about it. We are so open-minded that we are even achieving improvements with conventional engines. The primary objective is to introduce the technology. The orbital must be profitable one day to be a success. Some people would say we are hedging our bets, but I'm more confident right now than ever.

"It's one of the hardest projects, I think, anybody could dedicate himself to. It's just not humanly possible to walk away for four weeks."

PLAYBOY: Over the years, several big manufacturers have been linked with your project. Ford and Renault are two. Are there others, and were these the most closely involved?

SARICH: Those two have been named, but there are others. It is a matter of business. It's not to our advantage to name them. If they want to be named, it's up to them.

PLAYBOY: Are you still determined to have Western Australia as the base for the engine?

SARICH: Yes. I have never moved from that base.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as an actual manufacturing base, or an administrative control centre?

SARICH: Obviously, we could not manufacture orbital engines for the world market in Perth. Instead, we would prefer to be the centre of all technology.

PLAYBOY: Nissan announced this year that they will spend $160 million on a plant to make four-cylinder engines here for export. Would it have pleased you if that had been for the Sarich orbital engine?

SARICH: Yes, but the orbital engine isn't developed enough yet to justify a commitment like that.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see that sort of arrangement, though, rather than doing your own thing here, to have somebody like Nissan involved?

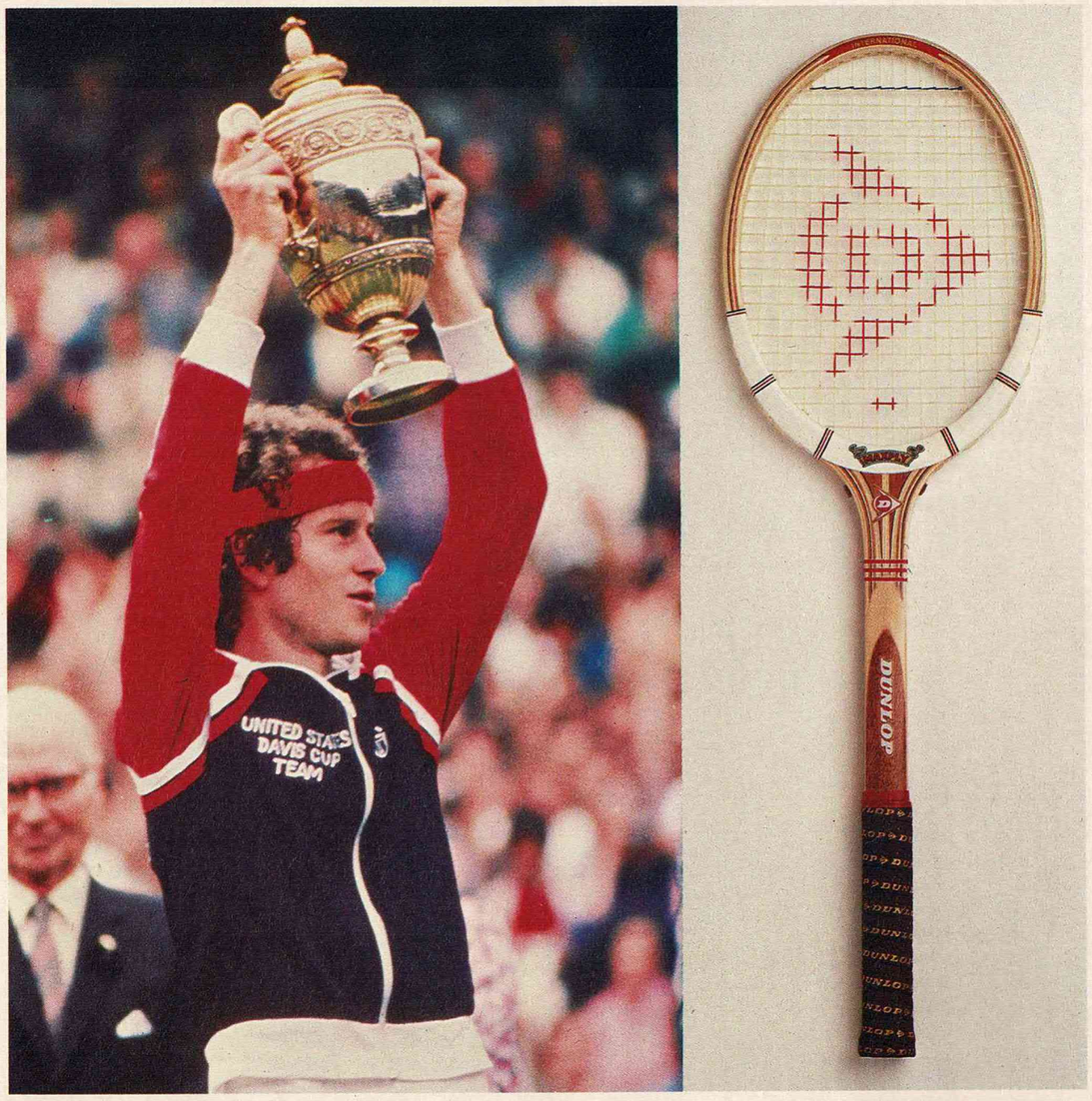
SARICH: Yes. Well, it's essential really that we get an involvement from a major manufacturer, because to reach the consumer, we're going to have to go via an automotive manufacturer to the end user. It makes much more sense if we get a commitment from one of the major manufacturers to bring the engine to the marketplace.

PLAYBOY: But does that restrict the market and close some of the possibilities for the Sarich engine?

SARICH: No. Obviously it's something that we wouldn't be excited about from the standpoint of it helping us. But at the same time, we recognise that all engine development around the world is not going to stop in conventional areas because of the possibility of us coming on. The truth of the matter is that we're just going to have to be good enough to muscle in anyway after these commitments have been made, and of course Nissan aren't the only manufacturers in the world. Obviously, it's got an effect, but at the same time, I must stress that we're not likely to get on to the market immediately when the engine's ready and swamp 100 percent of the world market. There's no way we're going to do that. We'd be looking at achieving perhaps five percent, 10 percent, and if we do that, we'll do tremendously well out of the project.

PLAYBOY: There is the impression from many reports in your first few years that suddenly, overnight, all engines would become Sarich engines. Did other people create that impression?

SARICH: Well, there's no doubt other people did promote that view, and it was generated further by the media. The caution expressed to them often never gets published, and hence it's always been a problem to keep it in its proper perspective. To keep the brakes on some people . . . as you know, in all honesty, they probably thought they were doing the right thing by us, and in a lot of ways, it did help us anyway. But really, it did put us on the spot and made it very difficult to try to live up to what was promoted. There was a lot of confusion in respect to what the



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potential was, compared with what the reality of the situation was. So there were projections on what the performance would ultimately be, and that was misinterpreted by many media people and the public as meaning that it was what had been *achieved.* In fact, it was mostly the potential that was being projected at that time.

PLAYBOY: You have used the word "possibility" in reference to the Sarich engine coming on the market. Do you still think in those terms?

SARICH: Oh yes. We'd be fools if we considered that it was a foregone conclusion. There's no doubt that we have to get the co-operation of a big manufacturer, and believe me, that's not an easy task. The automotive industry has the reputation of being the hardest to penetrate from an innovation standpoint.

PLAYBOY: Then it's not a matter of your having them in the bag and them saying one morning: "There you are, boys. Give me the cheque and it's all yours."?

SARICH: No way. The manufacturers have committed billions of dollars of investment in producing conventional engines, and you should also understand that, from their standpoint, they've been selling their vehicles successfully thus far, so why should they actually take on the problem of a new engine concept?

PLAYBOY: How open is your operation to other engineers who may be interested? Do you let them all in?

SARICH: Obviously, it's not possible, because of time limitations and security reasons, to let everybody in. However, wherever possible, we cooperate with the various technical institutes (particularly educational ones) and engineering people from the various manufacturers. But primarily, we concentrate on developing a good relationship with those who're vitally interested or closely related to the project. You have to have your preferences in order, and we've got our preferences organised. Our research and development program has always been aimed at certain manufacturers.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the odd eccentric who reckons he invented it two weeks before you, has everybody been quite fair and not tried to pirate the idea?

SARICH: It's not that sort of thing. You can't pirate the idea like the public seems to think. It's far more difficult. It's very complex, very high technology, so it's not a matter of somebody coming up with another orbital motion. In reference to the people who reckon they've invented it before, you'll find they just aren't aware of the patent laws or any of the rules that relate to patents, so they don't fully understand the situation. In other words, they're maybe quite naive. It's just like you saying: "I'm going to patent rotary motion," or reciprocating motion. You can't patent a basic law of nature, and that's what these people seem to think, so when anything orbits, they claim they've invented it before. We've never claimed that we're patenting orbiting motion — it's the manner *in which* this is done that you try to patent.

PLAYBOY: Have you found anybody else who is working in a similar area, or is the Wankel as close as they get?

SARICH: People always relate us to the Wankel, but they are absolutely different machines. Entirely different in their motions. The only resemblance is that they're both turbine smooth — both extremely smooth engines — but that's almost where it starts and finishes.

PLAYBOY: Is there anybody in your area then?

SARICH: There is one company working on compressors in the US, but it's not exactly the same. And their patents are going to have some trouble because they follow on to some of the work we've done, so we're watching it very carefully. There is also a Japanese company which is producing refrigeration compressors.

PLAYBOY: You were saying how, ultimately, you will need a connection with a big existing manufacturer. What about government involvement? At one stage, there was talk about your engine for the "people's car" — under the former Whitlam Labor Government.

SARICH: Yes. Mind you, I don't know where that came from. I must admit I had no hand in it. But as far as I'm concerned, I think that it's probably unrealistic to look at manufacturing a car in Australia as an absolutely new vehicle against the current competition. I still think that the orbital engine is a very valuable concept to bring in, but as for manufacturing a new car and a new engine, I think it would be an absolutely dangerous thing to do at this point. It would be hard to justify.

PLAYBOY: Have you been satisfied with government support and encouragement so far, State and Federal, or would you like more?

SARICH: I honestly could not grizzle about either. We've had Sir Charles Court [WA Premier], who has always kept in touch. He's been interested and offered considerable assistance and I know that his ambitions are to do the best he can to continue to encourage us to develop the project for Western Australians. On the other hand, the Federal government has also been extremely helpful, particularly during the past few years.

PLAYBOY: Have you found it difficult getting backers?

SARICH: There's lots of speculative money around. If you look at the orbital engine compared with a lot of speculative mining companies and the like, then it's a far better prospect.

PLAYBOY: Who has invested in the project and what have they received in return?

SARICH: BHP and the State and the Federal governments are the main ones, with help from many other areas. The Federal government has come in strongly only lately. It's like an exploration company in some respects — they drill dry holes, and we could too. It has been said that we'd be worth $20 million on the market, but who knows.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a time when the Orbital Engine Co will be listed on the stock exchange?

SARICH: Yes, ultimately — when it's a pretty solid, respectable and creditable organisation. I mean, when it's absolutely set up and the technical aspects are correct and the commerical outlets are correct, *then* I think it would be nice to see people from Australia owning the company. But like I say, I would never like to be responsible for the average man losing any money in the project.

PLAYBOY: Will you make sure your family always retains an equity in the engine project?

SARICH: There's no question of that. I'd always want to have an equity. It's part of me. It's a big chunk of my life, so I'd be very sad to lose my equity in it.

PLAYBOY: So it's more than just a sentimental attachment, more than just a job of work you've been at all these years?

SARICH: If the company succeeds, then I don't think the difference in income would make any difference to me, so I think, yes, it's like a relation, and you get really attached to it. I think it's been too much of me just to forego everything that's involved in it. The interest is fantastic.

PLAYBOY: And the Sarich assets, have they been committed too?

SARICH: Yes. I guess in some ways, I've taken most of the risk.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered the possibility of a government takeover of some sort?

SARICH: I think that would probably lead to socialism.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you are opposed to socialism?

SARICH: No, but that's political. I'd rather not talk about that. My political views vary quite a bit. Some of the socialistic points seem quite good, just as some free enterprise Liberal policies seem quite good, too.

PLAYBOY: Who will control the Sarich orbital in the long term?

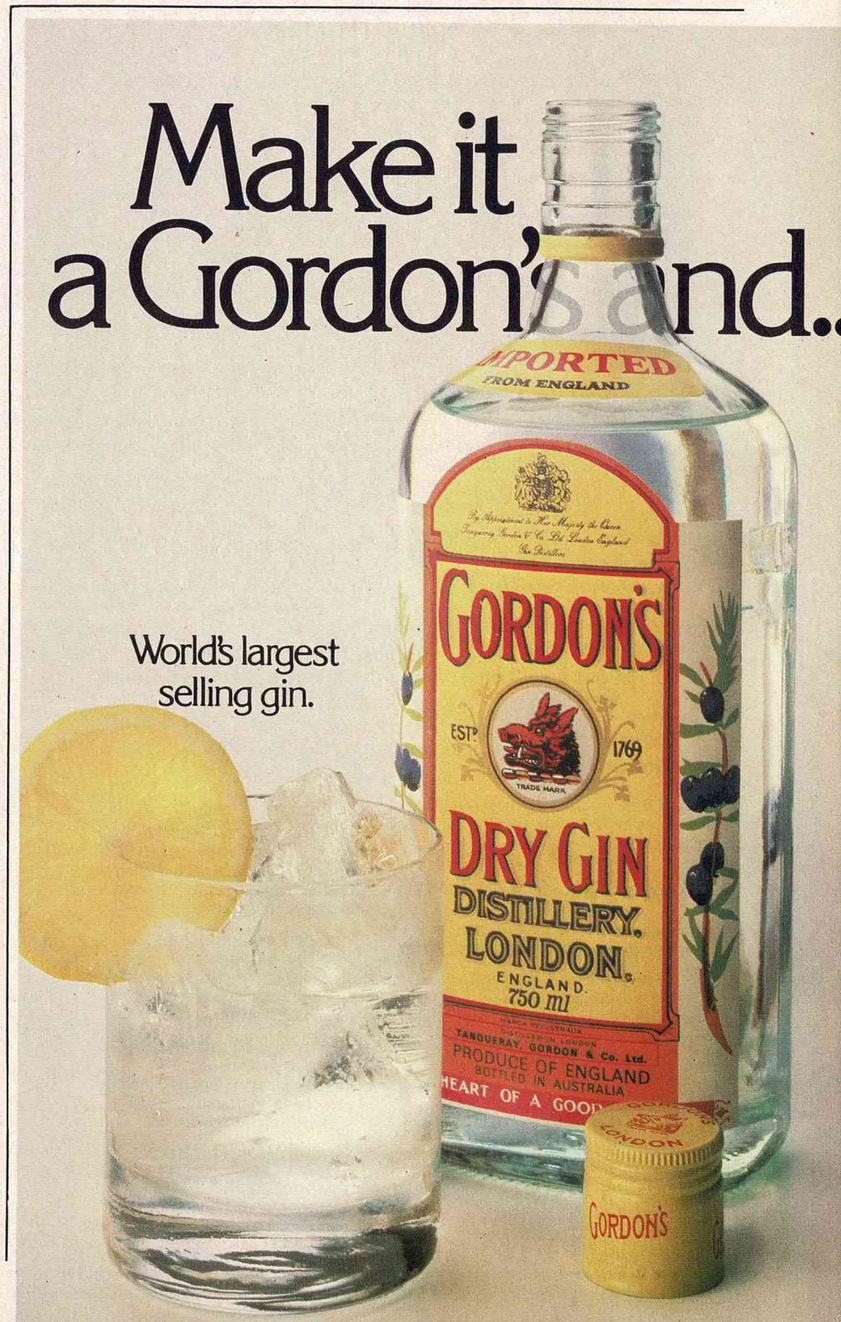
SARICH: I would like it to be an all-Australian concern. We must have some initial connections with internationals, but dominantly Australian.

PLAYBOY: Do BHP express themselves on the progress being made?

SARICH: BHP often, for long periods, give the impression of dissatisfaction with the rate of progress, then all of a sudden, they acknowledge the end result. To the best of my knowledge, BHP have never attempted to have me removed as managing director, even during periods when some difficulties were evident. I have found this particularly interesting, because I am certainly not an executive in the BHP mould — my whole background prohibits this. My duties include establishing the technical programs, business negotiations, budgeting, all recommendations to the board, and keeping an extremely close watch on technical activities and negotiations with all outside parties.

PLAYBOY: Has BHP's involvement helped you establish your *bona fides?*

SARICH: That goes for and against —



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you have to remember that there are also a lot of critics of BHP. You'd probably find that some people won't get involved, or simply wouldn't get involved, because BHP is involved. But you're right — it does go the other way too. It's anybody's guess how much value BHP's involvement has had, but I would think, overall, it has had a desirable effect on the project and that BHP deserves a lot of kudos for it. BHP are Australian and they're big enough. We needed a really big organisation to help us, and BHP had a reputation for being honest. Nothing's ever occurred since to change that opinion of them. Overall, I don't see that it would have been better by going with anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Is it an open-ended arrangement? Is there a time limit to it?

SARICH: Each year it's reviewed.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean they could bale out?

SARICH: They could.

PLAYBOY: Can you?

SARICH: I can't. Well, when I say I can't, I can resign, but at the same time, I wouldn't be doing the right thing in any way by all the supporters and everybody involved, if I withdrew against their wishes. But you can't really stop anybody withdrawing if they really want to.

PLAYBOY: It was reported in April, 1973, that you had turned down a $12 million offer from American and European interests. Is that true?

SARICH: In fact, it was higher than that. The people who came to see me said there was $1 million in cash available to me within 24 hours, but at that early stage, I was not prepared to jeopardise the project.

PLAYBOY: How can a marriage of equal power between probably the biggest industrial corporation in the southern hemisphere and an individual progress successfully in such a difficult and high technology area?

SARICH: Having a common goal is very important, but, above all, endeavoring to understand each other's standpoints and compromising accordingly, are factors of critical importance. When a deadlock occurs, its resolution must be pursued rationally. To BHP's credit, they have not used a dictatorial, monopolistic approach.

PLAYBOY: Are you facing reality in attempting to develop a radical concept in such a high technology area in Australia — and, indeed, as remote as Perth?

SARICH: I agree that it's extremely difficult, but that only reinforces the argument that the Orbital Engine Company's performance has been extremely commendable to have achieved the performance levels it has.

PLAYBOY: You say that by going along gradually, things have been quite satisfactory. Still, with hindsight, could you have accelerated it, or would that not have been desirable?

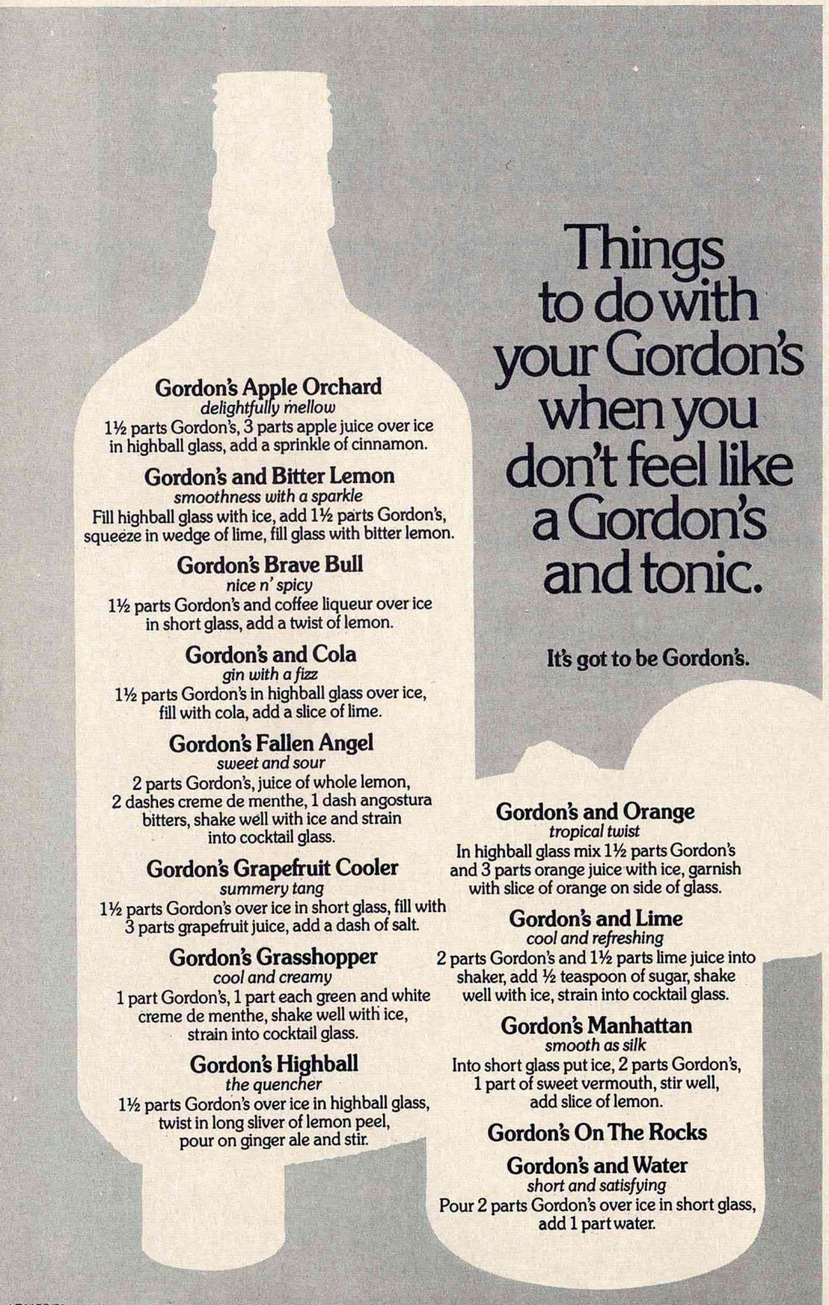
SARICH: It's always hard to look back and judge whether you could have accelerated. I don't think we could have. Sure, if we had been a General Motors and poured in hundreds of millions, then perhaps it could have been accelerated, but unless you've got really massive reserves and also manpower — the appropriate kinds of people — I don't see that we could have gained that much. Once you get too big, administration becomes a problem. Committee-type decision making is very bad, in my view, for this type of project. It could, in fact, crucify such a project.

PLAYBOY: There has been a lot of pressure for you at least to move to the Eastern States, hasn't there?

SARICH: Yes, that comes up from time to time.

PLAYBOY: How competent are the OEC personnel? How did they receive their training and what difficulties were experienced in assembling so many people when there were no orbital experts originally?

SARICH: My previous comments are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It's got to be Gordon's.
Gordon's Apple Orchard
delightfully mellow
1½ parts Gordon's, 3 parts apple juice over ice in highball glass, add a sprinkle of cinnamon.
Gordon's and Bitter Lemon
smoothness with a sparkle
Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.
Gordon's Brave Bull
nice n' spicy
1½ parts Gordon's and coffee liqueur over ice in short glass, add a twist of lemon.
Gordon's and Cola
gin with a fizz
1½ parts Gordon's in highball glass over ice, fill with cola, add a slice of lime.
Gordon's Fallen Angel
sweet and sour
2 parts Gordon's, juice of whole lemon, 2 dashes creme de menthe, 1 dash angostura bitters, shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Grapefruit Cooler
summery tang
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.
Gordon's Grasshopper
cool and creamy
1 part Gordon's, 1 part each green and white creme de menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Highball
the quencher
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.
Gordon's and Orange
tropical twist
In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.
Gordon's and Lime
cool and refreshing
2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.
Gordon's Manhattan
smooth as silk
Into short glass put ice, 2 parts Gordon's, 1 part of sweet vermouth, stir well, add slice of lemon.
Gordon's On The Rocks
Gordon's and Water
short and satisfying
Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, add 1 part water.
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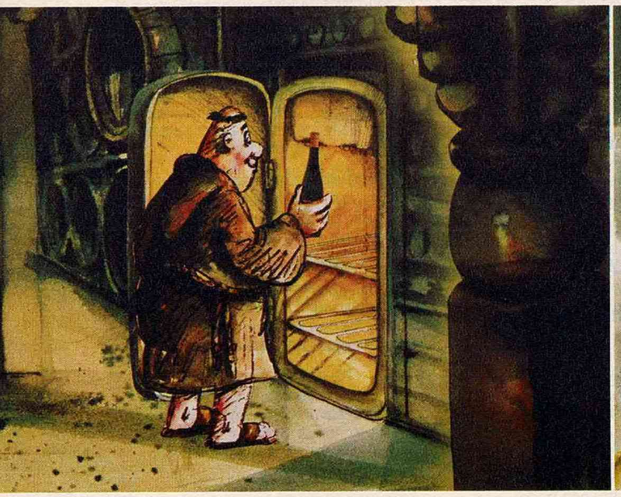

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self-explanatory as far as the OEC personnel's competence is concerned. Furthermore, until recently they held the Shell world fuel economy record of 2685 miles to the gallon. They broke the previous world record by 1000 miles, and they achieved this in less than six months of development work in competition with overseas auto manufacturers and researchers. The orbital team was progressively developed from just me originally, and over the years, the company has been willing to undertake the training of appropriate personnel. Obviously it has been a slow process, and it has contributed to restricting, somewhat, the rate of technical progress.

PLAYBOY: The alternative, then, might have been for you to go to Detroit and use their set-up?

SARICH: Yes, but we would have lost quite a bit of time re-establishing, and I'm not sure that the same sort of control would exist there. I think this is where you've got to give a company like BHP great credit, in that they have been prepared to keep a very close eye on us, but at the same time they have been flexible enough to see that the team is doing a good job and to leave them alone while they're doing it. We've had our differences with BHP from time to time, but I don't think I could ever complain about the latitude I've had from them, providing of course the results have been forthcoming. If the results aren't there, then I m in trouble.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the "great plot" theory — that some big manufacturers go about buying good new ideas merely to be able to shelve them so that they can protect their already existing products.

SARICH: It definitely happens. They have told us — one company has — that they've bought an idea and they're not doing anything with it.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to protect yourselves from this sort of thing?

SARICH: Yes, but there still are problems like those we're having with our fuel injection system. You'd think that manufacturers would be very eager to be involved, but initially, they were a little slow, though we have now negotiated deals and have others in progress. There is a network — or if you like you can call it a web — of inter-relationships with patents and so forth, whereby certain interests are definitely just concentrating in one direction. They are not keen to foster another new concept which may cost them a lot.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean yours, which you have said is cheaper and simpler than existing fuel injection systems?

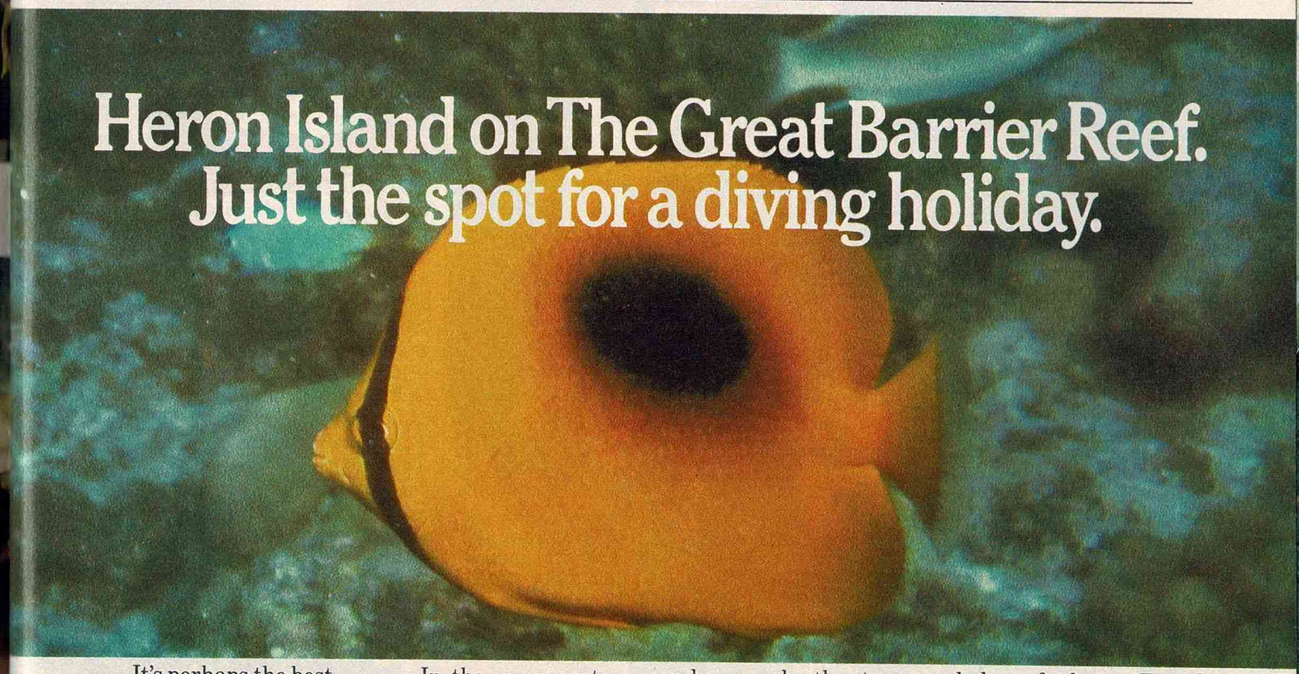
SARICH: Well, it's more effective, and without a doubt it has to be much cheaper. At this point, we can produce it on very conventional machines, whereas other systems cannot.

PLAYBOY: Has the international fuel crisis, the shortage, or the awareness of the finite nature of fuel and raw materials, affected your project?

SARICH: The fuel crisis actually assists us because the orbital engine is a lightweight, compact, fuel-efficient engine. We are hoping it may reach the marketplace in a new car shape around 1985 — combining smaller size and lighter weight, but retaining the passenger and luggage space. Furthermore, as orbital engines only require about 35 percent of the materials required for conventional engines, and as this reduces the material requirements for the vehicle itself, then much less manufacturing energy will be used. Therefore, the introduction of the orbital engine will contribute to social responsibility by saving both energy and manufacturing materials. These are currently very important factors which will increase in importance in the near future.

PLAYBOY: You have said that the small size of the engine will help to counter export difficulties.

SARICH: That's true, and it will, but there is also a question of labor costs. If it is cheaper to manufacture an



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engine in say, Singapore, then it would be foolish to make it here and try to export it there.

PLAYBOY: Is the project labor-intensive, and is suitable labor available in Australia?

SARICH: It will offer employment to quite a number of people, but I would also imagine quite extensive use of automation. None of that will be decided until we have the outlets arranged. As I said earlier, I would not like to see small people caught in any investment problems.

PLAYBOY: How many people are there employed on the project?

SARICH: The Orbital Engine Co now directly employs 60 people, and obviously, our suppliers also employ people as a result of our requirements.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the more significant innovation problems that impede progress?

SARICH: Often people who are either experts in reciprocating engine technology — or pose as experts in that field — adopt the attitude that they are also then automatically experts in orbital technology. However, as the jet engine has vividly proved, being an expert in heat engines in one area does not make you an expert in another. On several occasions, we have been recipients of criticism which was deplorably based. The particular critics, in their explanation, did not even understand the rudiments of the orbital concept.

PLAYBOY: What difficulties do you face with the engine? Things like sealing, lubrication? What about pollution and noise problems?

SARICH: Though we have significantly exceeded the sealing levels of performance nominated by the manufacturers, we still consider this to be an area requiring further refinement. From a pollution standpoint, we believe we have an engine that will outperform the conventional engine substantially. For example, we believe we will meet the stringent American requirements, without the need for a three-way catalyst. As for noise, the orbital is inherently quieter than the conventional engine. The main thrust from the company from here on is to refine and exploit the orbital's staged combustion process in order to extract the best possible fuel economies and emission from it.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe you need special assistance with them? If so, where would it come from?

SARICH: We believe that assistance with final refinements is highly desirable from the engine manufacturers, and on present indications, this will be forthcoming.

PLAYBOY: We keep hearing about just how good the orbital engine is, but precisely what will it mean to the average motorist?

SARICH: The orbital engine provides the opportunity of giving the motorist a highly advanced and innovative vehicle, which for given passenger and luggage space, will be considerably smaller externally. It also has superior aerodynamic potential, quieter and vibrationless engine operation, lower emissions and substantially improved fuel economy. Also, safety and better road handling are factors certainly conducive to an orbital vehicle.

PLAYBOY: What are the technical details of the engine?

SARICH: It is a 3.5-litre engine, in general diameter 420mm by 280mm over its length, including flywheels. It will weigh around 63kg. As most people understand power/weight ratio in terms of pounds per horespower, final refinement is expected to bring the orbital to 2hp per pound. Current comparisons against a most advanced US engine are demonstrating the orbital to be in the range of 7-10 times superior in nitrous oxides emission. In respect to hydrocarbons, compared with the typical reciprocating engine, it ranges from equivalent, to 30 percent superiority. However, shortly — when our latest combustion technology is phased in — we are projecting further massive gains during the next six-month period. Carbon monoxide is already below the legislated levels. The orbital's staged combustion will permit it to operate on a wide cut of fuels, for example, kerosene. Extraordinary maintenance is not anticipated.

PLAYBOY: Which car is most likely to first carry the Sarich engine?

SARICH: It's impossible for me to make such a prediction.

PLAYBOY: If the Sarich engine does finish up competing with orthodox reciprocating engines, a lot of money will be redistributed. What about the existing companies — the spare parts firms and their employees?

SARICH: It's impossible to predict exactly what will happen. The onus is very much in the hands of the existing companies, but from the employees' standpoint I believe that a reasonably modest training program would have the appropriate effect.

PLAYBOY: A 1973 report quoted you as saying: "Renault is very keen to fit the engine as standard equipment to its Australian cars and, at a later stage, to re-negotiate for an extension to Europe." Does this still stand?

SARICH: You say that I was quoted. Actually, Renault made several such statements, one of which was to the Federal government, but I don't want to comment on the likelihood of that.

PLAYBOY: The same report said you

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The outing

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The wine: to bring or not to bring

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The setting

Dinner Service is from Opus Paddington: called 'Black Magic'. Cutlery by Butler, from Jane Makay Imports. Salt and pepper shakers by Arzberg. "Connoiseurs Collection" glassware, handmade in Poland. Vase is a vodka glass by Holme Gaard. Flowers are Candy Tuff and Nareen from the Loyal Florist in Paddington. All on a white damask cloth. The Bentwood chair was imported especially for Hanna's Restaurant. Georgian grey shutters and leadlight door came from the Glenmore Road Antique Co.

The Black Tower

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were keen to deal with Renault because they were "enterprising", and you said Ford's engineers had been particularly keen to help. Has this been continued?

SARICH: The increasing interest from other directions in our project, together with the changed automobile situation since 1973, has altered that somewhat, but the relationship is still very good.

PLAYBOY: In April, 1973, you were reported as saying: "We'd like to see everything (consumer testing with prototype cars) carried out by, at the latest, Christmas. We're extending and making a tremendous effort." What has happened?

SARICH: Obviously, the key words here are "we'd like to see". Unfortunately, because of our rapid initial success, we were grossly over-confident and, unfortunately, I will have to admit, extremely naive with respect to the tremendous difficulties associated with carrying out such an effort. Unfortunately again, my exuberance and confidence was such — probably as a result of our initial success — that I believed we would sweep aside the problems confronting us. I was soon brought back to earth, at which time I re-assessed the position and prepared myself for a long sweat.

PLAYBOY: Could you make a similar statement with a different date now?

SARICH: Not likely — not after my previous forecast!

PLAYBOY: How much has been spent on the project so far?

SARICH: About seven million dollars.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any challenge from conventional engine/vehicle makers as they swing to lighter, smaller vehicles? Or might their efforts coincide or dovetail with yours?

SARICH: Inherently, the orbital engine will always be smaller and lighter and more convenient in shape than are conventional engines, therefore providing it achieves the necessary technical performance, I cannot see the conventional engine vehicle ever being able to compete with the vehicle design flexibility provided by the orbital engine.

PLAYBOY: Do you see an application for it in agricultural machinery?

SARICH: No, I don't see it replacing the simple, single-cylinder engine, particularly two-strokes.

PLAYBOY: Talking of competition, what do you make of electric vehicles?

SARICH: I think they'll have a place in city work, but people lose sight of the fact that to generate electricity, you need fuel. Anyway, then you have to transmit it to an outstation. By the time that you've transferred it to the roadwheels, it's not a very efficient way of doing things. And as far as

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convenience is concerned, it must be remembered that when you run out of fuel in an electric vehicle, it will take eight, or even 12, hours to refill, and that's a long time. If I thought that electric vehicles had a greater inherent potential than what we're doing, I would be working on electric vehicles, but it's hard to imagine how you could do better than an internal combustion engine, one which converts the fuel directly. You've got to remember that at this point, anyway, you have to have an internal combustion engine down at the power station, so the electric vehicle can only start with whatever that efficiency is. Then you have to transmit the electricity generated to various sections of the country, then store it in batteries. Also, there is the efficiency of the vehicle. A battery-powered vehicle is going to be very, very heavy, so it's going to take a lot more power just to accelerate it.

PLAYBOY: Do you see parallel problems then with solar-powered vehicles?

SARICH: I don't think that anybody's taking solar vehicles seriously as a total replacement. We monitor a lot of what goes on around the world. I say that on one hand, but on the other, there are developments which might be able to get over some of these problems. But in a nutshell, if you're talking about performance equal to the gasoline engine, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see your engine being used in automobiles, boats, and aircraft?

SARICH: For marine application, it definitely has tremendous potential, from the standpoint that it's very smooth, vibrationless and light. And this power-to-weight ratio is very critical in the marine application. It's also got the potential to be a diesel, and that's a safety gain. It would make a very nice, smooth, compact diesel. Aircraft? Only in light aircraft. And motorcycles. But wherever you've got a single-cylinder-type engine — thinking of a two-stroke particularly — I don't ever see us replacing those. It would be too complicated.

PLAYBOY: What about public transport? Does the orbital have an application there?

SARICH: I expect that the use of public transport, providing it is revamped and streamlined, will increase with time, and wherever diesel or internal combustion engines are used, the orbital will have an application.

PLAYBOY: You said a few years ago that, ultimately, cars would probably be banned from cities. Do you stand by that?

SARICH: Yes, I do. Even if emission levels were no longer a problem, the noise, extra fuel consumption and congestion are completely undesirable.

PLAYBOY: In your own operation, is the material important? Could an alloy, perhaps, help cut weight?

SARICH: We use iron and aluminium, but it is essentially the same material as conventional engines. We rely on reducing weight by the design of the engine, rather than through the material we use.

PLAYBOY: There have been many reports that the Sarich engine has come along much faster than others from the initial planning to the nuts-and-bolts stage. Are you still keeping up that pace?

SARICH: There's no question of that. People underestimate just what's involved. In fact, I can understand that, too, because we underestimated when we first started. But when you consider the enormous effort that has gone into the rotary engine, which was invented in a very high technology country and was followed up with development effort millions, or perhaps billions, above ours, then it is a reasonable accomplishment already. When you consider that we've started here with no experience in the art and literally built up our own team, then our progress has been remarkable. I think anybody experienced in the area would vouch for that.

PLAYBOY: The general opinion is that the orbital engine is taking a long time. Is that fair comment?

SARICH: No, it isn't, but on the other hand, I don't suppose there is any reason why the public should be expected to be able to understand the difficulties of pioneering such high technology. It should be remembered that the conventional reciprocating engine inherited the technology of the steam expander invented more than 220 years ago. This has been followed by 126 years of internal combustion engine development. In contrast, the orbital engine commenced significant development in 1973. And at present, in many areas of major importance, the orbital engine is at least equal to — or substantially better than — conventional engines. Obviously, it has some areas which are still inferior. The conventional engine has also received several billions of dollars more effort than the orbital.

PLAYBOY: Will your fuel injection unit operate on the orbital?

SARICH: Yes. It benefits the orbital engine by a considerably greater margin than the conventional engine, because of the orbital engine's combustion characteristics.

PLAYBOY: What is the state of its development?

SARICH: The orbital fuel injection system is nearing final development from the standpoint of demonstration viability. We expect it soon to enter the phase of production refinement.

PLAYBOY: Could it be installed on existing vehicle engines?

SARICH: Yes. We are currently refining it for this purpose.

PLAYBOY: What saving will it offer?

SARICH: The orbital fuel injection system is currently providing a 10 percent fuel economy advantage over the most advanced fuel systems of the world, and against a good quality carburettor, an advantage of up to 15 percent. And this is accompanied by emission advantages in respect to NOx and HC of 20-25 percent. With further development, the orbital fuel injection system is expected to gain an additional five percent over good quality carburettors.

PLAYBOY: How far back did you become interested in technical things?

SARICH: Ever since I can recall, I have been fascinated by technical things, particularly anything mechanical. It has always been my objective, that is from the time I was at primary school, to do creative work in a technical area.

PLAYBOY: Were you an outstanding student during your school career?

SARICH: I was only a very ordinary student, but I'm uncertain whether

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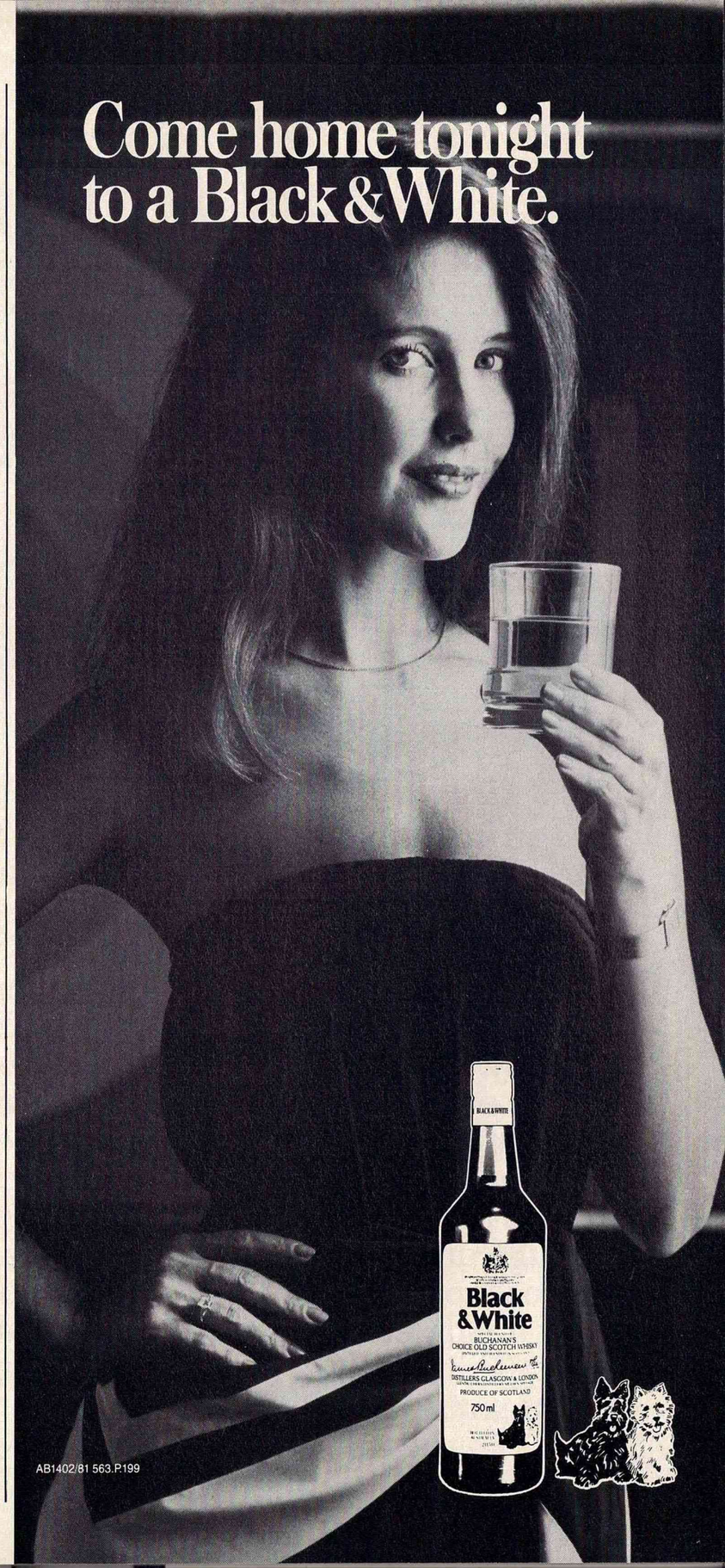

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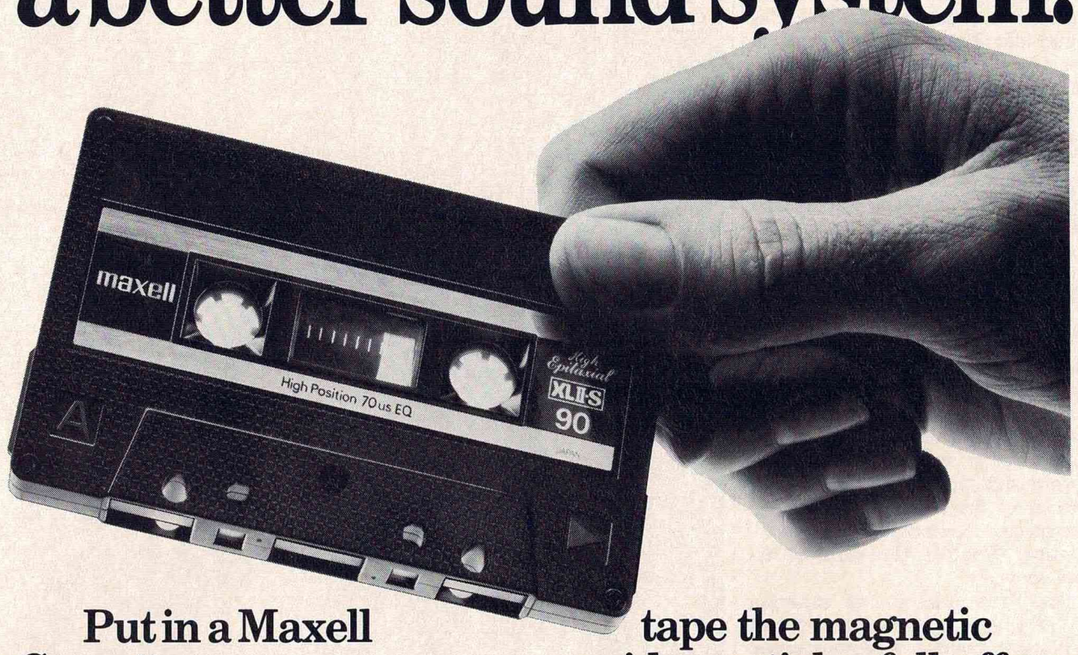

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this was because of my disinterest in schoolwork, or just simply lack of ability. However, I certainly do not recommend to students that schoolwork is unimportant.

PLAYBOY: If becoming an engineer was so important to you, why didn't you dedicate yourself so that you would qualify as a scientist?

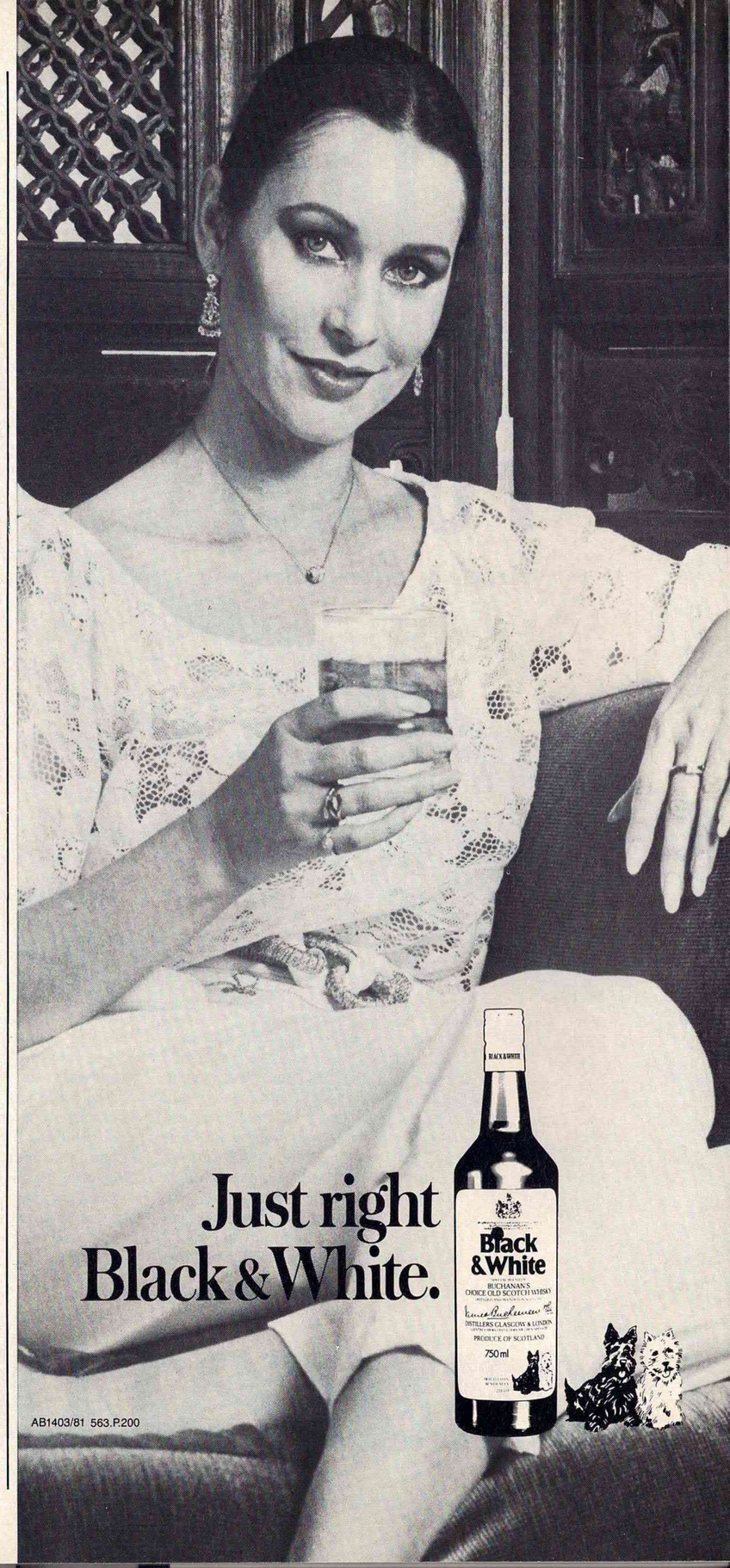
SARICH: Unfortunately, as I had decided very early in life that I wanted to be a creative and design engineer, I could never get to grips with, for example, why I should have to learn all about Captain Cook, just to do design engineering. Therefore, I found most schoolwork very boring and monotonous, and not in the least compatible with my ultimate aim in life. The unfortunate thing was that nowhere along my school career was I told how important mathematics, physics, etc, were toward qualifying in engineering. In order to excel in something, you have to have an objective — and at that time, I couldn't associate my objective with scholastic performance.

PLAYBOY: How is your workload?

SARICH: Oh, I still put in long hours, but I don't think I get as distressed as much as people seem to think I might. And I don't think it interferes with my family life as much as it did. I do start early — I started at 5.30 this morning — but I had breakfast with my kids, then came in to work. I live close, so I can go home for lunch and see them. In the evenings, I see them, and when they're ready to watch TV, I go off and do some work. I've got a duplicate office at home. While it might look like it's a 14 or 16-hour day, it has been broken up a lot into bits. The same at weekends. I can work almost entirely at home over a weekend for the company. And the kids — if they want me — I'm there. They come in and chat to me. I rarely go crook at them for coming in and interfering, so it works out okay. They see me, whereas in the early years it certainly wasn't like that.

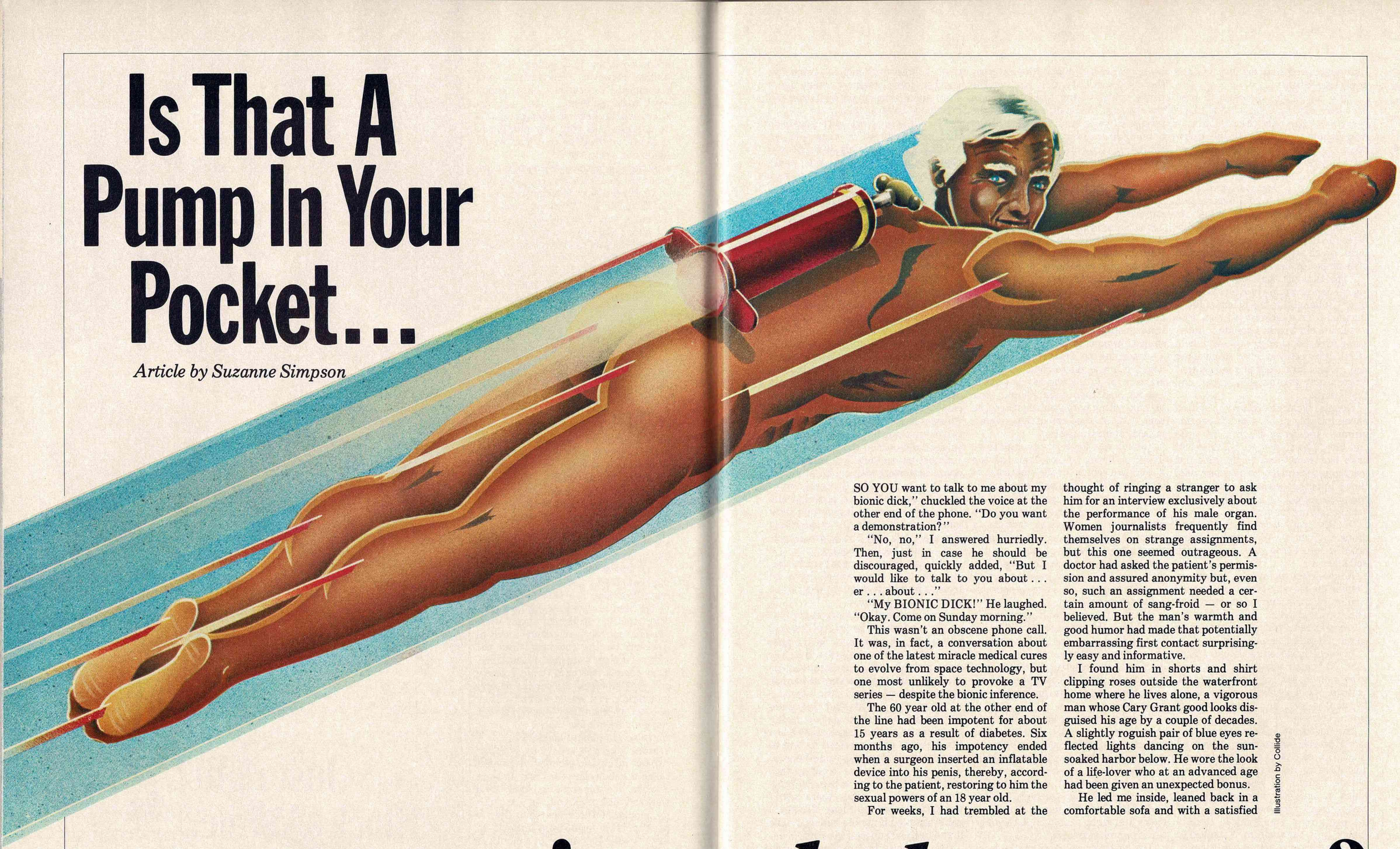
PLAYBOY: How about holidays?

SARICH: I've got enormous holidays banked up at the moment. I haven't taken a holiday in years, but I'm not envious. We sometimes go away for a weekend, but mind you, we just don't go enough. I think that had been a penalty. It's been very difficult to say: "Well, I'll go away for a month or even six weeks." You can't leave the project and not worry about it for that long. It's not that sort of project. It's one of the hardest projects, I think, anybody could dedicate himself to. It's just not humanly possible to walk away for four weeks.



Is That A Pump In Your Pocket...

Article by Suzanne Simpson



or are you just glad to see me?

SO YOU want to talk to me about my bionic dick," chuckled the voice at the other end of the phone. "Do you want a demonstration?"

"No, no," I answered hurriedly. Then, just in case he should be discouraged, quickly added, "But I would like to talk to you about . . . er . . . about . . ."

"My BIONIC DICK!" He laughed. "Okay. Come on Sunday morning."

This wasn't an obscene phone call. It was, in fact, a conversation about one of the latest miracle medical cures to evolve from space technology, but one most unlikely to provoke a TV series — despite the bionic inference.

The 60 year old at the other end of the line had been impotent for about 15 years as a result of diabetes. Six months ago, his impotency ended when a surgeon inserted an inflatable device into his penis, thereby, according to the patient, restoring to him the sexual powers of an 18 year old.

For weeks, I had trembled at the thought of ringing a stranger to ask him for an interview exclusively about the performance of his male organ. Women journalists frequently find themselves on strange assignments, but this one seemed outrageous. A doctor had asked the patient's permission and assured anonymity but, even so, such an assignment needed a certain amount of sang-froid — or so I believed. But the man's warmth and good humor had made that potentially embarrassing first contact surprisingly easy and informative.

I found him in shorts and shirt clipping roses outside the waterfront home where he lives alone, a vigorous man whose Cary Grant good looks disguised his age by a couple of decades. A slightly roguish pair of blue eyes reflected lights dancing on the sun-soaked harbor below. He wore the look of a life-lover who at an advanced age had been given an unexpected bonus.

He led me inside, leaned back in a comfortable sofa and with a satisfied

Illustration by Collide

sigh announced that his love life had never been better.

"It's incredible, fantastic. I need sex every day, or at least I feel like it every day. The only thing I have to worry about now is that the old ticker doesn't give up. I've become quite remarkably randy."

Dennis — the name he chose for this interview — became impotent at a time when male sexual dysfunction was still considered to be largely in the mind. He had undiagnosed diabetes for 10 years. His inability to perform, which affects up to 60 percent of male diabetics, devastated him.

"The thought that it was psychological depressed me terribly," Dennis said. "Suddenly, in the prime of life, I changed from a reckless old cock into a cockless old wreck! I couldn't understand why. Local doctors were no help at all. I'm pretty intense in business and you've got to have an outlet. There's only one outlet I know, and that's sex."

Dennis' eyes clouded and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "I became grumpy and irritable with my wife and kids," he confessed. "That could have had something to do with our marriage separation some years ago. Being impotent doesn't mean you're completely dead sexually, but it's not very satisfying for anybody.

"I lost confidence and ate and drank too much, which made the diabetes worse. I was hard to live with and knew it."

A specialist eventually diagnosed Dennis' diabetes and treated him with insulin, but the impotence persisted. The turning point came when he finally overcame his misery enough to speak of it with the specialist.

"I was frightened he'd think 'That poor old bugger must be off his brain to be wanting sex', but he didn't at all. Instead, when I talked to him about 18 months ago, he changed my life around entirely."

The doctor told Dennis about two penile prostheses recently developed in the United States to restore sexual function. One involves twin inflatable cylinders about 12 centimetres long which a surgeon inserts into the central shaft *(corpora cavernosa)* of the penis by a small cut in the abdomen, or in the scrotum. Attached to the cylinders directly above them in the abdomen lies a small round elastic silicone reservoir ball filled with fluid. When the patient presses a pump bulb which hangs loosely in the scrotum, the fluid travels from the reservoir through tubing into the cylinders. This causes the penis to become erect.

A pressure release valve in the lower part of the pump/valve reverses the cycle, with the fluid leaving the penile cylinders and flowing back to the storage reservoir. Because the release valve is small and part of the pump bulb is in the scrotum, the possibility of accidental release or loss of erection is said to be minimal.

The other device is more favored by doctors because it does not have any spare parts which could break down and need replacing. Known as the Jonas Silicon-Silver prosthesis, it is a semi-rigid plaited silver wire with silicone coating about 21 centimetres long by one centimetre in diameter, which is also inserted by a surgeon into the central shaft of the penis. According to the surgeon, when bent down it is in position for urinating and when straightened out, it is ready for sexual intercourse.

According to Dennis, this device needs only a shake to come up. "That attracts the Arabs who have it done in London and then walk around their harems with a perpetual erection," he said. "But it could embarrass a fellow in fairly tight trousers."

Dennis was fortunate enough to be living in Perth, at the time the top Australian centre for the treatment of impotence. The team of Western Australian experts involved in prosthetic surgery includes a psychiatrist, two physicians, a urological surgeon, a vascular surgeon, a radiologist and a psychologist. Dennis chose to try the inflatable prosthesis because he felt it was closer to natural sexual function in performance, and also because it could not be detected.

He was forced to wait more than a year before the prosthesis could be imported from America. Being so new, only a few prostheses are yet in production. After a series of tests in hospital to confirm the diagnosis of organic impotence, the urological surgeon operated.

Dennis grimaced at the memory, then laughed ruefully. "It would be the most painful month I've ever experienced, including the five years in the war when I was being shot at all the time," he said. "I've never been in such agony, but it certainly excited and enthralled the nurses. I offered them first right of refusal it the operation was successful."

He gesticulated toward the area under discussion.

"I've got about a metre of plastic tubing inside me. They insert this thing into your scrotum, which is, after all, the most sensitive part of the body. It makes a third ball, but you can't see a thing. You'd never know.

"I spent about 10 days in hospital, then hobbled around at home for another three weeks. I made up a story about some bogus operation and everybody believed me.

"But it was worth all the pain of that month. I feel 20 years old, no kidding. I'm completely different psychologically — more aggressive, confident, easier to get on with. Just happier in every way. The kids have noticed the change, though nobody knows the reason for it.

"The device doesn't give me any trouble at all. To me, it's better than anything else that medical science has ever devised."

Dennis smiled, and without giving an actual demonstration, he began to describe in some detail his life as a bionic man.

"Yes," he said, "it's a bionic dick. When you pump it up, you hear a little squeak-squeak. But that only takes about 10 or 15 seconds. Then there is another gadget you press and it comes down again. You're not even conscious of it in the testicles. I know where it is and never press the wrong ball or anything like that, although the surgeon did once at the beginning and I almost passed out. But normally, it doesn't interfere with my life at all.

"It doesn't make the penis enormous. You can't go on pumping and pumping to make it bigger and blow your lover into eternity or anything like that. It's just the original penis size — quite healthy looking.

"Ejaculation has never been better. Fantastic. A man would have no trouble fathering children, although I don't want any more."

Dennis paused and his eyes glowed.

"To be frank," he said, "I've had quite a bit of intercourse in the past six months and no one's picked it. The women think I'm great because even after ejaculation it can stay as hard as a rock and keep going."

Dennis found that after the operation he did not have to get up during the night so much. He said that when the diabetes was untreated he had to urinate about once every half hour all night. Now he only has to get up once or twice. He said he hopes the prosthesis would last a few years before the parts needed replacing. "Then I'll get it renewed if my old balls can take it and my heart doesn't give out."

He suddenly laughed loudly when remembering the unfortunate fate of another patient whose inflatable prosthesis apparently did not behave as it was bid.

"This other fellow told me he got it up in the early stages and then couldn't get it down for a week. He had to wait for the surgeon to come back from holidays because nobody else could fix it. His testicles were aching and his wife told him to go away. She was absolutely fed up with the sight of it, but that only happened to him once."

Dennis believes that impotent men who know about the operation would give anything — a million dollars — to have their sexual confidence restored. "But they don't operate on everybody," he said.

"Come and interview me again when I'm 80," he called as I prepared to drive away. "I'll give you a command performance.

We both laughed at that. As fun interviews go, this particular Sunday had no rivals.

The happiness of Dennis and others like him is due primarily to the work of a Perth surgeon who cannot be named here because of ethical reasons. He pioneered impotence surgery in Australia five years ago, despite considerable opposition, and has since performed about 17 such operations. He told me he had great difficulty convincing customs officials the prosthetic devices were genuine medical articles and not some new sort of exotic sexual aid. They charge him duty on each device.

The other setback the surgeon faced came from within the medical profession. Some Western Australian surgeons and doctors, particularly those in academic medicine, frowned at his interest in restoring sexual function to middle-aged impotent men who happened to be above the normal age for fathering children. So the surgeon, according to those who now work with him, stopped talking about his work among professional colleagues. They said he quietly continued operating with great success on men, mostly diabetics, who had lost the ability to make love because of some physical cause and who wished to have that power restored.

He asked patients to donate operation fees — about $1500 — to the Diabetic Research Foundation of Western Australia to enable doctors to continue their research into the causes of diabetic impotence.

The separation of psychologically impotent from physically impotent men is an extremely complex but essential procedure if surgery is ever to be contemplated.

At the beginning of 1980, as demand for the operation grew, the WA Diabetes Foundation began funding a research program in the Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Science at the Queen Elizabeth II Medical Centre in Perth to help assess the severity and causes of impotency. Foundation research fellow John Dunn, together with Associate Professor of Psychiatry Bob Csillag, developed a computer program to measure erections during sleep.

Dr Csillag explained that, normally, men have erections during periods of what is known as REM (rapid eye movement) sleep when they may be dreaming. These erections are called nocturnal penile tumescence (NPT). By measuring such NPT with an elaborate system of wires and two small penile strain gauges or rubber rings around the penis linked to the computer, doctors can distinguish organic from psychogenic impotence. Normal men or men impotent because of some psychological disorder will register about four or five periods of nocturnal penile tumescence on the graph during a night's sleep. Men with relative impairments will not.

Each patient spends two consecutive nights hooked up to the computer while asleep. They are not given sleeping tablets as this could impair normal function. In some other Australian medical centres, patients are given an apparatus to measure NPT for a few nights at home. But, said Mr Dunn, because of sudden unmonitored movement during sleep, results from such home kits were often false. The most accurate method to measure impotence, he said, was in a hospital with frequent nightly observation of the patient by medical staff as practised at the Perth psychiatric unit. The unit at present can accommodate two patients each week, but the staff hoped this number would soon be doubled.

Today, in Western Australia, men who complain of impotence are first referred to National Health and Medical Council senior research fellow Dr Ted Keogh, who specialises in a branch of endocrinology, called andrology, or the study of male sexual function and its disorders. He stressed that the medical team preferred to operate on men in stable marital situations with understanding wives. Some wives, he said, could turn off sex after many years of living with an impotent husband. They get used to a certain routine. To suddenly sexually activate the man they thought they knew so well could distress them and ultimately destroy the marriage. The team's interest lay in enriching marriages, not destroying them, he said. Their most successful operations had been married middle-class men in their 50s and 60s. He had found that women in the lower socio-economic groups tended to scorn and verbally abuse their men if they were unfortunate enough to be impotent. "They virtually cut them off at the knees," he said. "The operation, therefore, would not change such derision."

Dr Keogh's first task is to assess the causes of impotency, defined by him as the inability to maintain an erection sufficient for coitus. Both husband and wife are questioned about their previous and current sexual activity (coitus two or three times a week is considered normal), their personal relationship, and any domestic or work anxieties. Dr Keogh particularly emphasised the importance of discovering through talking to a patient whether he may have selective impotence, that is, be impotent with his wife yet quite capable of normal sexual relations with a mistress or casual girlfriend.

Each patient is then given a thorough general physical examination which checks normal development, male hormone and neurological function and, for example, whether some easily rectifiable physical cause exists, such as the presence of varicose veins near the testicles.

The main physical causes of impotence, he said, were:

— Ageing. It is generally assumed that 60 percent of 60-year-old men are impotent, with percentages increasing concurrently with age. Doctors are not sure whether a social or cultural factor contributes to this high incidence of impotence among ageing Western men.

— Endocrine disorders, including diabetes.

— Addictive drugs, mainly alcohol.

— Psychiatric drugs, including antidepressants.

— Cardiac and hypertension drugs and other miscellaneous drugs.

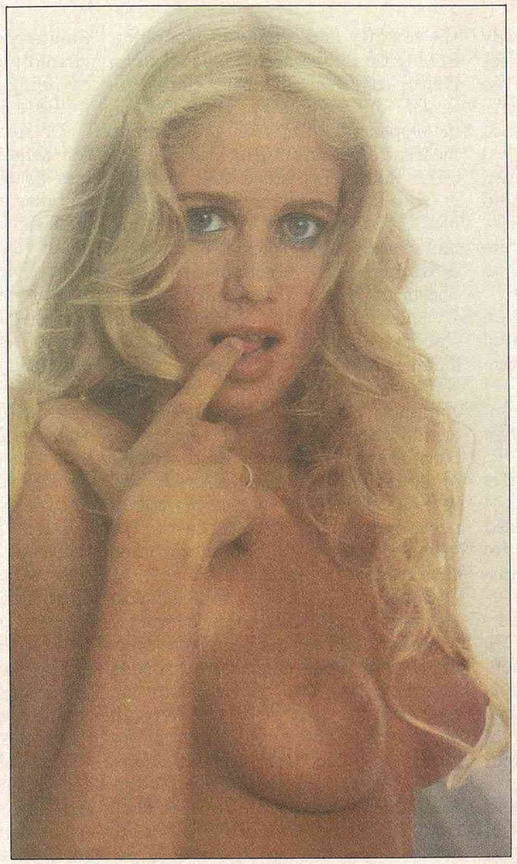
— Local causes.

Once Dr Keogh has assessed the patient as a possible candidate for surgery, that patient is referred to the Queen Elizabeth II Medical Centre's psychiatry department to undergo NPT tests. About 20 men are on the waiting list for prosthetic surgery.

All experts in the team believe passionately in the importance of normal sexual function for men to realise the full potential of their personalities. They watch men who are mere shadows of their former selves change overnight after the operation to confident, contented human beings with renewed interest in life. For this reason alone, they are finding great satisfaction in pioneering this revolutionary new form of what could conceivably be called bionic surgery.

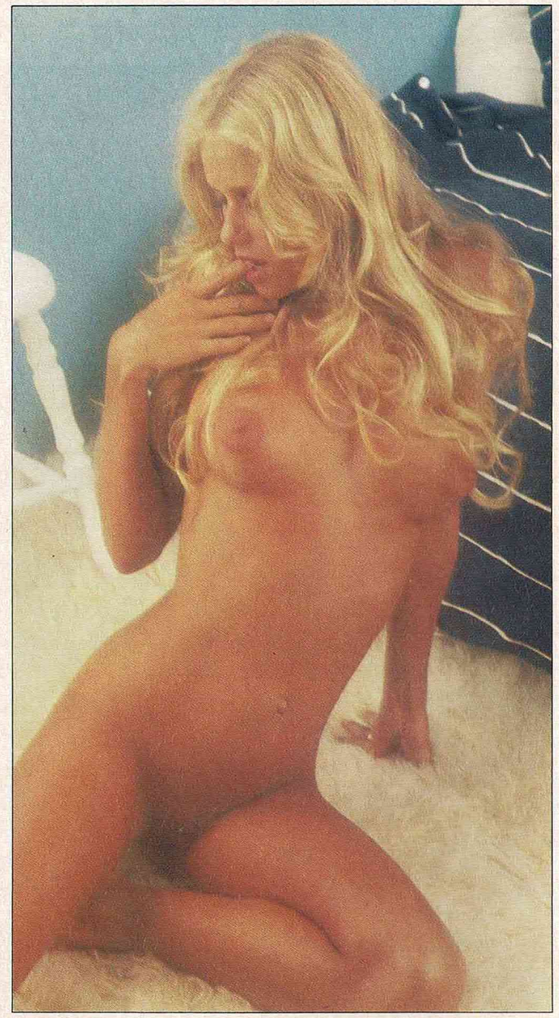
WELLING~ TO PLEASE

Photography by Colin Stead



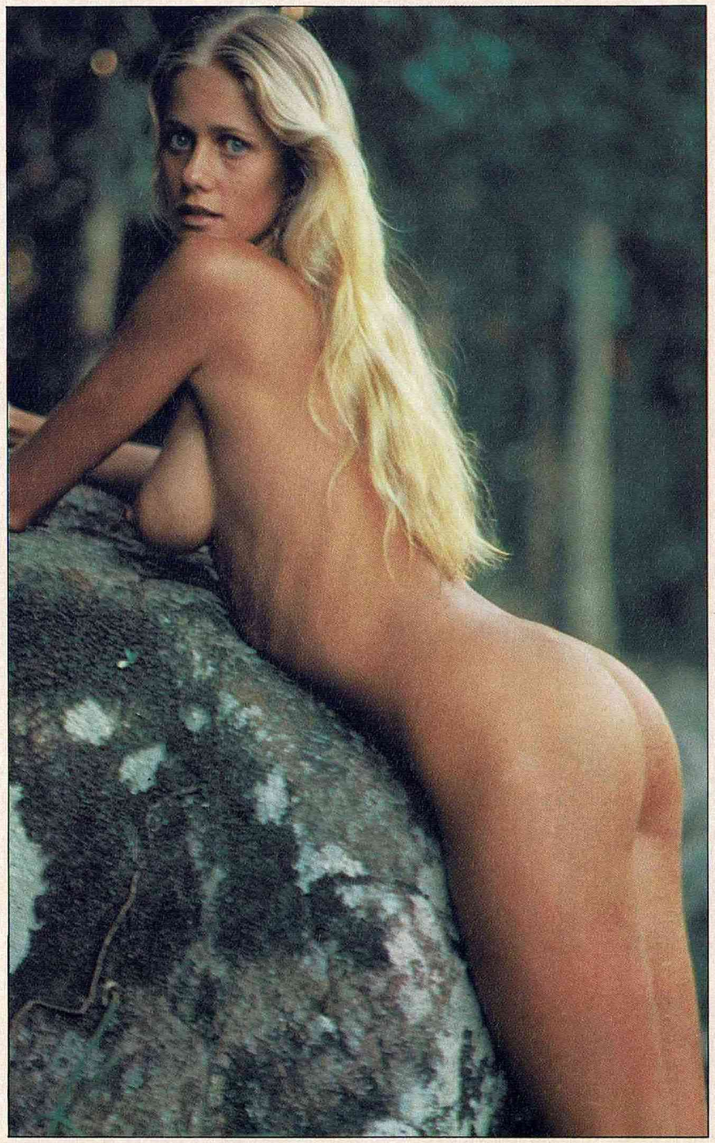
Call it one of those magic moments. You step out of the protective greenery of the forest and make the hot trek down to the water. And there she is, all alone. Julie Welling. As free and naked as the sea itself, she's profiled against the clear waters that lap the sunny shores of northern Queensland. Perhaps it's a mirage, some imaginary vision of sensuality.

No, it's not your imagination, because she turns and starts to speak… and her tale is even more idyllic than your fantasy. Nature gave Julie her looks but she's kept them in perfect shape with a strict vegetarian diet, regular visits to the squash court and by practising yoga. She's a qualified masseuse and, because of this training, she has a special relationship with her own astonishingly perfect body.

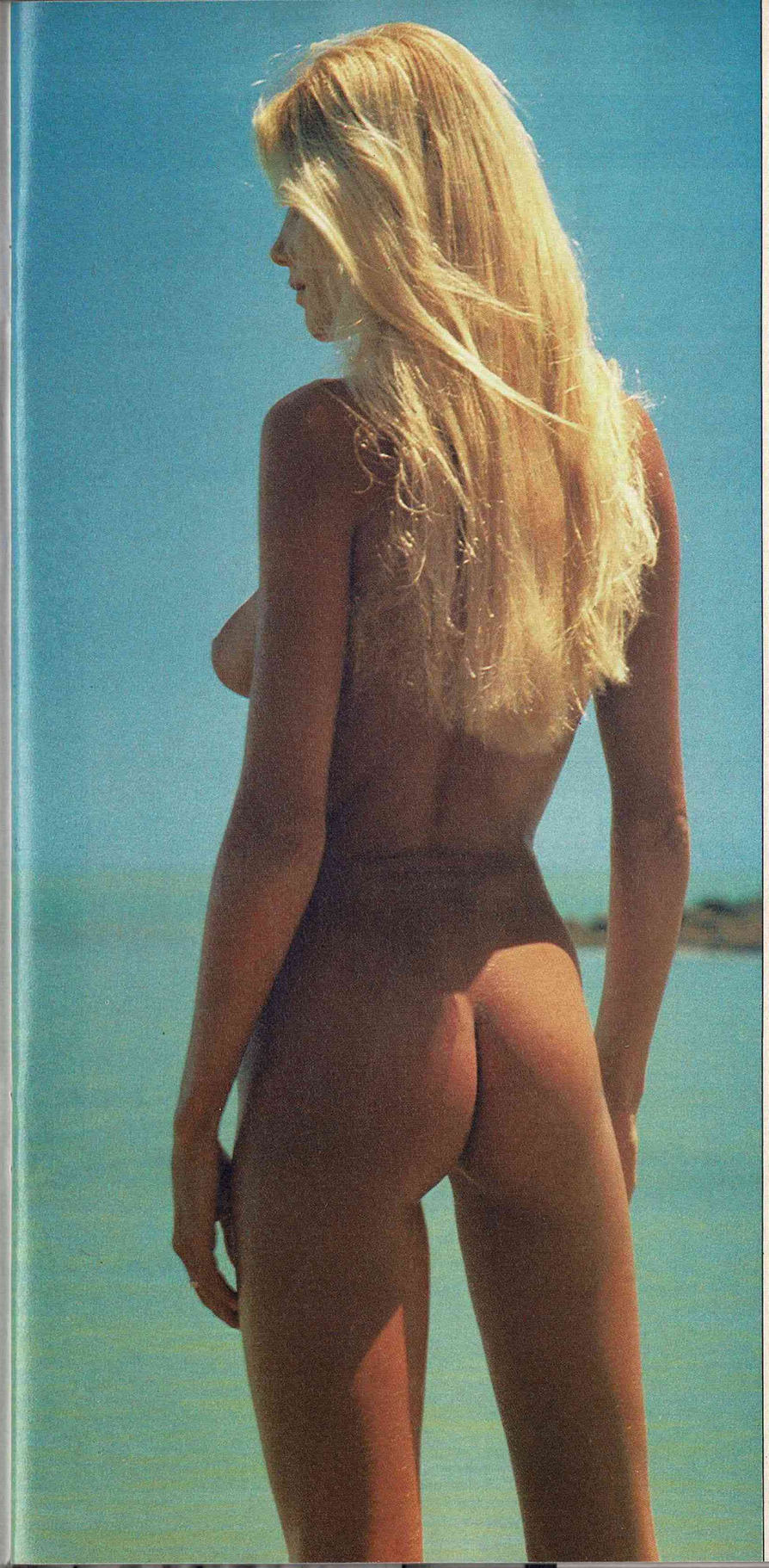


"The best way to get a tan like this is to spend ages on the beach. It helps if you take off all your clothes."

In fact, bodies are Julie's business, and she can read a torso like most people read a road map — a talent that makes her more perceptive and sensitive than most. It took a lot of hunting but as soon as we saw her — her perfect tan, her deep blue eyes, her long blonde hair — we knew we had been lucky enough to catch a brief glimpse of paradise.



"My body is extremely important to me. It's a key to communicating with people because it explains my lifestyle."



"The art of looking and feeling good all relates to how I feel about sex. No matter what, if something is pleasurable and . . . oh, I guess, sensual . . . I'd be willing to try it. At least once."

The Heart Of The Cross

— By John Byrell —

The Top Dog

NO ONE can remember exactly how far back it was that Old Jim lobbed at The Cross. He just turned up out of the blue eight or nine years back.

And he lobbed all on his tod . . . no cheese, no chinas, and not many personal effects. He would've probably been 55 or so back then.

Anyway, he certainly never looked much like a Kings Cross regular . . . not even the standard model. But then Old Jim obviously had his own ideas about how he should be and the regulars generally left him alone and he left them alone.

After shacking up awhile in the Excelsior Private Hotel, which is an anything but salubrious establishment, Old Jim managed to locate a knockabout but clean and fairly cheap abode near the bottom of the McElhone Steps that lead steeply downhill into Woolloomooloo.

Certainly, when he turned up to have a dekko at the accommodation which he'd read of in the *Herald,* Old Jim presented Ma Field with something different than the general run of bloke she was used to putting up.

What Ma Field found herself giving scrutiny to was a big, rangy bloke with scraggy carrot orange hair, seven working teeth (three upper, four lower), big brown pit boots and an old duffle bag. And he sounded, looked, smelled and acted like a bushie. But

yet there was a certain something . . . maybe it was in the eyes, or the way he thought about a. question before he answered it . . . that gave Ma Field the feeling that Old Jim was worth taking a punt on.

Old Jim and Ma Field must've hit it off all right from the word go, because he moved into the side room next to the lounge room there and then. Straight after he moved in to Ma Field's, Old Jim got a job at the Prince Charles as a sort of bar-useful. He only kept the job for a minute or two. Apparently Old Jim wasn't a fast enough mover. And he was a bit on the stroppy side.

He landed another job helping out at Ronald The Hungarian's deli.

But, once again, Old Jim didn't seem to appreciate being told what to do and Ronald The Hungarian had to turf him out.

Another couple of jobs soon followed . . . one as part time caretaker at a block of Macleay Street flats, the other helping out Thumbs Chenery the butcher. But they went the same way, for the same reasons, as the other rorts.

Ma Field, who didn't have the heart to give him the sandshoe completely, moved Old Jim into a sort of converted shed, up in the backyard, which was prevented from becoming an eyesore because of being surrounded by the oleanders and camphor laurels and conifers.

Old Jim became a scrounger. During all seasons he could be spotted loping up and down The Cross (the fact is Old Jim never shuffled like the average scrounger), sitting in the park down in Elizabeth Bay or the smaller one next to the Savoy Hotel, or sorting through rubbish bins. But Old Jim never took to garbage cans. He wasn't a muck scrounger.

From time to time one or another of the regulars would find something or other that needed doing, something only Old Jim could do. All in all Old Jim managed pretty well, considering.

Then he found the dog. It was one arvo in the early spring. Old Jim was in Elizabeth Bay Park and he sprung the dog, which looked like it was only lately full grown, crouched under a park bench. When he knelt down and put out one of his big hands to give it a pat, it nearly bit his pinkies off.

Nonetheless Old Jim wasn't pissed off at all. He just said: "I see." Then he went up to Thumbs Chenery's and scrounged a bagful of lamb and beef bones and other odd ends and went back to the dog which was still crouched under the seat.

It took him all arvo, but Old Jim finally coaxed the miserable looking hound to eat. When it finally came out so that Old Jim could have a good dekko, he slewed the ribby look and worked out that it was some sort of kelpie/border collie cross with maybe a bit of airedale thrown in.

Matter of fact, mused Old Jim, this particular hound had a few things in common with himself. For one thing it had patches of red hair among the black and white. It was all on its tod. And it obviously didn't appreciate being taken for granted.

The long and short of it was that Old Jim let the dog follow him back to Ma Field's where he put the hard word on her about letting him share the shed with his new china.

Ma Field didn't much go on the idea first off. But she wasn't such a bad old chook and she finally came good and let Old Jim keep the hound, provided he house-trained it properly and as long as it didn't muck up her dahlias or howl or tom tit all over the garden and so forth.

Old Jim named the dog Fenmore. At first there were those among the regulars who considered Fenmore to be a bit of a pansy monicker for any male, human or beast for that matter. But then Big Oscar found out from Ma Field that Fenmore was the last name of a close china of Old Jim's back in the bush. So Fenmore it was.

Fenmore developed into a very sturdy old warrior indeed. He was about the size and build of a large cattle dog only with a lot more hair and coloration. And Fenmore was pretty well a one-man old warrior who made sure that no harm came to or appeared to be going to come to Old Jim — at least, not from any other bloke or dog anyway.

About now is as good a time as any to make one thing clear. There was one important thing the man and the dog didn't have in common. Call it an instinct or an attitude. Even a philosophy. The fact of the matter was that the dog made it; the man never did. When it came to The Cross and the regulars, that is.

See, Old Jim was a bushie, right the way through. He arrived in The Cross a bushie and he stayed a bushie all the way. Old Jim never took to The Cross or the regulars. But then he never intended it that way. There was not much doubting that Old Jim had left the sticks to get away from something or other.

It's a dead set fact that a bloke can make any number of blues in town and, provided they aren't desperate blues, he can get away with it even if it takes a bit of time. But it's not like that out where the wombats are, not so in the sticks. The bushies, who usually must know all about everyone around them and therefore have their own notions about how everyone else should conduct themselves, aren't as fast at forgiving as the townies.

Certainly none of the regulars can be accused of shoving his I suppose into another bloke's background or business provided, of course, the bloke never did that to a regular. And so it was in Old Jim's case. Old Jim sensed this and that's why he never tried quitting The Cross even though its ways weren't really his cuppa.

With Fenmore though, it was a whole different bucket of bream. Fenmore was born and bred a towny. True, whoever first had him didn't have much time for him. It would be pretty close to assume that he started out as an anklebiter's playtime pup and was dropped later on.

Nonetheless, Fenmore kicked off with a soul listening to and latching on to all the vibes that go with the big town: the noises, the tastes, the push and the shove, the delicious uncertainties, the smells, the lust . . . especially the last two.

When it comes to sniffing out new and absorbing smells Fenmore is Sherlock Holmes. It has been known for Fenmore to snuffle out two dozen brand new pongs in the time it takes him to do one lap of the Rushcutters Bay Oval.

When it comes to the odors of other hounds, it has been claimed that Fenmore, just by taking a one second whiff of a batch of pup piddle or piece of poop, can tell instantly the size, shape, background, disposition and intention of another hound.

For that matter, Fenmore is an A-grader when it comes to piddling. One of the regulars — Mick The Muso it was — claims that he stayed on Fenmore's hammer one morning from Kellett Street to the Fitzroy Gardens when Fenmore was marking his territory and witnessed Fenmore hit five rubbish bins, 11 garbage cans, three bus stop seats, two sets of traffic lights, the leg of a citizen at one of the traffic lights who moved at the wrong time, and the El Alamein fountain.

If Fenmore is an A-grade piddler, then he is a double-decker A-grade lover. If Fenmore happens upon a piece of canine crumpet in the right mood . . . and sometimes not even feeling horny . . . then that's the end of the section. Like the time the two horses hoofs set up house just down off Victoria Street.

What happened was that this pair of gays who were regulars and used to work up at the Afro Cuban as a drag team, moved into one of those newly done-up flats. And they brought with them their poodle which they'd given the name of Mignonette.

Anyway, where they lived was just

"Your dog is the first basset hound I've ever seen who doesn't look sad."

across the road and up the McElhone Steps from Fenmore. So, naturally enough, it wasn't too long at all before Mignonette came to Fenmore's attention. At about the same time that Fenmore spotted Mignonette, though, the gays spotted Fenmore and instantly jerried to what Fenmore had in mind.

One of the horses grabbed a jar of Marmite from his shopping bag and lobbed it at Fenmore who got the message and moved off to a safer distance. The other horse grabbed on to Mignonette by the collar and hauled her off into their place.

After that, Fenmore became a mutt with a mission. For the next couple of weeks, when he wasn't tagging along with Old Jim, he kept a safe distance tag on Mignonette and her masters. This way Fenmore was able to jerry to a number of things.

First off, the horses never let Mignonette outside the door alone or without being on a lead. And every time they went up The Cross to buy their groceries they used to take Mignonette along with them. And they always did their grocery shopping at a cash 'n' carry round in Kellett Street.

Something else, too. Lately, Mignonette had begun to experience her first sensual season, so to speak. By rights her owners should never have taken her outside the flat — especially since they'd just made arrangements for Mignonette to cop an intro to a poodle prize-winner called Alexander The Great who had a pedigree as long as the straight at Rosehill Racecourse.

As it so happened, Alexander The Great was owned by two other Afro Cuban gays. With a typical touch of flair the lads decided that the big nuptial night for the two poodles was going to be very special; there would be a slap up gay 'n' hearty at the new flat off Victoria Street that Friday.

Consequently, on the Friday arvo, Mignonette was attached to her chastity lead and trotted up The Cross. As a rule, because dogs were very much on the outer at the cash 'n' carry, one of the lads would wait outside with her while his offsider did the shopping.

But this particular Friday, because they had to pick up so much tucker and stuff, and probably because they were a little light-headed about that night's prospects, they tied Mignonette up to a loading zone signpost outside the shop.

Fenmore, who was careful to take the roundabout way to the cash 'n' carry through Kellett Lane, which runs into Kellett Street, had been watching all this from behind an oleander. He did what he had to do and gave the ferret a short but good run before anyone, including Mignonette, knew what had hit them. The party was called off. The lads were so pissed off they left the Victoria Street flat.

And because Mignonette was now a soiled poodle and no longer able to produce purely poodle pups, they sold her for a few bucks to one of the regulars without bothering to mention the rape or that she was up the stick.

In the fullness of time, Mignonette became the mother of five beaut bitser sprogs who very soon got homes with other regulars. Vinegar Veronica, the veteran hooker, even took one.

As a matter of interest, it was none other than Mick The Muso who became Mignonette's new owner. Mick The Muso had been in the cash 'n' carry the arvo of the sexual assault and had seen and heard the whole rort.

So the next time Minny (that became her new monicker) started feeling frisky, Mick The Muso rounded up a bunch of regulars and Fenmore and, after a visit to the Prince Charles bottle-oh and Ronald The Hungarian's deli, they all headed back to Mick The Muso's where Fenmore and Minny were left to do whatever they liked out in the sun room. It was, the regulars swear to this day, one of the best gay 'n' hearties in living memory.

Not so long after that a few of the regulars were having a late afternoon pigs in the bar of the Prince Charles when the conversation got around to Fenmore. Big Oscar started it.

"Hey, boys," Big Oscar had said right out of the blue. "Has anyone spotted Fenmore lately? I ain't seen him for the last coupla days."

"Come to think of it," said Brucie The Rooster. "I haven't seen him around lately either."

"I trust," said The Scholar, "that the old warrior is still in his usual robust state of health." Then he turned to Big Oscar. "I wonder, Oscar, if you would keep a weather eye open for Fenmore? Perhaps make a few enquiries?"

"Come to think of it," said Brucie The Rooster, "I haven't spotted Old Jim around lately. Although you never see as much of him as Fenmore, I'll admit."

Two arvos later, Big Oscar burst in upon the boys at the Prince Charles. "All right," said Big Oscar breathlessly. "I found him. Fenmore. Come'n see what you make of this, willya?"

As soon as the boys got out the door they spotted Fenmore who was just coming out of Thumbs Chenery's butcher shop. Fenmore was carrying a big soup bone and was definitely in a bit of a hurry.

The boys followed Fenmore down Macleay Street and around into Victoria Street and down the McElhone Steps to Ma Field's. Fenmore went through the front gate and headed straight up the side of the shed. "Everything seems okay to me," said Brucie The Rooster. "But let's ask Ma just the same." He knocked on the front door a couple of times but no answer.

So the boys headed up the side path where they bumped into Fenmore who was headed back out on the double. When he spotted them Fenmore gave a couple of little whimpers and turned and dashed back to the shed.

Old Jim was dead. From the look of things they figured he hadn't been that way for too long . . . maybe a day or two. On the little rickety stool that served as a bedside table they found a packet of Vincents, a bottle of cough mixture, a half finished glass of water and an enamel bowl with the remains of some homemade soup in it.

Then they heard a bark followed by an urgent whimper. Fenmore was over in the far corner near a grimy old electric stove. When they went over, Fenmore was propped up on his hind legs trying to reach the open stew pot.

But he couldn't. So he climbed back down and very gently and carefully put the bone on top of the other bones and pieces of meat.

After that Fenmore refused to leave the shed, even after they came and took Old Jim away. So the regulars took it in turn to check up on Fenmore and feed him until Ma Field got back from her daughter's.

Ma Field agreed to take care of Fenmore, saying that he was a good clean animal and not really much trouble at all. And that was the way the situation stood . . . for just on a month at any rate.

Fenmore eventually gave up moping around the backyard shed. Instead he did a complete about-face and took to going walkabout.

And more often than not when he lobbed back at Ma Field's, he'd be as lean as leg ham and bearing the evidence of what must've been some dead set classical canine altercations. One time there, Fenmore showed with part of his right ear missing and a bad bout of tinea in his front plates.

Anyway, nobody . . . at least none of the regulars on their contacts that is . . . ever sprung Fenmore any of those times when he'd take it in mind to hit the toe. They figured that, alright, deep inside, Fenmore had jerried to the plain fact that Old Jim wasn't going to be around anymore.

And the boys liked to think that Fenmore being such as he is, which is a very smart and worldly old warrior at that, was at that particular time going through a kind of soul searching.

Especially since the likes of someone as out and out brainy as The Scholar reckoned that was the odds on go. "I do believe," The Scholar had said one particular arvo in the Prince Charles when the conversation got around to Fenmore, which it always seemed to, "that the old warrior finds the need to indulge in some personal introspection. Soul searching if you like. He most probably is endeavoring to determine the path he will take."

The Scholar was, as he pretty well always is, right on the nipple. There were only two reasonable alternatives open to Fenmore. He could quit the scene of his recent grief just like Old Jim did when Old Jim shot through from the sticks. Or he could sign on as a regular and become a fully paid-up citizen of The Cross.

The Scholar gave the rest of the boys the drum on that too. "I do hope, gentlemen, that our old friend adopts the latter path."

After that the boys fell silent for a couple of minutes. Then Brucie The Rooster spoke out. "I am," Brucie The Rooster said loudly enough to be overheard by any prospective takers, "willing to offer fives about Fenmore hitting the toe. He ain't no friggin' quitter. Who wants the fives?"

Nobody claimed Brucie the Rooster even when he let his board out to tens. (The fact being that no punter . . . at least no punter acquainted with both the situation on hand and the disposition of Brucie The Rooster . . . within earshot would have been game to walk up.)

That particular arvo in the Prince Charles rubbity Mick The Muso, who can rabbit like a cattle dog, was very kleiner by way of the spoken word. Though nobody said a dickie bird one way or the other even though they jerried to Mick The Muso's lack of verbal participation.

And, the next time they visited the Prince Charles, which happened to be the next arvo, Mick The Muso didn't lob . . . at least, not until the session was about three-quarters of the way through, anyway.

"Ar there Mick," bellowed Brucie The Rooster when Mick The Muso eventually showed. "That must've been a long tom tit. Bet you had to use a full roll of whatnot wiper. Ha ha."

Mick The Muso never replied to that which made Brucie The Rooster take a couple of quick dekkos at The Scholar and Big Oscar who gave him the old thumbs down treatment.

After they'd set him up with a lily of Resch's and after he'd taken a couple of very long swigs, Mick The Muso spoke up. "There was something I had to try out," Mick The Muso told the boys while watching the course of a rivulet of frost down the outside of his lily glass. "Nothin' original, babies. Just a new arrangement of an old tune, if you like."

"Eh?" queried Brucie The Rooster. "What the frig do you . . ."

"Bruce my dear fellow," said The Scholar butting in so that Brucie The Rooster wouldn't make a drop kick of himself twice running. "I do believe you are in the chair."

So the boys settled back down to the usual rabbiting about such things of consequence as the state of the League and the way the rate of inflation was affecting their consumption of pigs' ear (which it wasn't anyway) and the size and shape of Bouncy Brenda's walters, khyber and long eye.

About six o'clock when the session was just about juicy fruited, Big Oscar said tata and headed off. However, before the bar dorothy lamours had time to swing closed behind him, Big Oscar was back at the bar looking like the bloke who has just stumbled into his bedroom to spring Sophia Loren lying back there ready to play the dead horse game with him.

"You," spluttered Big Oscar trying to catch his breath and quit laughing at the same time which is a tough trick at the best of times, ". . . You just will never believe this. Come here. Come on. Quick."

They followed him out the dorothys. And there, right in front of them propped on the footpath with his iron lung lolling out of his north'n south and a grin on his fizz the size of a Cairo hooker's long eye, was none other then Fenmore. And that was by no means the lot. For propped right alongside him was Mick The Muso's poodle Minny. And Minny, come to think, was looking pretty perky and full in the face also.

When the boys got done with patting and pummelling the happy looking pair, Brucie The Rooster sent Big Oscar back into the bar for a couple of meat pies. Fenmore and Minnie very smartly demolished the offerings. Then Fenmore licked his chops and gave a grateful grin and a see-you-later bark and took off across the frog in the general direction of Ronald The Hungarian's deli with Minny in tow.

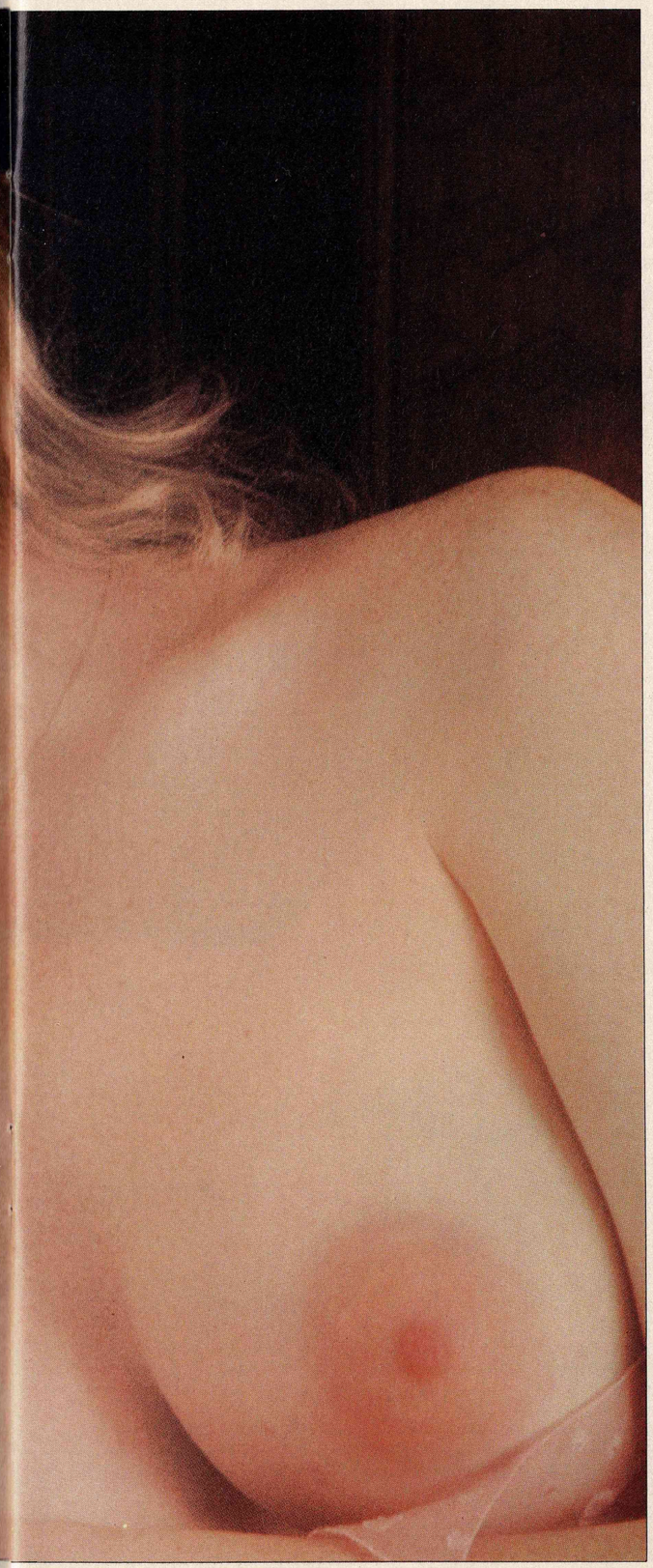
The fact is that Fenmore and Minny, after what can only be called a lively reunion early that arvo up in Ma Field's backyard, were out for something far more sustaining than a brace of Big Bens and Fenmore was only too well aware that Ronald The Hungarian is an even easier snip than any of the boys. And everyone up and down The Cross knows Ronald The Hungarian makes the best pickled pigs' trotter anywhere east of Fremantle.

When Fenmore and his charley were out of sight, Brucie The Rooster and The Scholar and Big Oscar turned to Mick The Muso. For a minute nobody said a dickie bird.

Then The Scholar spoke up. "Michael my dear fellow," said The Scholar brushing something or other out of his left mince, "That was truly a marvellous arrangement you composed. It was, I can assure you, a variation on the oldest and sweetest theme ever written.

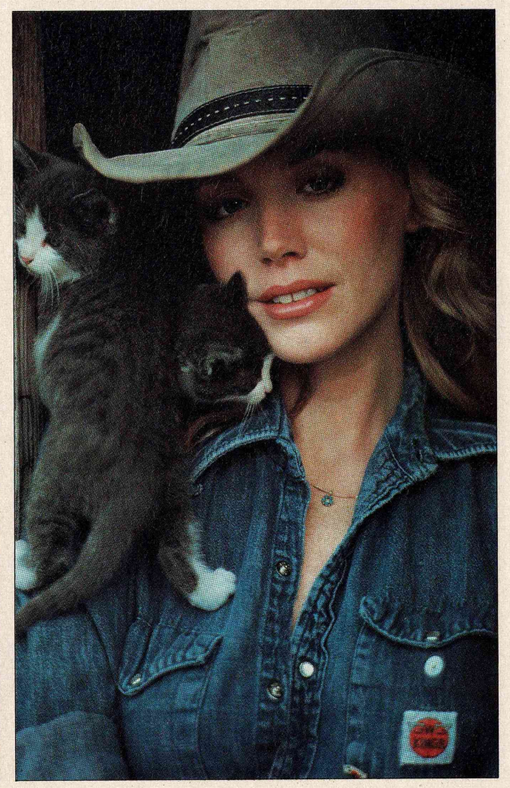
"And now," The Scholar said as Brucie The Rooster and Big Oscar started shoving Mick The Muso back in through the bar dorothys." Allow us to shout you an . . . er . . . pigs for the . . . um. . . frog."

After Fenmore spotted Mignonette, he became a mutt with a mission.



BOSS TWEED

Wherever Shannon Tweed goes, there is a moment in which all action stops and everyone she passes turns to stare.



Photography by Richard Fegley

SHE IS nearly six feet tall. She is blonde. She is startling to see in person; it is as if someone had breathed color and animation into a striking statue of a young woman. Wherever she goes, there will be darting looks of appreciation and longing from anyone within sight of her.

We take her to one of the city's better restaurants in order to talk, to find out what makes this beautiful creature tick. "I'm really not that used to having to talk about myself," she intones. "Generally, I smile for the camera and that's that."

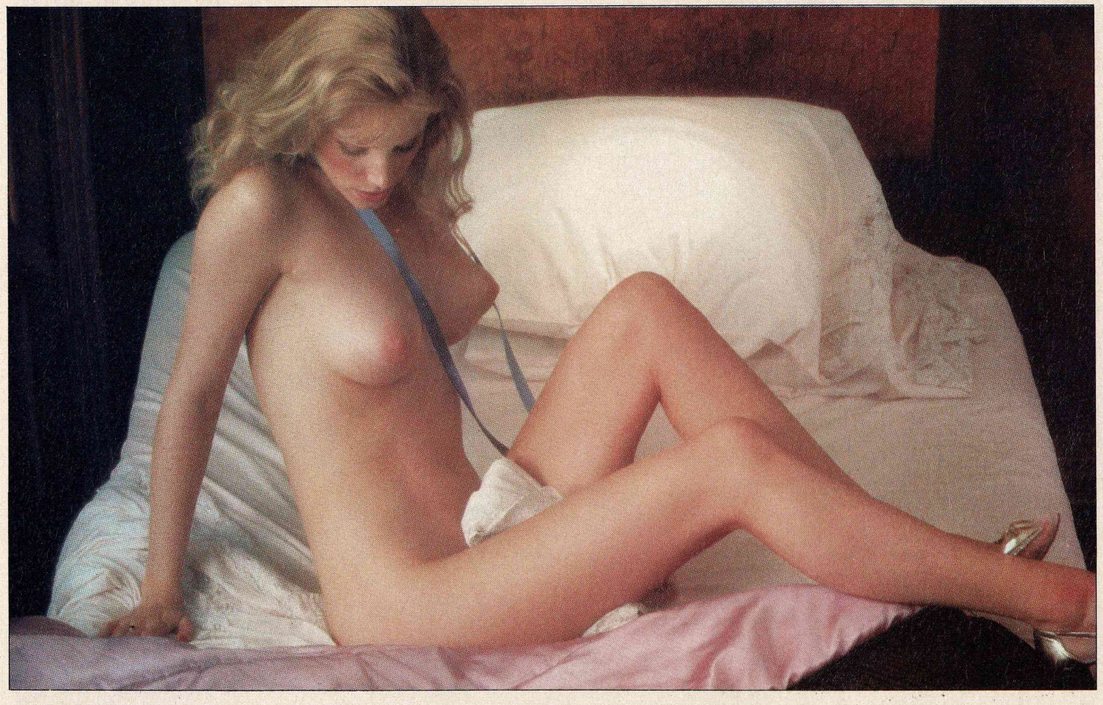
A waiter stops and offers to bring the lovely mademoiselle anything she wants. She lowers her eyes, examines her dark-red nails, and whispers, "I don't think your chef would have the recipe." We take a heavy slurp on our vodka and orange and wait for the rejoinder. There is none; he colors and hastily moves away from our table.

Shannon is what can only be described as a natural beauty, yet she says that "becoming a Playmate is a fantasy for me. Being seen as desirable by so many is simply so terribly flattering."

"Country girls have an advantage. I find I can handle little irritations better than city people can. Even though I don't seem quiet, that's what I am."

"There's nothing wrong with being put up on a pedestal, with being a sex object," Shannon insists. "Just so that's not all you are."

"There's an actress in me. I know that acting is harder than modelling, but the camera rolling excites me to no end."



"I grew up on a farm," she says, beginning a sketch of her life, "but after I left school, I moved to town and became a lowly barmaid. I made tons of money, enough finally to open my own wine bar — but it was just too much work.

"People kept mentioning modelling to me. So I went to an agency and when *they* told me I should model, I did, and got into high-fashion.

"But I really had always wanted to be a Playmate. Every girl's fantasy is to become the ideal — the most beautiful, desired woman in the world, at least for a month. And being a Playmate will introduce me to a lot of people I'd never meet otherwise. I'll actually live some of my fantasies."

Gazing at Shannon across our candle-lit table, with piano music off in the background, we felt we were living out one of our fantasies too.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Shannon Tweed

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shannon Lee Tweed

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 128lbs SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/57 BIRTHPLACE: St. John's, Newfoundland

GOALS: To be a starlet and then a star on the silver screen.

TURN-ONS: Well-toned bodies, fast cars, boats, Arabian horses and spending money

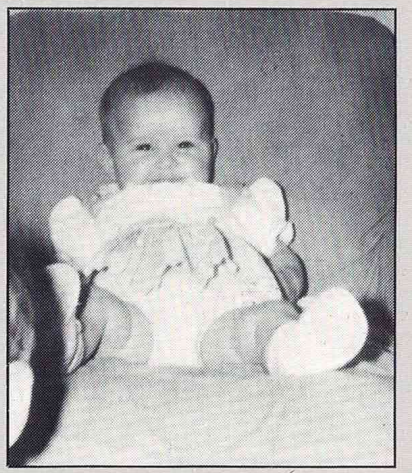
TURN-OFFS: Gaudy jewellery, bleached-blonde hair

RELAXING: Lying naked in the sun on a deserted beach; lounging around with a book.

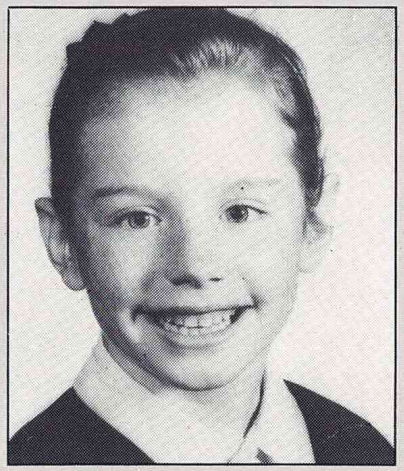
FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming - especially naked and at midnight!

FAVORITE FOOD: Salads, fish, apples, peaches, strawberries (my favorite!). Anything you don't have to cook!

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Vanessa Redgrave, Gregory Peck Lou Rawls, Janis Ian.



First birthday



Third grade - my sophisticated look!

At 18, my first modelling test.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We know a young thing who had been married three times and was still a virgin. Her first husband, a psychiatrist, only talked about it; the second, a gynaecologist, merely looked at it; and the third husband was a gourmet.

Having repaired to what they thought was an isolated corner of the cemetery, the couple was proceeding to make love when a cop surprised them. "Didn't you see the sign at the entrance?" he railed. "NO ADMITTANCE AFTER DARK."

"No," explained the young man, "we came in the other way, past the one that reads: GET LOTS WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG."

Then there was the ambitious secretary who walked into her boss's office and demanded a salary on next week's advance.

Little Herbie was instructed by his mother to avoid any of the popular synonyms for urination and to substitute the verb "whisper".

That night, the boy approached his father, who had not yet been apprised of the new code. "Daddy," he said, "I want to whisper."

"All right, son," answered his father, "go ahead and do it in my ear."

While swimming in the nude at a deserted north coast beach, the young chap sustained a painful sunburn over his entire body; and later that night, while in bed with his date, he found the agony almost unbearable. Stepping into the kitchen, he poured a tall glass of cold milk and submerged the object of his greatest discomfort.

"My God!" the girl gasped, watching him from the doorway. "I've always wondered how men load that thing!"

My wife complains, criticises and nags, nags, nags all of the time," the desperate husband told the muscleman for hire, "so I'd like you to bash her in her big, fat mouth! And my neighbor keeps boasting in the locker room at the club about how well he's hung compared with me," the man continued, "so I want you to give it to the bastard in the crutch! You can check out the houses in advance while I'm at work today."

"It'll be easy to force my way in and teach 'em each a lesson," the goon later reported. "My usual charge for what you want is $200 per victim, but I'll handle the double assignment for $250.

"Why the discount?"

"Because from what I saw through a window this afternoon, mister, I can arrange to do both jobs with a single punch."

A *retiring old sailor named Tripp*
Had a fling upon leaving his ship;
But he failed to use care
In a prostitutes' lair,
Which is why Tripp has postnaval drip.

This is the first time a really foxy lady has thrown herself at me!" exclaimed the exultant taxi driver. "First you tell me to drive to Scenic Point; then you demand I park; then you order me into the back and insist I fill you with my manhood! I'm more than willing to comply — but, tell me, are there any other instructions?"

"Just one more," his nymphomaniacal passenger moaned as the cabby undertook his initial thrusts. "Keep the peter running!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fornication* as a term used by people who don't have anybody to screw with.

The tired doctor was awakened by a phone call in the middle of the night. "Please, you have to come right over," pleaded the panic-stricken mother. "My child has swallowed a contraceptive."

The physician dressed quickly, but before he could get out the door, the phone rang again.

"You don't have to come over, after all," the woman bubbled into the phone. "My husband just found another one."

A gangster wished to move into the higher levels of society but was afraid his favorite blonde would embarrass him with her unpolished language. He decided to send her away for a very expensive crash course in grammar. She returned three months later, burst into his office and exclaimed, "Were you blue while I was gone?"

"All that money," the mobster moaned, "and she *still* has her tenses wrong."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Gosh, Sally . . . I can see my face in your dishes!"

"Oh? . . . and what kind of trick were you expecting for $5?"

"I said that I enjoy riding a Big One. I didn't say anything about surfing."

THE GREAT PLAYBOY CARTOONIST HUNT

Fancy yourself another Kliban, Raymonde or Kiraz? Well, let us see if we agree with you. PLAYBOY is looking for new cartoonists. We pay $150 for full page color cartoons and $60 for black and white ones. All we ask is that the work be terrifically funny — but it would help if it were recognisably Australian. Send us some samples of your work (photocopies will be acceptable), or ring us up for an appointment on (02) 268-0666.

IS THIS MAN THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE TRAINER?

The rags-to-riches story of the boy from Goolgowi who has rewritten the racing record books and become a millionaire in the process.

MAYBE AT 5.30 on this brisk winter morning it is a shade early for that flashing smile which has welcomed more than 3500 winners back to the saddling enclosure, but Tommy Smith looks tired. His faded blue eyes run down the memories ricocheting off one framed photograph to another, from Tulloch to Redcraze, to Gunsynd to Denise's Joy. Champions all. The eyes, and the memories, stop at the photograph of a horse whose jockey wears the familiar dark blue and green Smith silks. The horse is Bragger, the rogue TJ turned into his first winner and cornerstone of the Thomas John Smith racing legend and the Tulloch Lodge dynasty.

Smith is rather reluctant to force his memory back beyond Bragger to those school-less days when he worked alongside his father on the workhorse teams to earn the few pennies which helped keep a family of nine fed and housed in the Depression. Bragger turned Smith from being a struggling jockey into a winner, and he likes to be known as a winner. A well-kept left-hand drums the desk in the Tulloch Lodge office as his daughter, track foreman and closest mate, Gai, lists the horses scheduled for pre-dawn track gallops. Outside in the yard, the horses and stable hands are already in motion, limbering sleep-stiffened muscles. Gai gets up from the desk and heads for the back door with a promise to meet her father out on the track. TJ is happy for her to supervise the pre-track exercising, but you get the impression he would not delegate the chore to anybody else apart from his daughter.

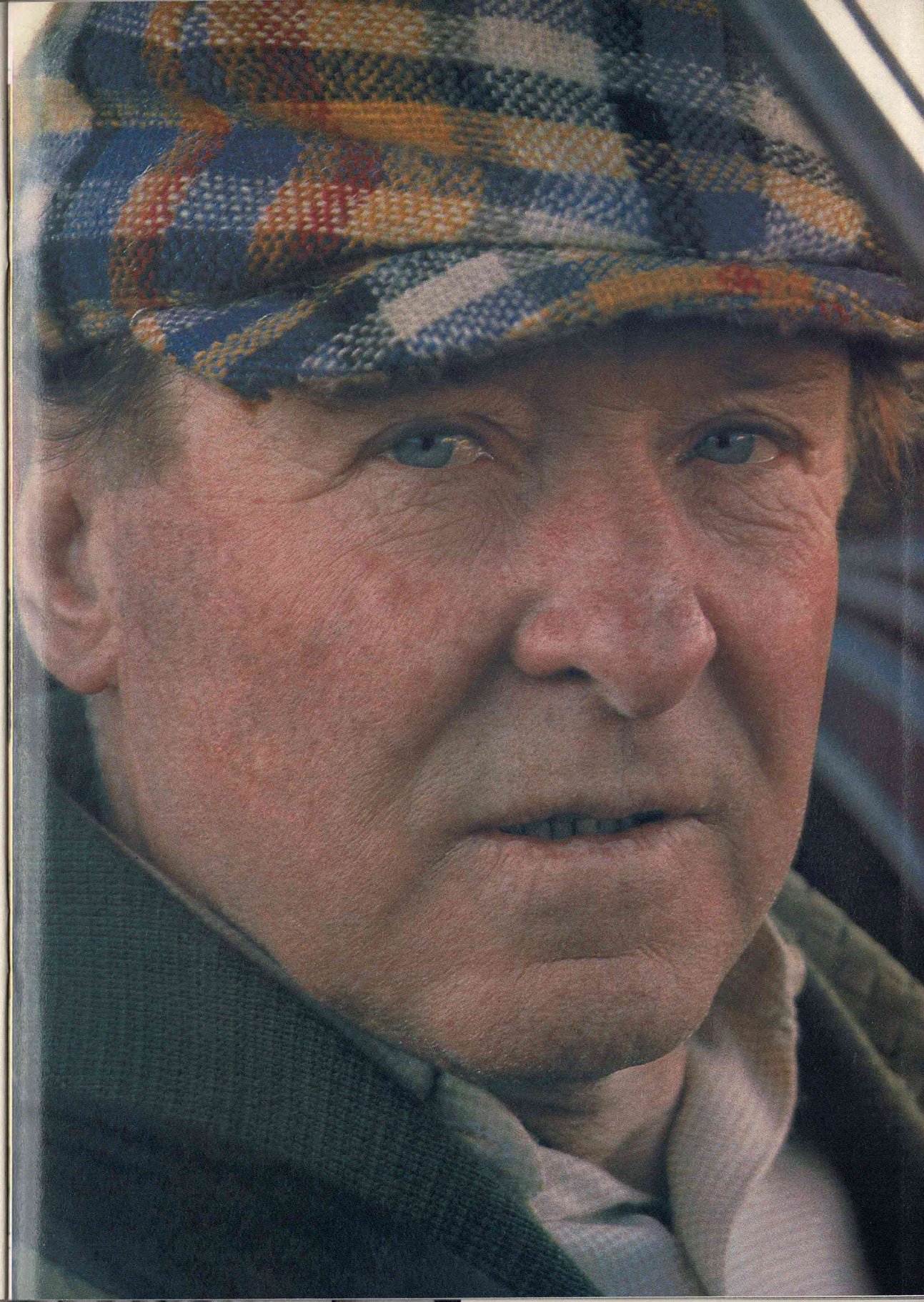
"Gai has a great eye for a horse," he says. It's the ultimate accolade and a phrase other luminaries of the turf reserve for TJ. "She could be a very good trainer if she wanted to be."

Our conversation is punctuated by extended silences. The silences communicate. They say that Smith has agreed to the interview as a public figure's duty. He'll answer questions, but he is damned if he'll make small talk. Let's take up the tiredness. What drives a man who has already been acclaimed as the greatest trainer in the world to the track at such an inhuman hour day after day?

"It's my way of life," he says. "I love it. I'm no different to the man who gets up to go to his office at nine o'clock in the morning. I just happen to start at four o'clock.

"I've always been an early riser. The funny thing is that I happen to have struck something I really enjoy

By Russell Deiley



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL COOK

doing. It's lovely when your work is also your hobby."

And it's doubly lovely for Tommy Smith when his work and his hobby have earned him more than enough to satisy his poverty-nurtured craving for the best in houses, cars, suits, food, wine and, of course, horses.

But right now, it's 6 in the morning and the horses are on their way to the training track . . .

Smith rugs up in a middleweight overcoat and tartan cap, takes his binoculars in one hand and a walking cane in the other. The hip, first broken in a fall during a hurdle race a fortune or two ago, and smashed again last year when a young horse let fly with a hoof, is as strong as the best surgeons can make it, but he needs the stick.

"Follow me," he says climbing into the maroon Rolls.

It is a route Smith and a succession of Rolls have followed hundreds of thousands of times. Out of Bowral Street in Randwick, and on to the course, skirting grandstands, totalisators and stalls until the Smith Rolls and my Holden stop adjacent to the crossing. During the walk to the "piecart" — the trainers' box in the centre of the course — horses materialise out of the dark.

"Rio de Janeiro, boss," says one shadowy figure from somewhere above a horse. The litany runs on . . . "Darling Take Care, boss" . . . "Visa, boss" . . . "Playing Our Song, boss". . . Boss acknowledges each greeting, running the horses' names through the computer that makes his mind the sharpest in the business and shouting out his instructions in that familiar, high-pitched and very uncultured voice. "Walk him on the sand; take him round there and let him canter; get that little horse over here."

Smith seldom uses the horses' given names, but out here in the middle of Randwick racecourse, coat collar turned up against the rising, pre-dawn southerly, that uncanny eye for a horse comes into play.

"What's that horse there, Gough?"

"I don't know, boss. It's the Russian bloke riding him and I don't know what he's saying," says Smith's chief stableboy, who is supervising the trackwork mounts.

Smith peers into the darkness. "That's the horse who won the last race the other day. Tell him to take it round again, Gough."

Sixty horses parade. Smith takes station on the edge of the arc of light shining from the tower above the piecart, and pivots on the stick, closely examining the walking action of every horse.

"Know anything about horses, Russell? You been around horses?" he asks me. I tell him I'd have trouble staying on a wooden horse and he banishes me to the piecart. "Better get out of the way. If you don't know horses, you could get hurt."

Satisfied that he has a mental note of every horse's condition, TJ climbs into the box to watch and time the horses about to gallop. The shouted instructions continue.

"Take him at three-quarter pace, Malcolm," and Malcolm Johnston, the stable's No. 1 rider, raises his whip in acknowledgement and canters off toward the track. Nothing seems to escape Smith's eye.

"Don't let that little boy ride that horse again, Gough. The horse's too strong for him."

By first daylight, the horses, the jockeys, the clockers and the trainers are thinning. TJ and Gai Smith apart, I recognise only two other trainers, Theo Green and Neville Begg. I tell Smith I'm surprised so few trainers are at the track. "That's why so few of them are successful," he says. "You only get out what you put in to the racing business."

TJ goes into a huddle with Johnston, discussing the trackwork. Together they give one horse a very close eye, looking for any sign of soreness as the animal cools. It is the stable trump, Kingston Town, back in work after suffering a leg injury and poised to become the first horse in Australian racing to win $1 million in stake-money.

"So far, so good," says Smith. "We are just going to have to take him one day at a time. We won't really know whether he is going to stand up until we get him back to the races."

The first shift of the day's work over, Smith heads back for the Rolls, which he'll drive to his home in Point Piper for a hearty breakfast.

"I like having my breakfast after trackwork," TJ advises. "I'll have maybe steak and eggs, or chops and eggs — something like that. I'll see you later this afternoon."

Five hours later, I'm back outside Tulloch Lodge, communing with the plaster jockey in the inevitable striped blue and green colors standing on the lawn outside the office. Smith returns and parks the car imperiously across the footpath. It is the dapper version — tweed jacket and color co-ordinated slacks, shoes and trilby. He's jauntier, too. Despite what he says about enjoying the early rising, he looks fresher. The afternoon becomes him; it seems to revive that supreme T.J. Smith self-confidence.

Smith places great store on appearances. He makes no secret of his homespun philosophy: You place

T.J. SINKS THE SLIPPER INTO THE CUP

TOMMY SMITH has nominated 150 horses for the next "big one". No, not the Melbourne Cup, but the 26th Golden Slipper to be contested by the 16 top two year olds in the land over a helter-skelter 1200 metres at Rosehill next March. In fact, when nominations closed a few weeks back, TJ had only 51 prospective starters in the Cup and that ratio just about sums up the champion trainer's opinion of the respective merits of the two races.

As he puts it: "The Melbourne Cup has always been the glamor race, but the Golden Slipper is taking over. The Slipper will become the leading race in Australia, because of the stud value. Any owner who wins the Melbourne Cup would have a hard job trying to sell the horse.

"While it's nice to have a Melbourne Cup miniature in the trophy case, it's really just another handicap. The race doesn't add one cent to the value of your horse as a breeding proposition, but if you can train a horse to win the Slipper, or a race like the Blue Diamond Stakes, or the AJC or Victoria Derbies, then your colt or filly is automatically worth at least a million dollars as a stud prospect."

To an interviewer raised in the belief that the Melbourne Cup is the most important event on the trans-Tasman calendar, if not the world, Smith's words smacked of heresy. My God, I thought, this man would deny us our history; it's as though he is telling us Phar Lap was a pit pony.

While I was prepared to accept the opinion of veteran *Sydney Morning Herald* racing writer, Bert Lillye, that Smith is the greatest trainer in the world, and to concede that TJ knows as much about the noble and the ignoble steed as any man living, I was unwilling to let the matter of the Cup versus the Slipper rest there. So I consulted the record book and found possible grounds for bias: in 40 years as a trainer, Smith has won just the one Flemington two-miler — in 1955, when the late Neville Sellwood booted the paper-weighted Toparoa home to deny the then champion Rising Fast his second successive Caulfield-Melbourne Cup double.

The Golden Slipper, I found, has been a much kinder race to the Lord of Tulloch Lodge. Smith won four of the five Slippers run between 1971 and 1975 with Fairy Walk, John's Hope, Hartshill and Toy Show.

Thus armed with grounds for apparent prejudice, I sought a wider body of opinion in the expectation that Smith would be laughed out of the birdcage. Instead, I found that in these days when dollars and cents — and bloodlines — are sovereign, we romantics are living in the racing dreamtime. It comes down not to a simple question of a Golden Cup plus prize-money, as against a Golden Slipper and prize-money, but of the potential breeding clout of the horse an owner has the good fortune to lead back to the winner's stall.

As John Kelly, one of the country's leading studmasters and the man who bred the record-breaking $800,000 Luskin Star yearling sold during the last sale season, figures it: "I am in full accord with Tommy Smith. If you can win the Golden Slipper with a well-bred colt, that horse is immediately worth at least a million. Speed horses usually make good stallions, and the record of Golden Slipper winners as sires is extremely good."

In his rating of the richer Australian races, Kelly, the studmaster at Newhaven Park and one of the most respected breeders in the land, gives top billing to the Golden Slipper ahead of the AJC Sires Produce Stakes, the VRC Sires, the bracket of the AJC and Victoria Derbies and the W.S. Cox Plate — all, significantly, special condition or weight-for-age races. He places the Melbourne Cup well down his most important list.

Not surprisingly, the assistant secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, Don Johnson, reckons the Cup still has a couple of lengths on the field in the "most important" stakes. "Not only is it the richest race in Australia, and one of the richest in the world," he says, "but it is the only race for which a government declares an annual public holiday. It is an institution, not only in Victoria, but throughout all of Australia. I am certain there is little doubt in the minds of most Australians that it is the most important."

The chairman of the VRC, Sir Rupert Steele, is determined that as far as prize-money is concerned, the Melbourne Cup will always be paramount. Currently, with a total purse of $310,000, the Cup is comfortably ahead of the quarter of a million offered in the Slipper.

But when the question was put to Pat Parker, secretary-manager of the Sydney Turf Club and the man most responsible for tying up all the loose ends for the Golden Slipper, simply oozed diplomacy.

"In all honesty, I find it hard to go past the Melbourne Cup," he says. "It is part of Australian tradition and folklore, but the Slipper is one of the great races. Its impact on the racing industry has been phenomenal. Besides, the Victorians have almost 100 years start on us. The first Melbourne Cup was run in 1861, while the first Slipper was in 1957."

When he begins discussing Slipper winners and their influence on the breeding industry, pride ousts the Parker charity: "Todman won the first Golden Slipper and virtually put the Australian racing and breeding industry back on the right path," he says. "Until then, the industry had been regarded as a bit of a joke by overseas breeders, but after Todman, they began to take notice.

"Pago Pago, who won in 1963, was sold to the US, where he proved an outstanding sire, and recent winners such as Vain, Baguette and Luskin Star are commanding big money at stud. If you read through the winners of the Melbourne Cup, you have to go a long way back to find a horse who has been successful at stud.

"The Slipper suits the fashion for a speed horse, but a two year old which wins the race has to be able to win up to 1600 metres, and winners like Skyline have gone on to win a Derby."

Perhaps former journalist Ray Alexander, now an executive on the AJC staff, puts the issue in the right perspective when he says: "The Melbourne Cup is the best known race in Australia and with that comes a certain amount of distinction. But it is a 3200-metre handicap which some 'scrubber' carrying a light weight can win. Overseas breeders would laugh at you if you used a two-mile handicap as a yardstick to measure a horse's stud value. The Golden Slipper is becoming an important race on the calendar because horses of great consequence have won it."

But Alexander feels that now the AJC Derby has been moved to the autumn, when the three year olds are more mature, it will eventually become the most important race in Australia. "Our Derby has all the ingredients for a race of great stature," he says. "At 2400 metres, it is a true test, like the English Derby, which is recognised as the greatest race in the world.

"The rise in the Randwick straight is a real test of stamina for a three year old at the business end of a race run over the classic mile and a half.

"The VRC Derby is, of course, a great race, but I feel that the colts and fillies are still a bit immature in November. The Cox Plate, too, has produced some very impressive winners, but what detracts from the Plate as a great race is the fact that it is run over a tricky, turning track at Moonee Valley."

So there it is. According to owners, trainers, breeders and administrators, the Melbourne Cup might not be in the true tradition of the sport of kings, but to the millions of Australians who have their one bet of the year, it is the most important event of the year.

yourself in the best company. He expands on the creed: "Sure, it is important — whatever your walk of life. If I drink, I make sure I always drink in the best places. I go to the best restaurants."

Toss him the story you've heard about those days in 1941 when he first got his training licence and was renting a single-horse box directly across the road from Tulloch Lodge for five bob a week, and was so intent on keeping up appearances that he gave the Oxford Street tailor, G.A. Zink, sixpence a week to pay off a suit, and Smith smiles wryly. Untrue.

"I always either paid him a lump sum or I didn't pay at all," he says. "I had great credit with him. He was the best tailor in town. Mind you, his suits weren't cheap. I used to buy four or five suits from him a year. A Zink suit in those days was around 15 pounds, a lot of money."

These days, when it is a little easier for Smith to furnish his wardrobe, the suit and jacket labels trace the man's frequent trips overseas. Like a pre-dinner chat in some Zurich club, a conversation with Tommy Smith keeps coming back to money and taste. As he tells it, and despite his acknowledgement that his family was poor, his early days in Sydney were not the battle some of his journalistic biographers would have them be.

"I have always been pretty successful," Smith says. "I have always seemed to be able to earn a dollar. It is something that has always come easily to me. I never had any desire to go back home. I was 13 when I left home and I had it in mind to make a success of myself. I know I could have made a success of myself at whatever I decided."

Smith modestly accepts the notion that he has a genius for training horses to win races — more races, in fact, that any other trainer in the history of the Australian turf — but ask him to explain that genius and Smith, who has never tired of telling the world that in Tulloch he trained the greatest horse of his age, is suddenly discomfited.

"I don't know what it is about me or what it is about a horse that takes my eye," he says. "The good Lord just gives it to you. It is the way a horse is balanced, the way it is put together, but I don't know what it is that makes you pick a particular horse.

"Bloodlines, of course, are important. There is a certain breed of horses I won't look at. They're not gallopers. You never go back and look at those horses; if you did, you'd never get a winner."

Just as a wine buff can select a specific wine from a dozen assorted and unmarked bottles, Smith has the magic eye when it comes to picking one slightly-afflicted horse hidden among a pack of fit animals. Again he has difficulty explaining that gift. He says he doesn't know what enables him to walk along a row of boxed horses and notice instinctively that something is amiss with one.

"It is just something you see," he says. "Others can walk past and never see it."

These days — and maybe it has always been so — T.J. Smith himself has trouble absorbing the extent of the records he keeps setting in racing. In fact, he has no idea how many winners he has trained since Bragger won a Rosehill welter on March 14, 1942, and started the Smith legend.

"Pauline would know, but I don't," Smith says, nodding toward Pauline Blanche, his secretary, girl Friday and chief namer of horses. But even the super-efficient Mrs Blanche doesn't know. She has kept meticulous records since she joined TJ several generations of horses ago, but by that time a lot of horses and a lot of winners had already swelled the Tommy Smith coffers.

The figures are staggering. In the 40 seasons that he has held an AJC licence, Smith has trained a total of 3552 winners in all States of Australia, including the winners of 652 feature races, the first three horses past the post five times, and six winners on the same card twice. Since the 1951-52 season, when he was runner-up to the late Maurice McCarten, Smith has ruled unchallenged as Sydney's premier trainer — a record 29 successive seasons.

Only once since he first broke the century of winners in the 1962-63 season has he failed to notch 100 winners in a 12-month period. His highest tally has been 185, in both the 1973-74 and 1977-78 seasons. TJ became Australia's first million-dollar trainer when he finally cracked six figures in the 1973-74 season, and he broke new ground again two seasons back when his horses stacked up more than $2 million in prize-money.

"I don't know whether anybody can tell you how much TJ's horses have won in prize-money throughout his career, but we know they have won about $15 million since they earned more than a million in the '73-'74 season," says Mrs Blanche.

Smith has a record 27 Derbies to his credit, and no major race in Australia has thus far eluded him. By Australian standards, the figures and the records border so closely to the astronomical that they begin to become fairly meaningless to us mere mortals. Trying to establish the extent of his wealth, which has flowed primarily from the racing industry, but which is now bolstered by big private and business investments, is equally impossible.

It is known that Smith has invested heavily and profitably in property — especially in Sydney's Eastern Suburbs and around Goolgowi, near Griffith, the Riverina town where Smith was born 61 years ago — but ask him how extensive those interests are and he says disarmingly: "I haven't counted it."

Since wealth has fulfilled that childhood ambition to achieve and enjoy the best things in life, Smith is no longer the dashing, even desperate, gambler he once was. "It is true I used to gamble heavily, but there comes a time when it is no longer necessary," he says. "When you get enough, what's the point of taking a risk and giving it all back?"

But Smith has never been shy about advising punters to get on one of his horses, especially in feature races. In doing so, he feels he is giving the public what it wants. "I'm pretty close to the ball when it comes to tipping horses to win races," he says. "People like me to do it. They like to get a tip. I'm no different. When I go overseas, I like to get a good tip from somebody.

"I think this is one of the reasons for my success. I've never been afraid to tell people what I think. When I first took on training, people used to

TJ'S TRAINING RECORD

1941-42	2	61-62	88
42-43	2	62-63	117
43-44	3	63-64	103
44-45	2	64-65	110
45-46	6	65-66	95
46-47	8	66-67	118
47-48	8	67-68	150
48-49	7	68-69	107
49-50	18	69-70	148
50-51	18	70-71	136
51-52	26	71-72	160
52-53	54	72-73	160
53-54	47	73-74	185
54-55	57	74-75	174
55-56	54	75-76	182
56-57	61	76-77	162
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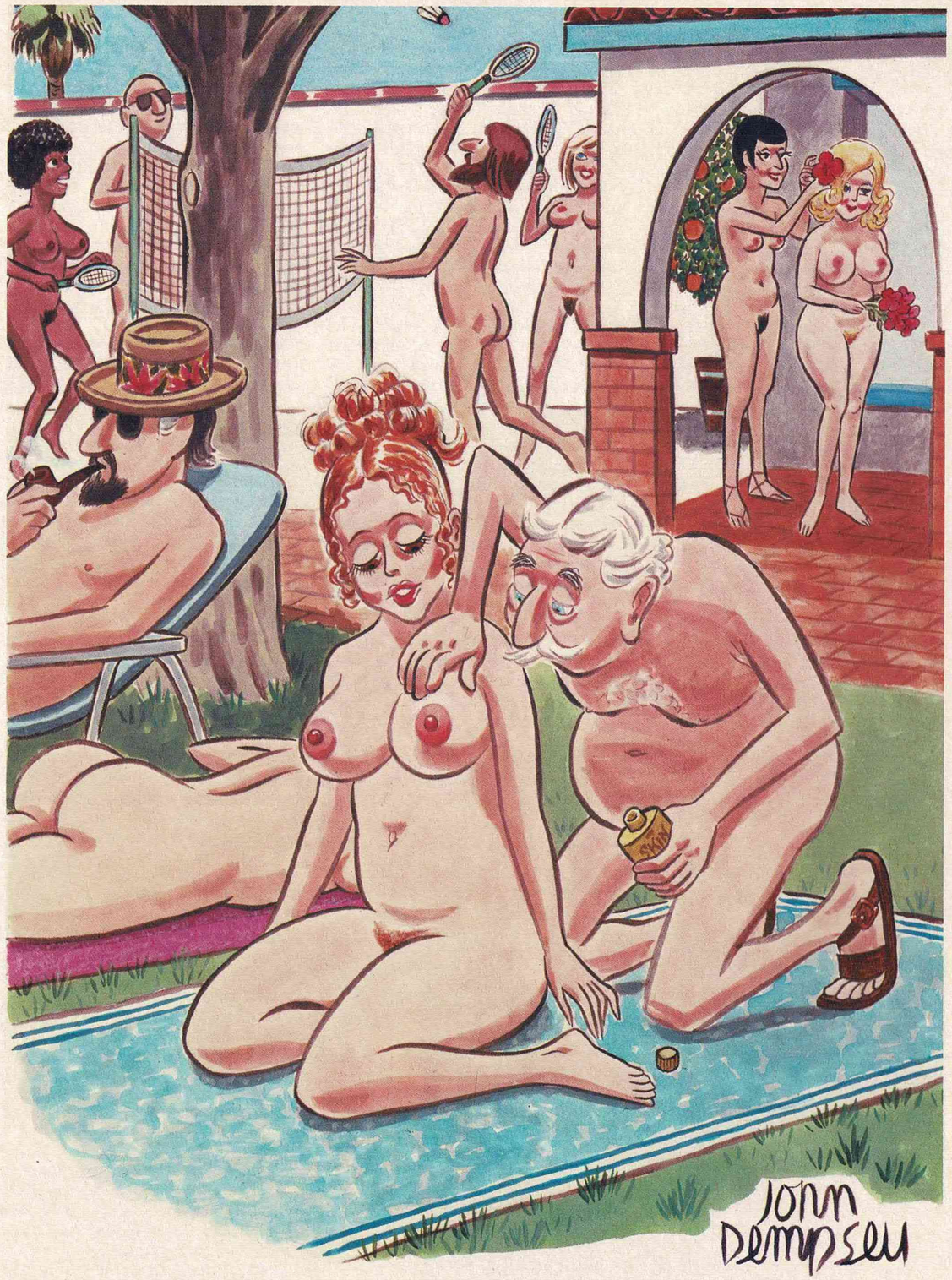
58-59	74	78-79	174
59-60	69	79-80	176
60-61	74	80-81	155



"Thank you very much, Mr Groggs, but I'll do those."

whisper behind trees or in lavatories. They were frightened to tell anybody anything. When I started to have success, I told everybody. And the punters can still get good prices. I've got a lot of new owners through this."

Mention to Smith that in some big races in recent years, a few punters have obtained good prices at the expense of the many who have backed the Tulloch Lodge favorite, only to see it beaten by the stable bolter, and TJ bristles. Do those occasions worry or embarrass him? No way!

"Why should it?" he asks. "Every horse in my stable has an even chance. My job is to get every horse as fit as I can make it, and let it race. I can't predict the result. I can only tell you about a horse's fitness.

"Just because a horse is an even-money favorite, why should it have any better chance than the horse that is 10 to 1 if they are both fit? Every one of my owners pays the same, and every owner has the right to know that his horse has as much chance as any other in my stable.

"It was different years ago. Horses never used to win at long prices because there were so many non-triers. Today, every horse is trying. Prize-money is big and owners are a totally different kind of people to when I first started out."

If the racing game has changed as much as Smith claims, there is no doubt he has led the revolution. As he says without a hint of false modesty: "I was a sensation from the time I started training." But sensations make ripples, and Smith admits his radical formula of working horses harder and feeding them more generously than anybody before has splintered the industry.

"I have always thought that horses could stand more, be fed more and trained differently, and that has been my biggest hurdle," he says. "The old-timers reckoned that was wrong, but they were wrong and I was right. A lot of them wouldn't give in, and while many trainers have learned and profited from my experience, there are still a lot who won't train as I do."

The opposition to his methods stemmed not only from other trainers. Breeders, too, have been traditionally suspicious of Smith's methods. Until a few years ago, Smith seldom, if ever, received a horse to train from a breeder, a reluctance that explains his consistent big spending in the sale rings of Australia and New Zealand over the years. Though breeders have softened in their attitudes toward the Tulloch Lodge system of training, and have entrusted more of their young horses to him over the past few years, Smith still selects most of his team in the sale ring.

He remains philosophic about the still entrenched opposition to his methods, preferring to allow his success to answer his detractors — especially his ability to take mediocre performers from other trainers and turn them into winners, and to take good horses like Redcraze and Gunsynd and turn them into champions. But when talk comes to all the champions which have occupied stalls in Tulloch Lodge, Smith is convinced there has been only one super-horse.

"Tulloch could win over anything from 1000 metres to 3200," he says. "He was different to any other horse I have ever had. Gunsynd could win over 1000 metres, but he never had the acceleration of Tulloch, and Redcraze would have finished last over 1000.

"Gunsynd was quite a showman; Kingston Town is a very quiet horse; Tulloch didn't give a bugger for anybody. He'd be just as likely to give you a kick. I don't think I've ever seen a racehorse that could have beaten Tulloch. You know, I've never wanted to race anywhere else but Australia, but we were going to take him to America for three months. He was going to have a match race against the American champion, Round Table, over 2400 metres. Round Table was going to have to give Tulloch four kilos, but I reckon Tulloch could have given Round Table four kilos and a thrashing as well."

In a lesser man, everything after a horse like Tulloch would have been anti-climax, but for a man who has achieved all there is to achieve on Australian racetracks, the twin spurs which keep taking him to the track every morning while the rest of the city sleeps, are a genuine love for horses and racing, and the possibility that another Tulloch might happen along. Maybe. God — and Smith's private veterinarian, Percy Sykes — willing, Kingston Town will prove to be that horse.

Meanwhile, there is some good living and some good company to be enjoyed, more Sunday elevenses for the Smith owners to celebrate over a crate or two of Great Western.

Which brings us to the last great mystery that is Tommy Smith, multi-millionaire, Rolls-Royce trainer, confidant of silvertails and client of the international male fashion salons. Why Australian champagne?

"Oh, I love Great Western. It's good medicine. I've never had a taste for Dom Perignon."

When in Tulloch Lodge, do as the master says . . .

"It's my way of life," T.J. Smith says. "I always start at four am."

LINDA LOVELACE: PAWN NO MORE

The way she tells it, the queen of porn was used and abused. Now it's her turn to let it all hang out. Profile by Anthea Disney

EVERYONE can remember *Deep Throat.* It was the film that marked the zenith of porno chic, the time when women wearing expensive fur coats considered it was a lot of fun to ask Eric or Charles to take them to see the most fashionable blue movie ever made. What they saw on the screen was a thin, oddly sweet-faced woman named Linda Lovelace, who came to epitomise that era. She was the most celebrated of the porno stars, thanks to a unique reputation for having her clitoris located in

Photography by Robert Butcher

the back of her throat (also the plot of the movie), and thus being able to fulfil all men's oral fantasies.

Linda Lovelace gave interviews to the press, always flanked by her manager Chuck Traynor and claiming she really couldn't get enough of it all. She was the nymphomaniac with the velvet swallow whose name was on books like *Inside Linda Lovelace* and *Intimate Diaries of Linda Lovelace* which documented her insatiable fascination and reverence for every conceivable genital activity.

Deep Throat grossed $600 million, a testimony to the climate of the times, then the media forgot about Linda Lovelace, who dropped out of the lurid spotlight, presumably in favor of counting dollar bills.

Now, after a long silence, *Ordeal,* which is another book by Linda Lovelace, is making its appearance. Only this one tells what she claims is the real story behind porno chic and *Deep Throat.* It documents how she was made a prisoner by Chuck Traynor, who forced her at gunpoint into a life of paid sex, except that the bargain was one-sided — she performed the sex and he got paid.

For two and a half years, she says, Traynor abused her physically and mentally, took his most sadistic pleasure in watching her endure perversions she found repugnant, and even forced her to become his wife so that she couldn't testify in court against him. "If I did what he told me, I lived. That was the deal," she says.

In *Ordeal,* she states flatly: "There was no pleasure. There was no love, no affection, no normal sex with anyone from the day I met Chuck Traynor until the day I finally got away."

It is hard not to feel scepticism for such a story — after all, the world is full of reformed whores. Could she really not have escaped from Traynor, had she so wished? Was there never an opportunity to run away in two and a half years? And how could the figurehead of a multi-million dollar industry have ended up on a pension, as she claims?

The young woman who answered the front door of the nondescript little house in the nondescript little town on Long Island had a baby in her arms and a little boy hanging on to her knees. She wore jeans and a sweater, under which there seemed to be a pleasant enough body. Her face looked scrubbed and her long hair home curled.

There was still that sweetness of expression that seemed so contradictory in a porno star and yet quite natural in a housewife and mother of 32. Today, her name is Linda Marchiano but, as she will tell you, she was only called Lovelace by others. It was not her choice.

She was born Linda Boreham, the daughter of a retired policeman and a waitress. Then she became Linda Traynor, according to the marriage licence. Linda Lovelace was an identity imposed upon her and the publication of this book, she says, marks positively her last public appearance as "LL", as she now always refers to that other person.

She is aware that the parade of visitors who arrive at her modest home are filled with suspicions about the veracity of the story she tells in her book, which she says she wrote to cleanse herself of her experiences and to warn other, equally gullible girls of what life can hold for them.

It all began when she was 21 and staying at her parents' Florida home to recuperate from a car accident which left her badly scarred. Life at home was anything but a rest cure. Her mother was a bitter woman given to uncontrollable rages that resulted in assaults on her daughter. At the age of four, any infraction of domestic discipline was punished by a beating with a belt. By the time she was 21, Linda could expect a beating with the broom handle and a torrent of abuse if she arrived home after 11pm.

Sex was never discussed in the Boreham household, even though Linda had given birth to an illegitimate child which her mother put out for adoption. Linda's father did not seem to figure in this domestic hysteria, preferring to retire into his own world where he could ignore the unbalanced behavior. "My father," says Linda, "could tiptoe through an earthquake and pretend that it wasn't really happening."

Linda had little education, no money, no future, so when she met Chuck Traynor and he told her he would take care of her, Linda found the idea of getting away from home appealing. She knew nothing about the man, but she blindly went to live with him when he offered her an alternative to the cul-de-sac that seemed to be her existence. Most important, he insisted on taking total responsibility for her.

At first, life with Chuck was routine. He made few sexual demands on her, she says, because he could rarely achieve a full erection, and all Linda knew about sex could have been written on the back of a shopping list.

The money became short and Traynor started to tell Linda how he used to make a good living out of managing a "stable" of girls. She also learned he had a drug smuggling charge pending against him.

Talk of the old days became an incessant monologue, and when Linda recoiled from his suggestions that she would make a great madam, she began to tell Chuck she wanted to go to New York to look for a job. She never completed the sentence. Chuck hit her, hard, then began kicking her relentlessly with his cowboy boots when she whimpered. That was the beginning.

The next day, he started out as he intended to continue. He threatened her with another beating if she didn't tell her mother to stop calling. He would not allow her to answer the phone or the door. He started to play with guns, pointing them at her. Then, that afternoon he took her to a motel where five businessmen were waiting in a room.

"After a while, I went to the bathroom," she remembers. "Chuck followed me, told me to strip naked and informed me that I would have sex with all five men, however and whichever way they wanted. I said he was crazy. He pointed a gun at my head and told me he'd kill me if I didn't obey him. I believed him."

Gradually, Linda says she learned to deal with the humiliation and the hurt by living in what she describes as "an emotional world" where she did what she was told. She believed that if she could mentally shut out what was happening to her, she would survive.

She began to understand that Traynor became fully aroused only when he saw her abused, that the more she flinched from an act the more exciting he found it. The way she tells it, he was living off her body, renting out her mouth and her genitals, watching every trick through peepholes. The slightest resistance on her part was cause for a severe kicking.

"I was shocked and horrified at the time by every new turn of events," she says today. "But now I can see that each move was part of a plan. Traynor picked me because I was a stupid, young girl who was unworldly and easily intimidated. I was his entertainment as well as his meal ticket."

The way Linda tells it, Chuck Traynor with his guns, his ever-ready boots and his delight in creating terror, was becoming more sure of his hold over her. The sex into which she had previously been forced was now mere *hors d'oeuvre.* The perversions he had in store had her living on painkillers and dope to induce a tolerable numbness in her body and her brain. The degradation become complete when Traynor told Linda she was going to make a film with a dog. "And," writes Linda wryly, "I knew they weren't talking about *Rin Tin Tin* or *Lassie Come Home.*"

Where the eight-millimetre epics were to lead Linda, even Traynor could not have guessed. *Deep Throat,* which was her first 35-mm full-length feature, took two weeks to make, and as they say in Hollywood, it changed her life.

What producer Gerry Damiano had intended to be a skin flick with an inventive twist for the raincoat brigade, had the fortune to hit the cinemas at a time when porn became chic. The sweetness, almost innocence, in Linda's face that attracted Damiano to his leading lady, was now working for her at the box office.

There were interviews with newspapers and magazines — always, she says, with Traynor at her side with a gun in his pocket in case she forgot the answers they had rehearsed.

There were invitations to spend evenings with Sammy Davis Jnr, there were parties at the PLAYBOY Mansion. As the publicity focused on Linda, Traynor decided they should move to California and exploit this sudden good fortune.

The grubby motel rooms and greasy cheeseburgers were replaced by a rented cottage in Malibu and meals in restaurants. The surroundings were improving and the company she was keeping was more glittery, but Linda's hope that her sudden stardom would buy her a normal life was quickly crushed.

"I thought I'd meet normal people, but instead I discovered more freaks. The celebrities wanted to meet LL and they would tell me how wonderful I was in the movie and I would think, how can you say that, it's just a dirty picture. The famous people I respected were the ones who didn't want to meet me."

Eventually, Hollywood and Linda's new celebrity did permit her the confidence and the opportunity to escape from Traynor when he eventually became careless enough to leave his charge briefly alone. Some bizarre weeks followed with Linda hiding in hotels, wearing disguises and a crazed Traynor always one step behind with his threats, his shotgun and, of course, his bodyguard.

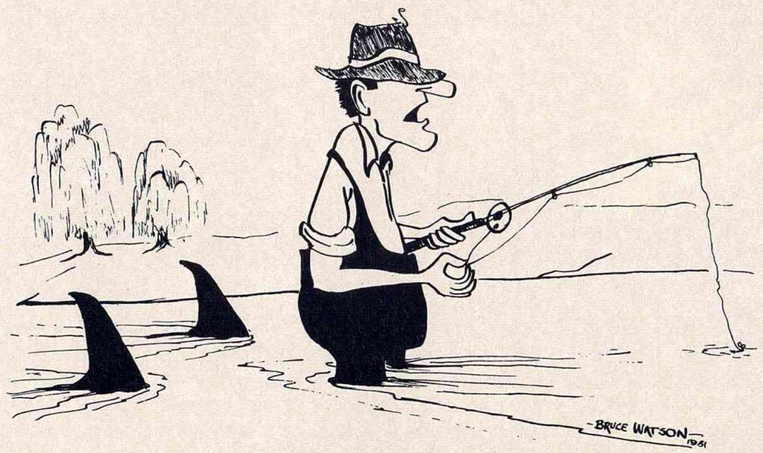
Then, inexplicably, one day the ritualistic cat-and-mouse game suddenly stopped. Traynor had linked up with another porno queen and Linda was left alone.

All this — and more — almost certainly took place. Linda Marchiano took lie detector tests and nobody mentioned in the book has sued her. But why did it happen to her? The fact is that Linda was a natural quarry and Traynor intuitively recognised it. She had grown up with a victim's dependence on her mother's beatings and her relationship with this man was an awful but logical progression. He took away the responsibility of the need for her to make decisions. He imposed his ruthless and perverse regime on her, and much though she loathed it, Linda understood the rules. She had a history of responding to cruelty in place of love.

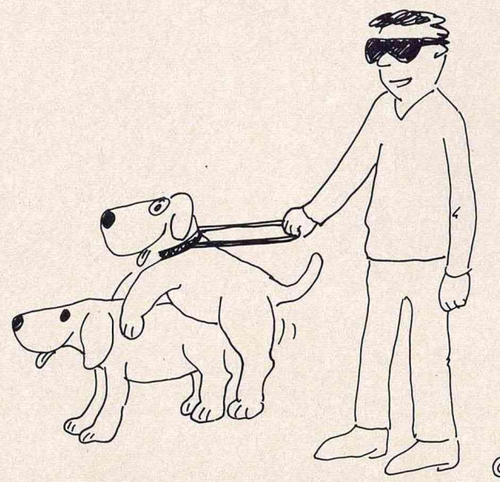
Traynor and his lawyer owned 99 percent of Linda Lovelace — what she calls a slavery contract — but she has never even seen the other one percent, which would be substantial. Her signature was added to papers she had never read, and anyway, she had learned to do as she was told.

Lawyers have advised her to shelve the 16 potential lawsuits to retrieve her money because she doesn't have the cash to fight. Even Gloria Steinem has brought a feminist attorney to sit around Linda's kitchen table and see if they can't help. They have been kind but so far nothing has been resolved.

Yet despite the money worries, despite the past, the young housewife wearing the gold cross around her neck seems happy enough with her life, fussing over her two kids. The woman who used to be the world's hottest porno star has, she says, everything she ever dreamed of: "A little home, kids, a decent husband. In all those years as LL, I used to worry that I had swiched off my emotions for so long I would always be numb, but time has passed and I'm okay. I'd like the day to come when LL is dead and buried for me and for everybody else, but I'm a little more realistic now. I know there will always be somebody who will ask my kids: 'Do you know about your mom?' "



"I wonder why the trout aren't biting?"



"Willie — you're panting. Smell danger, eh boy?"

THE MUSCLE MACHINE:

FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE TAKES OFF

THE ONLY warning is a fearful booming sound on the far side of the earth bank, then a monstrous black shape explodes over the top and launches straight into space, spewing a storm of rocks from its angry wheels. For a brief moment, it seems frozen in time and space, then it crunches back to earth, engine screaming, back wheels jetting rocks and dust. It slews violently sideways, and even the scattered stands of scrabbly eucalypts seem to step back as the thing goes out of control. But the driver holds the hammer hard down, the engine bellows and the monster lurches straight again. The impact on the senses is devastating. The reverberation assaults the eardrums; the very earth shakes; the air trembles with the energy of this angry, violent device as it rips at the rutted ground in darting, jerky movements.

In a moment, it is over. The beast is gone, the exhaust note waa-waaing as it drops through a dry creek bed and erupts into space over the far bank. In the backwash of shockwaves, there is a numbed silence, the senses too brutalised to respond.

This is the sight and sound of off-road racing — raw, naked aggression unleashed with terrifying energy in the most unlikely environment. No smoothly graded tracks, neat embankments and fences or carefully plotted curves. Just open trackless bush: vast, desolate, and strewn with natural chicanes — tree stumps, creek beds, wombat holes, fallen timber, dips, depressions, humps and anthills . . .

This racing machine is purpose-built to handle the unique race environment, yet it is specified like a cross between a speedway stocker and some super-modified road-racer. It's called the Old Man Emu (OME) 351 Jeep. It has a Jeep body — but that's about all. The fibreglass front houses a 500bhp V8 which reaches the super-fat roadwheels through a driveline borrowed from the Phase-Three Falcon GTHO — a top-loader gearbox with a Jeep transfer case hung on. It's matched to a drag-style Summers Brothers' heavy-duty fully-floating rear end.

It's good enough to send this monster over 240km/h (it was timed at 152mph on the salt flats of western NSW). Some Ferrari and Lamborghini drivers would be happy to go as fast. Though big and fat (1½ tons stripped to race), it will outgun any sprint car.

It's made tough to run fast on rough ground. The entire body has been stripped and welded rigid, and the monstrous suspension parts are hung on 16 super-tough Monroe-Wylie

motoring by Rob Luck

OME shock absorbers. In fact, there is more oil in the shockers than in the engine! The guts have been ripped out and two lightweight race seats bolted in under the shelter of a massive roll-cage that is pegged to the four corners of the chassis.

The windscreen is gone, a low mud deflector is in its place. Lace side curtains salute the horrifying possibilities of injury in a crash or roll-over — without them, arms could be ripped-off as the occupants flail around like rag dolls.

But these gory options are far from reality for the crew of the OME Jeep. Driver John Hogg and navigator/mechanic Alan Maloney have won the past seven BP Desert Rallies without incident — and that spans two years of off-road racing. In that time, they've won their class in just about every other off-road as well. In fact, the John Chapman-owned OME Jeep is the most professional, most successful off-road racer in the country, competing in perhaps the toughest class — the one which most nearly resembles the regular road-going four-wheel-drives.

More than just a racer, this vehicle is a mobile (very) laboratory for 4WD development. As with most forms of motor racing, off-road competition is the ultimate testing ground for components which will find their way on to the cars of the future.. Just as circuit racing spawned devices ranging from the humble rear vision mirror to the sophisticated disc brake, off-road racing is producing the mechanical sophistication that will make tomorrow's off-road vehicle a better or safer device.

TOYOTA'S Hi-Lux 4WD is the runaway best-seller in the pick-up class, but now has hot new competition from GM-H's Rodeo and the Mitsubishi Express. Unit pictured (top) reflects booming accessories market — this unit is heavily "tricked" with options including Stepside tray-back. SUBARU wagon (pictured swimming) is best-selling car-type 4WD, signals industry's trend toward this vehicle type in future.

Already there is some evidence of this transfer. Multiple shock absorber suspension systems are creeping in; anti-shock steering gear; integrated roll-over bars in the bodyframes; progressive rate springs have been developed from off-road racing; slosh-tube and vent-whistle carburettor design to deliver fuel at extreme angles; diff-trusses (to prevent axle flex), better seats, and longer wheelbases have been proved in competition. Even simple things like nylon bushes were developed here.

Despite this vital role in vehicle development, off-road racing is constantly under siege from the environmentalists, but because the sport is so highly organised and controlled, it is winning the fight. Competition is largely restricted to organised meetings, conducted on private properties in remote areas, so the nature of the sport actually works against its detractors. For the more remote and difficult the area, the better it is for competition, and the worse it is for the critics, reluctant to exchange armchair philosophy for a trudge in the sludge. It's difficult to organise a successful protest, too, for an audience largely composed of kangaroos and emus.

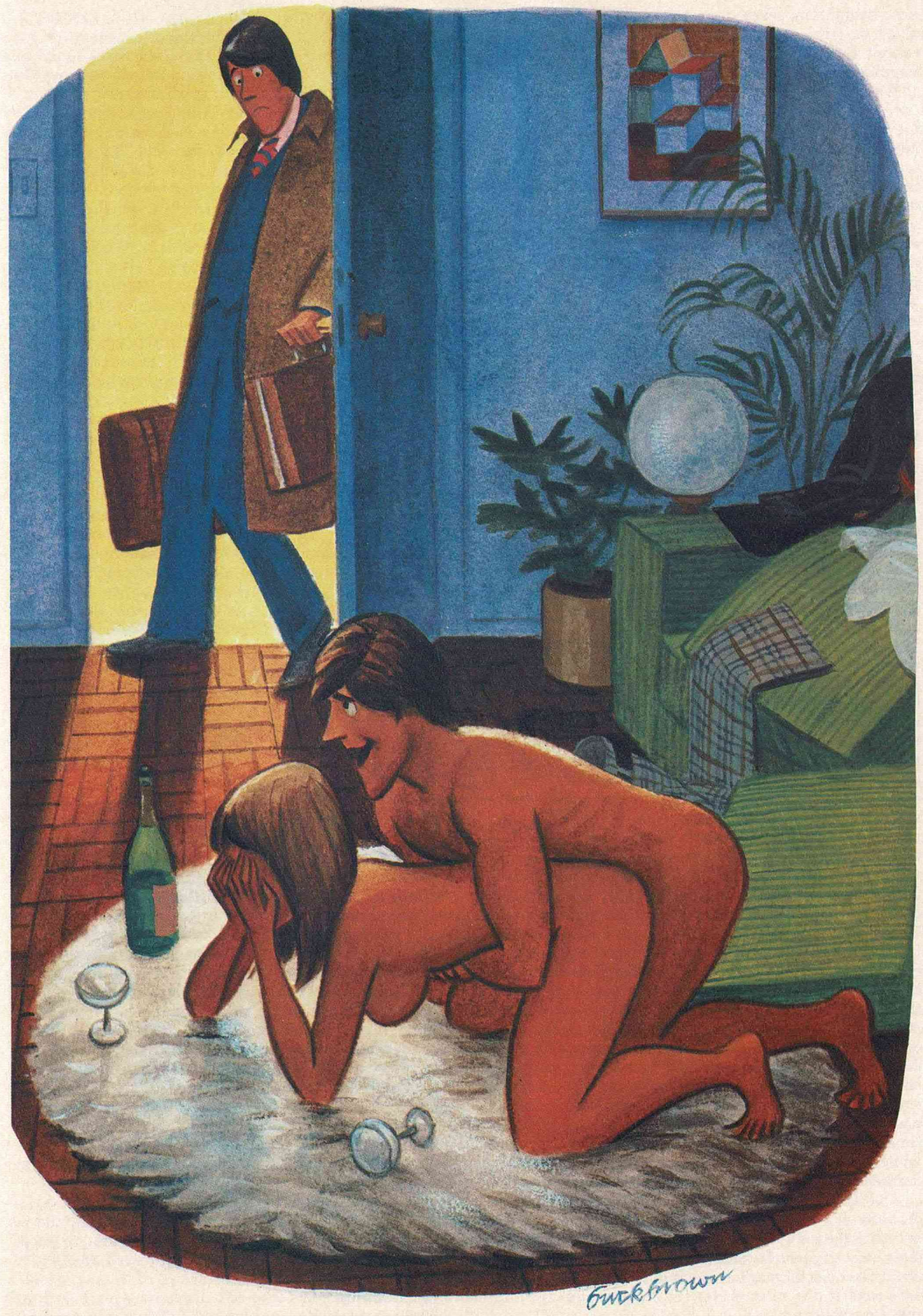
The war is also being won on other fronts. Pastoral communities being ravaged by economic hardship in the traditional industries are looking to other areas to supplement their incomes. Tourism is the latest. And organised groups and sports bring more tourists in one hit. Some towns are even sponsoring off-road events.

Even so, there is a legitimate concern for the rape of the environment by off-road vehicles at the hands of the maniac minority. They are already on the defensive — driven into a corner by the serious off-roaders (competition and recreational), the average individual, and the police who have now mobilised themselves to patrol risk-areas with specially trained trail-bike squads. This is the most visible end of the fastest-growing line of motor vehicles in the country — the off-road market, an industry within an industry.

Last year, more than 30,000 new vehicles of this type were registered in Australia. This year, the figure looks set to head well over 40,000 — a clear 30 percent increase. On figures to date, it is *deja vu,* but seasonal trends could modify it slightly. Even so, it represents almost 30 percent of the total commercial vehicle market.

And there may be even more. The big problem is classifying off-road-type vehicles. The industry has difficulty, the government (ever hungry for more revenue) has difficulty, and even the experts are confused. Theoretically, a three-wheeled Honda Odyssey motorised tricycle is an off-road vehicle. At the other end a Euclid dump-truck (at more than $500,000) is an off-road vehicle. There are a lot of other vehicles just under those extremes which don't align easily with regular classifications. The industry has retreated to an easy middle-ground for its statistical base, delineating the market only in terms of "car-type" off-road vehicles and "military type". A further qualification seems to be the requirement of four-wheel-drive — recently re-defined by a government tariff inquiry which failed to re-classify a marginal off-road vehicle into a higher tariff bracket on the very ground of four-wheel-drive specification. The division between "recreational" and "commercial" vehicles is also apparent. Some vehicles are specifically "purpose-built" to satisfy one or the other category exclusively.

Military type four-wheel-drives are represented by some names everyone knows, like Jeep and Land-Rover, and by some not so well-known. Like the Haflinger (built originally for the Austrian army), or the Argo Amphibian (six- and eight-wheel-drive). The Toyota Landcruiser is classified here, too, but the new long-wheelbase Landcruiser station wagon is rated a car-type. So is the new Datsun MQ Patrol — in both short and long wheelbase models. This is a change of character for this vehicle, formerly regarded as a military style (and certainly very agricultural in its specs). The change has been forced by the injection of "car-type" luxuries and fitments — ie, proper



"Okay, let's run through it again, ma'am... you reach around and grab the choking victim like this..."

instrumentation, seats you can more or less sit in, regular cockpit furnishings and vastly improved ride qualities.

It's a fine line, and a vague one, specially when you get into the mini-pickup or utility market. These are also rated "car-type", basically because they have up-market fittings as noted above, and because most are evolved from regular utes, evolved in turn from regular passenger vehicle lines. "Car-type" off-road vehicles are revolutionising the industry and swamping the traditional off-roaders on the sales charts. In the first six months of this year, the Landcruiser (far-out market leader) achieved 5782 sales, and the Datsun Patrol (mostly old model) notched 3384.

Their ranks were assaulted by massive sales for the mini-pickups — the Toyota Hi-Lux 4WD (3113) and the fast-rising GM-H line (2182), these figures being a mix of the old Chev Luv and the new Holden Rodeo. More interesting were Subaru sales — 2477 for their sedan and 289 for their utility — interesting because the Subaru was the vehicle recently subjected to government scrutiny, because it is a pure-sedan base, with a highly suspect 4WD (ie, it is not provided with high/low ranges, etc). It scraped through because it is nevertheless a 4WD, and that's indisputable. It is also very obviously a vehicle type of which the market wants more and more in place of the traditional lines.

JACKAROO is GM's timely attack on the car-type market — a scaled-down Range Rover concept with substantial subtractions in refinements and cost. It seems sure to spearhead the swing to up-market dual-purpose off-roaders. DAIHATSU (shown wading) is now attacking Suzuki's stranglehold of the mini-4WD market with more petrol-engined versions to swell its almost exclusively diesel sales ranks.

The same figures pointed giant red arrows at this fact — Jeep sales accounted for only 207 vehicles and Land-Rover for 361. Virtually every other vehicle on the sales charts is "car-type".

In the coming months, the trend will be amplified. Suzuki, new on the market with its Sierra mini-spunkbox, has already doubled its original order to Japan, based on the initial market reaction. Daihatsu, its rival for the mini-market, has put in a whopping order for petrol-engined versions to enlarge its sales figures predominantly accounted for by diesels (currently three to one petrol). It is obviously after Suzuki's market and plans more "car-type" equipment to underscore that attack. Ford has re-scheduled production of its new Bronco range at a level around 2½ times that of target, on a base of eight percent of the market which it hopes to double. By the time it doubles sales, the market expansion may already have caused a runaway.

And GM-H has a sneaky one up its sleeve — the Jackaroo, an all new car-type product, Range-Rover style but packaged slightly smaller with four-cylinder diesel and petrol engines. Datsun is also getting really aggressive about the off-road market, moving in for the kill on its old adversary in the sales chart, Toyota, and already sniffing the scent of victory.

Move One is to put the six-cylinder engine from the Datsun 280 sports under the hood. Move Two is a complete new range of 4WD on the 720 body (the mini pick-up or ute), later this year. This is the real grabber. Datsun already has the most impressive range of 2WD in this vehicle size, and will soon launch 4WD in all versions. The ones that will knock the market over are the King-Cab version (the extended cab utility) and the Dual-Cab version (a four-door, five-seater cabin with an abbreviated utility tray). This gives Datsun pick-ups in the mini range and in the larger MQ Patrol range, and the pick-up market is where it's all happening.

Subaru also has a revamp around the corner, and Chrysler has just dropped the Mitsubishi Express into the middle of the mini pick-up market. Jeep has released a modified range including diesel versions of "Old Ironsides", the traditional open Jeep, and some Cherokees. Leyland has finally released factory after-fitted automatics to its indefatigable line of Range Rovers with an astonishing across-the-board V8 injection for the Land-Rover.

With new models of the main range from the traditional market leaders, Toyota and Datsun, already on the floor, and all these other new model changes, the general market looks set for some stability in model ranges which will probably last six months. After that, I predict a flood of changes and a rash of model changes — perhaps the most important we've seen in the market.

GM-H will spearhead the shifting trends with its Jackaroo. I believe Daihatsu will have something all-new within 12 months to attack Suzuki, and there will be at least another two utes on the market — one must certainly come from Mazda, the only major manufacturer not represented (although US conversion kits called a Brahma already turn their stock ute into a four-by-four).

It will be an ideal time for Mercedes to slip-in its luxury mini, variously called the Explorer or the Terrain Wagen. The market will be ready for it. Even at about $34,000. Remember, it's a Merc. The Lamborghini Cheetah will be here, too — a futuristic-looking workhorse version of the traditional buggy. The Chev Blazer may be revived (it is still imported here in small numbers), though its V8 engine goes against it (try a six, fellas), and I'll be surprised if Toyota doesn't have something more advanced than the current face-lifted Landcruiser up its sleeve for 1981.

LNC would be wise to re-evaluate the "Husky Rusky" — the Lada Niva. The company feasibility-studied the car during the slump and quietly filed it in the "too hard" basket. At a possible market price of around $8-9000, it's worth dragging out and dusting off.

Meanwhile, GM's Jackaroo will get the sales. Fitted with a 65kW four-cylinder petrol or a 45kW four-cylinder diesel, it will hit the showroom floors with a starting tag around $12,000. The envelope is almost Range-Rover dimensionally (a bit narrower and slightly shorter) with three-door configuration, wishbone/torsion bar independent front suspension, disc/drum brakes, regular sedan equipment and furnishings.

Boxier and more abrupt in the styling than the Rover, it will be billed as a mini-RR look-alike, though ride quality and refinement is not in the same class. It comes from Isuzu (where it's called the Trouper), but it will be a Holden here. Despite the small fours and a steel body (the Range-Rover is lightweight alloy), performance is reasonable. The petrol version performs best on the blacktop, but struggles a bit in the scrub, while the diesel produces the reverse result. Perhaps quick-change engines are the answer, or a six-cylinder version. There's room for it in the vehicle and room for it in GM's future.

A unit which should come, but probably won't, is the AMC Eagle 4WD, an outstanding station-wagon built by Jeep. It unfortunately conflicts with their Cherokee wagon range now being built in Bjelke-Petersen land. Jeep has its hands full building J20 two-ton pick-ups for the commercial market and wooing the Australian Army with its new personnel carrier, which is based on the Cherokee.

The market is forcing these changes, and manufacturers are responding to the market. It is a different trend from the pure recreational explosion which caused the market to peak in 1975-76. That was a "freak" market, and soon collapsed — a boom-to-doom cycle similar to the one affecting motorcycles, and one which took out perhaps 40 percent of the already existing off-road after-market industry.

The new boom is because of the new wave vehicles which offer genuine multi-purpose motoring options. A big attraction is price. At the bottom end of the market, some 4WDs are cheaper than sedan equivalents. The reason is tariffs and quotas. Imported cars — always much in demand — arrive with 45 percent duty tags and are in hot demand, forcing their prices up. Light commercials in the 4WD category attract only 25 percent duty and flow in freely. Availability is good, competition among the manufacturers is hot and the product ranges are intensely competitive. It is a buyers' market and a boom-time for sellers.

Healthy economics in the mining and some rural sectors are also pushing sales up. Diesels account for a big part of this. In fact, some observers believe almost the entire market increase is accounted for by diesels in rural areas. They are seldom sold in the city, where their economics are dubious anyway. In the country, primary producers earn substantial government discounts on distillate bought to operate farm machinery. It is an enduring phenomenon of this fuel that it drains readily from tractors into regular diesel cars and 4WDs parked alongside, perhaps because of conducive height differential of the vehicles. Short of appointing a team of government spies to lie about in paddocks with binoculars, this practice is impossible to police, and while it continues, the drum-fuel market will continue to amplify 4WD sales.

TOYOTA'S formerly indomitable Landcruiser range has had the middle-market by the throat for years, is best-selling-ever 4WD in Oz. It is now under siege from Nissan Patrol which forced a hurried facelift of its wagon version Landcruiser. FORD's big Bronco heavyweight is making a big splash in the top-of-the-line car-type 4WD market, has already gobbled-up Range Rover with its six-cylinder-dominated sales explosion.

This has been Toyota's strong point in the past, with the majority of its Landcruiser sales going to federal, state and local government authorities, mining and exploration companies etc. But yesterday's strong point could be tomorrow's Achilles' heel — Toyota largely turned its back on the consumer market now flooded by well-established makes, and it faces stiff new competition for its traditional contract-market. It needs a new vehicle, and I believe it is going to get one. And soon.

Expansion of the pure commercial market is another big influence in off-road market buoyancy, though many manufacturers are prepared for the boom. GM deleted its K20 Chev range of two-tonner pick-ups at a time when the market is opening up, and Jeep now has that market by the throat.

As yet, we hardly have a "really-truly" one-ton pick-up on the market, either. All the mini-picks-ups are billed as one-tonners, but humping a ton of gravel in one of these down a steep and winding road will soon convince you otherwise. If you're still around to talk about it, that is.

An Australian-designed conversion on an Australian vehicle offers perhaps the best solution. Known as the Overlander, it is built as a full 4WD on a Holden one-tone chassis (ute or cab) by an enthusiastic Taswegian named Arthur Hayward. Proved in sundry trans-Australia spectaculars and priced around $16,500, it is viable but limited by a manufacturing base "outside Australia" and poor marketing. Originally it was part of a fine line-up of vehicles including a station wagon, but this was based on a Holden Kingswood and its death warrant was signed when GM-H pulled the rug out from under the regular Holden range, converting completely to Commodore.

Vehicle proliferation in Australia is staggering, yet there are as many more units from other parts of the world we don't see.

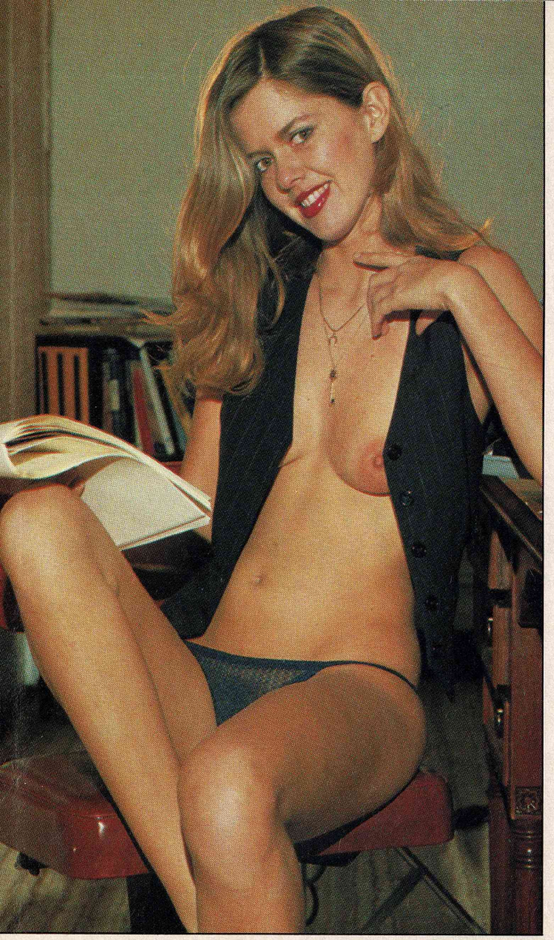
The Fiat Campagnolo underscores that point. A sort of Land-Rover-Jeep crossbreed, it is used by European military, is produced in half-a-dozen countries and is just possibly the world's biggest selling off-road vehicle. Most Australians (and Americans) have never even heard of it.

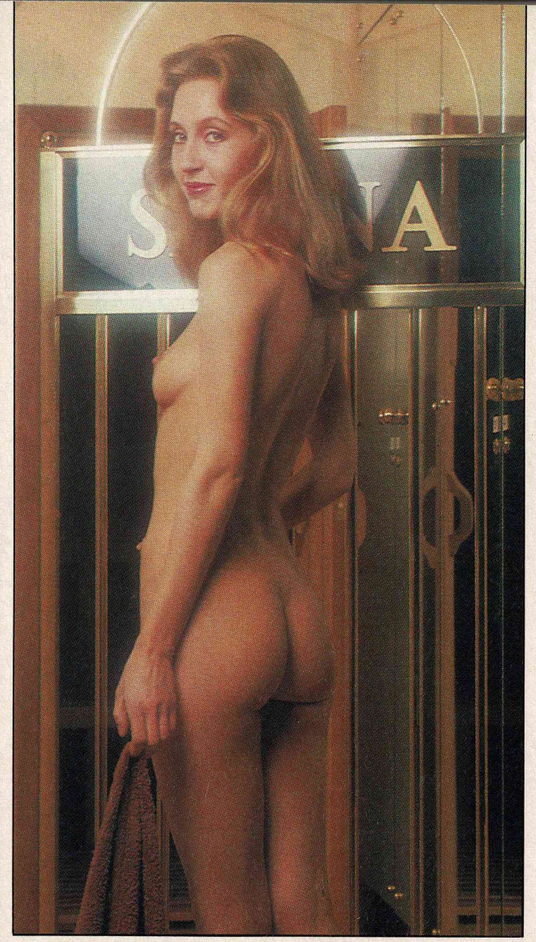
This is in contrast with the more glamorous vehicles, like the Matra Simca — a genuine Range-Rover with luxury appointments, but too expensive to have a likely market here. There are others spanning the whole range of off-road

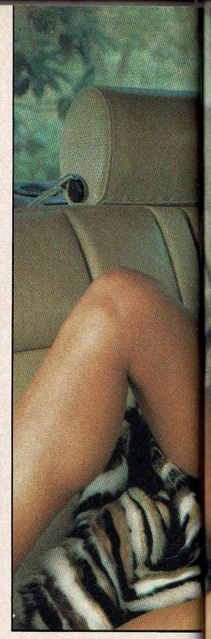
Continued on Page 145

The Girls Of PERTH

Go west, young man — there's gold in them thar hills. And judging by what we found on our first trek west, all that glitters there IS gold. Ever since Karen Pini and Jane Priest first graced our pages, the guys from the sunburnt third have been begging us for more of the home-grown product. And while the girls on these pages may not all be home-grown, they still share the Sandgropers' fierce pride in their adopted state. To kick off the Girls of the Golden West, who better than leggy Peggy McDowell, who hails from the legendary Golden Mile?





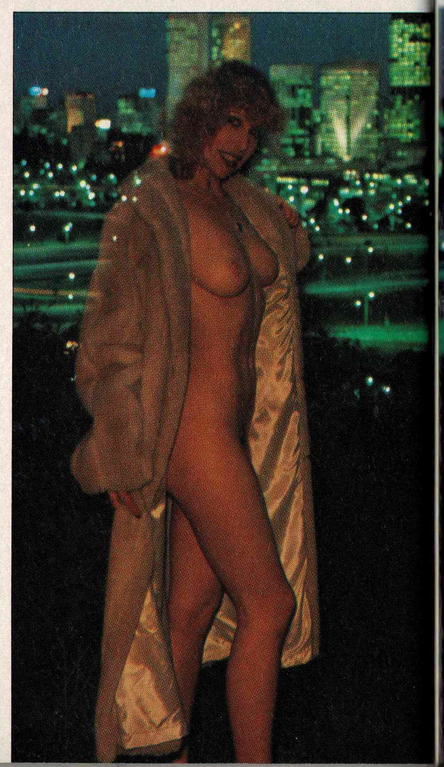


Albury-born Julia Scolaro (left) trained as a beautician but now works as a veterinary assistant in Perth. If the face on the right isn't too familiar, it's because Kerry Wells has been ducking publicity since she won the 1972 Miss Universe title for her home town. She now works in real estate in Coffs Harbour, on the NSW north coast. And for those who'd like more light on the subject, here's another look at Peggy McDowell.

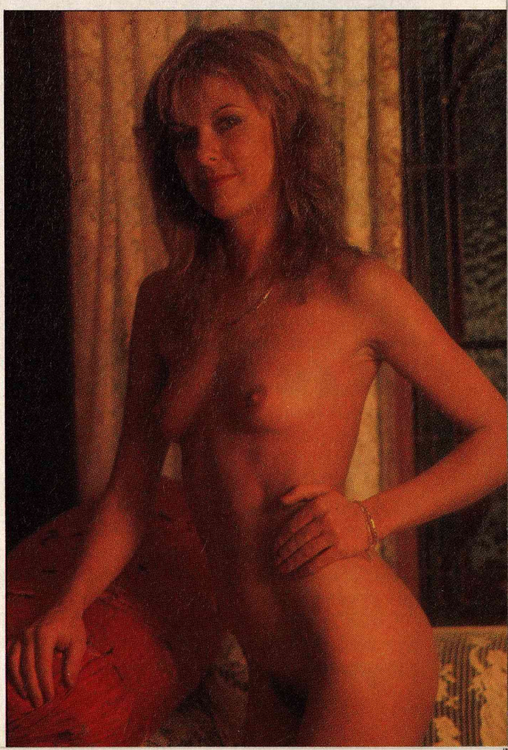
Cheryl Everett (above, left) is far from just a pretty face. A Bachelor of Arts, 23-year-old Cheryl recently switched to public relations after a three-year stint with Perth's Sunday Independent.
American-born Laura Macleod (above) stopped off in Perth while on holiday from her job as a Gulf Air hostess, fell in love with the place and has been there ever since. America's loss is definitely our gain. And if you don't recognise the face on the left, hand in your WA citizenship. It's Karen Pini, probably Perth's most famous export, who will be remembered as our first centrefold back in February, 1979 – if for nothing else.

No, you're not seeing double. Identical twins Margaret and Patricia Gooding are used to confusing situations. And they have good reason for they *have 18-year-old identical twin sisters back home on the Gold Coast, from where they "migrated" to Perth's sunshine. To add to the confusion, we aren't able to tell you which twin is which.*

Here's an overall look at Michelle James (above), who is well known on Perth's nightclub circuit as a singer. Karen di Costa (left) settled in Perth nine years ago from her native Singapore, but still has a yen to see more of the world. Perth's bright lights attracted Dianne Boyd (left) home after a working holiday at the Darwin casino, and she now works in a city boutique. The dark eyes of Eleanor Bernadette (far right) betray her Indian heritage, but like most expatriates she has become a Sandgroper for life!



English-born Melanie Greensmith (left) considers herself a "local" now after 10 years in the West, like Theresa Young (right), who hails originally from Melbourne. Water-loving Liz Tepper (below) is an Adelaide export, and blonde Paula Armitage (top, far right) came from Holland in 1970. Perth-born Michelle Forbes (below, far right) works as a dental nurse, and that's Jane Priest again to round it off.



L.A. Demystified!

Art & Life in the Eternal Present

By Peter Schjeldahl

Color Photography by Daniel Nolan; Black and White Photography by James Hamilton

MY FATE keeps bringing me here, and I never get used to it. It starts when I step out the door of the plane and descend the stairs on to the earth of Los Angeles like an aviation pioneer. There is the familiar shock of the soft, dead air and fierce, milky brightness, the instant and afterwards incessant feeling of being a sugar cube dissolving in warm fluid. Even on the rare glycerine-clear winter day, the atmosphere is more real than anything that occupies it, including one's own body.

In the right frame of mind, one's consequent feeling of shapelessness can be an immense baby pleasure.

I never get used to the driving. Too much driving is not good for you, I've decided. It concentrates you too much, ruining the diffuse attentiveness that is the mind's optimum state. I can see it in LA eyes, that flicker of habitual greed for far-off destinations, plus the hard, gemlike lifewish ("No crashes today for baby!"). Half the town's mental energy is mixed and burned with gasoline. Still, even the driving can be strange pleasure.

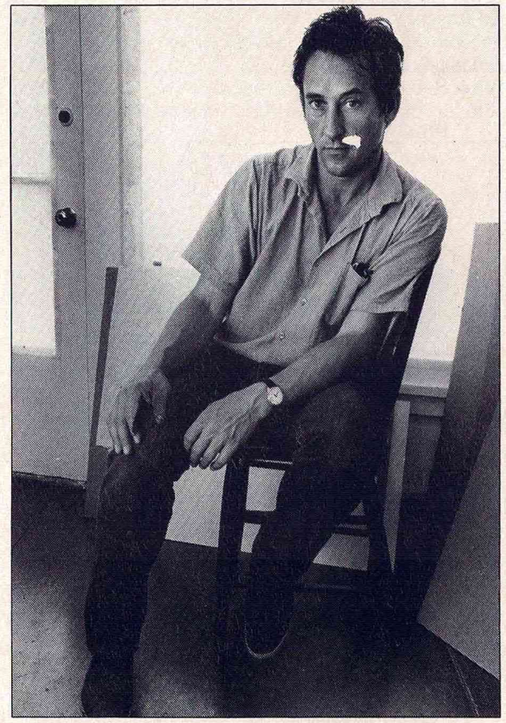
The lack of surprise — the unending "anonymous chunks of stuff", in the approving words of Bruce Nauman, probably the best artist who ever lived here for long — is like an endless surprise. One's eye gets tuned to make the most excruciating discriminations among types of the dumb, the gaudy, and the forlorn. And the freeway interchanges really are something. No two alike. I imagine lucky engineers, at drawing boards, manipulating the sinuous templates called "French curves" in aesthetic ecstasy. Entered from any direction, the classic San Diego-Santa Monica mixmaster in West Los Angeles takes the breath away with its low, subtle, sweeping forms — Mona Lisa smiles in concrete.

I never get used to it. Writing this, I'm sitting in the cute old bungalow ("old": about 1940) my wife and I have rented temporarily in Hancock Park close to the County Museum ("close to": one mile). My wife is an actress doing pretty well in Hollywood, that company town — like an Appalachian mining village — a few miles to the north. It's lovely here. Our roses are blooming. Birds are singing. There is the background whoosh of traffic on Olympic Boulevard. And here comes the essential, definitive LA sound: a hovering police helicopter. At night they buzz the neighborhood with searchlights, seeking criminals. I wonder if they ever catch any.

I'm happy to be writing, happy to have something that needs doing. LA "survivors" are people who work very, very hard. Parties of the successful don't wind down; they vanish in a twinkling well before midnight. Long day tomorrow. The work does not do wonders for people's personalities. Like the driving, it concentrates them too much, at the expense of curiosity and variety. Conversation tends to be homogenised and flat, produced with half a mind to be heard with half an ear. But the parties, too, can be sensuous pleasures. Just about everybody looks beautiful and dresses beautifully. Healthy limbs transporting handsome heads, with whispers of light fabric, through sliding doors.

> "Once, seated between two of the town's top veteran artists, I heard nothing all evening but cars and shoes."

Much of the dull conversation centres on art. Whether they finally like art or not — and by "they" I mean most of the social, institutional, and commercial art people, plus a lot of the artists — I can't decide. What do they see in it? What do they want with it? Maybe relief from the concentrations of work and driving, wordless relief from the toil of dull conversation. An obsessive subject is the future and how culturally rich and bright it will be here. This seems unlikely to happen. What will most probably happen will be a continuation of the eternal LA present, the eternal conversation concerning the LA future.



Ed Ruscha

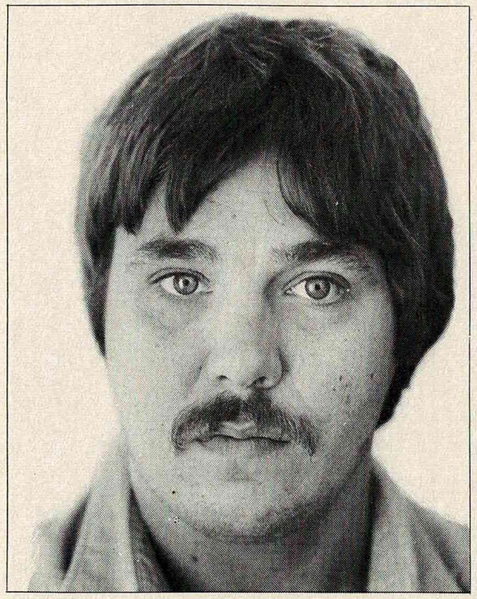
Only Hollywood matters. What it doesn't overshadow it infects. This is what they don't get about art, that it's the opposite of the movies. In Hollywood, you make a deal, then you make a movie. In the art business, you make a work, then you make a deal. Thus, in art, they're always starting from the wrong end. The upcoming downtown Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) is perfect LA — one huge, exhilarating deal, one cloud castle of pure futurity. It will be pure headache if people don't moderate their expectations. Meanwhile, few notice how little important art gets made or can get made here. Bruce Nauman lives in New Mexico now, as does Ken Price. So many good ones move on.

Other good ones do stay. Today I will have lunch with Ed Ruscha ("Roo-shay"; Nauman calls him "Eddie Russia"), who may be the best regional artist in modern history. I think I owe my sanity to Ed Ruscha. When I first came here for a long spell, and before I met him, I thought constantly in my lonely distress of Ruscha's images and one-liners, his totally indigenous style of seeing and joking, his way of maintaining a civilised diffuse attentiveness in this glutted, deracinated atmosphere. (I also thought constantly of Raymond Chandler, still the only major poet of LA.) It helped. Ruscha makes the place seem *possible.* You have only to regard it the way he did in his great foldout book of photographs of every building on Sunset Strip. The book is entitled *Every Building on Sunset Strip.* With that phrase looping in on your mind, you are ready for LA.

Ruscha has his studios on Western Avenue in a circa-1920s, somewhat

Spanish-Moorish court of defunct shops, with elephant trees, that is straight out of Chandler. Ed Ruscha dates starlets, always has. Once when I went to lunch with him at a restaurant near the Paramount lot, various angelic forms seemed to throw themselves at him out of the air. "Oh, Ed!" Bashful, smiling, folksy (from Oklahoma), Ruscha wears soft, casual, terrific clothes and, always, terrific shoes. (Once, seated between two of the town's top veteran artists at a dinner party, I heard absolutely nothing all evening but cars and shoes. Were they *trying* to drive me crazy?) It is a joy and a relief for me to be with Ed Ruscha.

Next day. Over margaritas and enchiladas at Lucy's . . . why go on? Why clutter up, with details of my chitchat with Ruscha, the timeless charm of "over margaritas and enchiladas at Lucy's"? There is profound well-being in those words. Eating at any of the innumerable great Mexican restaurants here brings more than gastronomic pleasure. It brings a self-satisfied sense that you, for one, know your way around LA and around life. The opposite feeling — panicky realisation of what an incurable idiot you are — comes with dining at any Italian restaurant here.



Chris Burden

It's weird thinking about the past of Los Angeles. It does have a good bit of past by now. Certainly it is no longer the "city of the future" (Houston, if anyplace, gets to be that). Expansion continues, but the balance is tipping toward entropy. Still, there is the overpowering present tense of the light and air, the unremitting swoon of the senses. I know it's Thursday because I hear the "gardener" blowing vegetable matter around in my driveway with one of those silly, deafening backpack blowers. (The merest hovel in LA comes with a once-a-week "gardener".) But the word "Thursday" seems ridiculously abstract as a designation for this luminous Xerox-copy early morning.

What am I doing here? Writing about art! What is LA to art or art to LA?

It's a status game of a complex sort, for one thing. The other night I was at a party of art people, mostly collectors, at a TV producer's mountainside palace in Bel Air. In this current spell of blessedly clear conditions (somehow I can't bring myself to dignify what happens in the air here as "weather"), the LA basin below glistened away to the horizon. The catering was sumptuous. Everyone looked swell. And the rooms were full of collectors nattering about their new acquisitions — a Frankenthaler, a David Salle. The tone was giddily competitive. "You'll soon be getting up in *our* league, Doug." Collecting as indoor tennis.

Art is selling as if there were no tomorrow (and who knows?); the buyers include more and more movie and TV people, the resident aristocracy. Most of both the goods and the taste are imported from New York. Norman Lear and Bud Yorkin are among the wholesale consumers, as are heavyweight execs Barry Lowne, Dan Melnick, and David Begelman. I don't doubt that some of them love the stuff, but a lot of the action looks like sheer narcissism. The new elite service industry in Hollywood — following psychiatry, accountancy, and massage — is art consulting. Consultants have been witnessed hawking art works on TV sound stages between takes. And it seems like half the people I see in the galleries (which are generally deserted, by the way) are consultants asking for slides.

Consulted collecting extends to local corporations, which have gone for the investment-plus-prestige line in a big way. (Bank billboard on Wilshire, with image by Ron Davis: "Where Banking Is a Fine Art.") A few LA artists reputedly sell well, among them Laddie John Dill, Charles Arnoldi, Davis, and the ineffable Billy Al Bengston, who has parlayed flairs for hedonistic, slightly nasty decorative effects and for personal salesmanship into a light-manufacturing mini-empire. (The regulation first purchase of young marrieds here, it is said, is a Bengston water-color.) Ed Moses seems to be doing all right, too, without ceasing to be a singularly underappreciated, if very odd, abstract painter. At the low end of the market is a middle-class taste for sweet, somewhat scuffed-up semi-abstract stuff a la Richard Diebenkorn, what Clement Greenberg calls "luxury painting" — modernism without tears. I saw almost no work that could be called New Image, New Wave, or pattern-and-decoration.

Market reports aside, the list of very good and fairly established LA artists is enormously long, as I learn by trying to assemble one. If this were a straight art-critical piece, I would certainly discuss favorably at least the following: Peter Alexander, John Baldessari, Joel Bass, Tony Berlant, Karen Carson, Vija Celmins, Denise Gale, Charles Garabedian, Robert Graham, Patrick Hogan, Richard Jackson, Craig Kauffman, Mark Lere, Peter Lodato, Maria Nordman, Adrian Saxe and Doug Wheeler.

Then there is Chris Burden. Remember Chris Burden, who years ago gave the Post-Conceptual avant-garde a shot in the arm? The last of the LA internationalists, he has never sold well here, but he has commanded a certain mixture of awe and pride. Now he commands another emotion: fear. Burden has always been a gun freak, and lately he's taken to carting his artillery, plus ammo, around with him in public and acting sinister. Compactly fleshy-muscular in the Robert Blake mode, Burden all but splutters with nervous intensity. He lives in a garage off an alley near Pico Boulevard, western LA's most woebegone strip. I had some jumpy, disjointed conversation with him there. Then he produced a living machine gun, which he commenced to wave around, snickering. I calculated within a millimetre the distance to the door, which I was soon through, taking large gulps of Southern California air.

Burden brings up another thing about LA — the inveterate spectatorship or, to put it less politely, voyeurism. Only an incredible, to me, insensibility to personal implication explains how people could stomach those halcyon Burden performances in which he put himself in grave physical danger. In effect, Burden created a double-bind of two behavioral conventions: the citizenly injunction to *do*

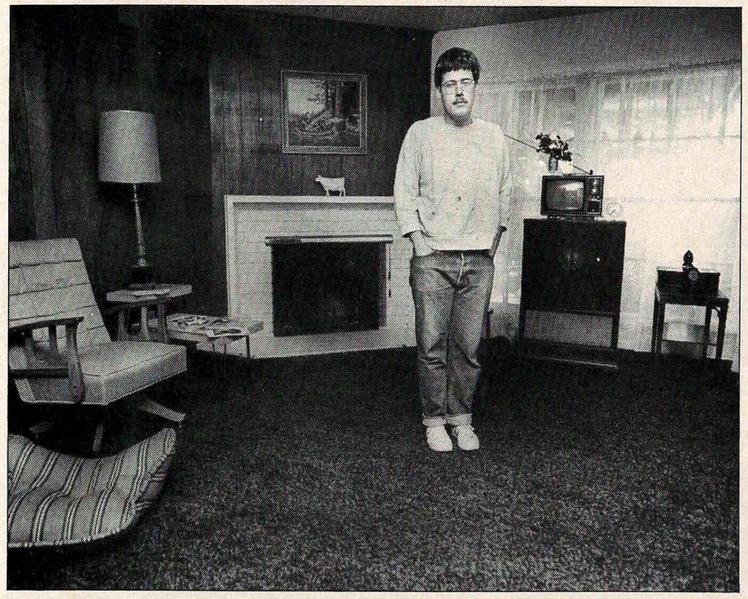
"But I do believe in free love — it's just that there's a slight handling charge."

"There is nowhere to learn about art except superficially in this town. What do they possibly see in it?"

something in a perilous emergency and the gallery taboo against touching the art work. There is a lot of power in such manipulations, but what does it take to undergo them without throwing up? LA has what it takes. I sense something akin to it in these tyro Bel Air collectors — all delightedly watching themselves looking at their new Stellas.

The great psychological craving of America, perhaps stronger in LA than anywhere else, is for *family.* This is a *cliché,* but it covers a hunger so widespread and gnawing that it can scare you to death. In a place where most relationships seem to be mediated by money and/or fantasy, people want so much to *count on* somebody that they fall into wish-fulfilling mega-fantasy, if not into cults. Every second person seems to have a long-winded global-village rap, patiently explaining in futurese how the energy crisis or a spiritual force or increased air travel or what have you is leading to whatever Utopia, with Los Angeles the Capital of Sweetness. I'm not exaggerating. You can't believe the things people here will say to you with a straight face. A line of Shelley haunts me: "Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

The wishfulness of LA's citizens is simply explained as the effect of a life that enforces independence to the point of autism. Try to lean on anything or anyone and you'll fall down, if you can find anything or anyone in the first place. Los Angeles is a city without public spaces. There are only private spaces — fenced haciendas of self-maintenance and self-invention — surrounded by the soft, dreamy, zinging-with-light nowhere in particular. Lacking the habit of social discourse, people here, when they try it, naturally are a bit fluttery and overblown. And a visitor better not feel superior. The place gets to you fast. Here I am again at my Olivetti, and there are the birds again; and the breeze through the window is like the touch of the world's subtlest and most considerate lover. My nearest friends are miles away; in fact, they don't exist. Nothing exists but this moment of sensation. (Let me out of here!)



Jeffrey Vallance

Back to Chris Burden for just a moment. Nervous-making as he is, Burden richly reflects another aspect of the local spiritual economy of the habit of social *abrasion,* of the gradient steps between concord and actual violence. A sacred monster, he displays and aestheticises a pathology — much as Forest Lawn aestheticises death — at the opposite pole from the culture's self-involved pleasures. The effect may be somehow to reinforce and ratify those pleasures. I don't know how else to explain the fact that many here cherish him. His is a mad social poetry that has its genuinely moving moments. Last year Burden invited a group one afternoon to the palisades in Santa Monica overlooking the Pacific. There a powerful telescope was set up, directed by an assistant. Looking through it, they saw, far out at sea, someone (Burden) paddling a kayak in a dazzle of light from the declining sun, a lone, tiny laboring silhouette appearing and disappearing in the sparkle. This went on for exactly two hours. Then the telescope was whisked away and everybody went home.

So: utter individual amenity and utter social deprivation. This is where the family-longing comes in, full of destructive mischief for the kinds of independent engagement and determination that produce significant art. The careerist multitudes of the downtown scene constitute a family based on the fear of recognising that there is no family. Asked about potential trouble from the Artists Advisory Committee — never have artists been more directly involved in an American museum — a major MOCA board member told me, "Our artists are very well behaved." Too true. Getting along by going along, with bouts of ineffectual griping, is the style here. (This is a little unfair to the, so far, shrewd and very effective Advisory Committee, but it remains the rule.) It's a hard, stifling, joyless style that can burn people out young. If you're going to burn out, though, LA is the place to do it. Possibly no one will ever notice, and you'll still have free use of the ocean and sun.

But "going along" can also, as in Ruscha, foster that deadpan humor that is Southern California's great contribution to the art of civilised survival. The trick seems to be in going along to extremes. Every building on Sunset Strip. There's a new kid named Jeffrey Vallance, a bland young middle-classnik from the dread Valley — the San Fernando Valley of bedroom communities and epic smog on the wrong side of the Hollywood Hills. Vallance has slides of his art work going back to age five. His work includes spooky motorised assemblages and sweetly sadistic conceptualist stunts, like sending the Smithsonian Institution his childhood insect collection packaged to destruct in transit. He got it back months later, splendidly remounted at the cost of Lord knows how many entomologist-hours, with profuse apologies. Vallance also did a little book documenting the supermarket purchase, for $2.17, and pet-cemetery obsequies, priced at $227.40, of a frozen frier he named Blinky the Friendly Hen. Vallance is dangerous.

A sleek new blue-chipper is Larry Gagosian, who has a David Salle show up as I write this. He has a gallery space and office that, without being in the least ostentatious, breathe the cold excitements of money — whites and greys with carefully gauged amounts of Southern California light. The air in the office is like vaporised stainless steel. Steely himself, after-shave-ad handsome, Gagosian told me he figures to give the business two years to prove itself. "If I weren't doing this, I'd probably be in real estate." On the wall behind him hung a beautiful black and white Kelly, and, thinking about it now, I wonder how the price of that canvas compares with condominium rates in Century City. Selling paintings, Gagosian may be in real estate after all — vertical real estate, flat condos, prestige addresses for the eye.

If it sometimes seems that the only values in Southern California are real estate values, that's because it's hard to imagine what other kind of values there might be. There is, it's true, a pervasive big, soft, mystical spiritualism that seems to precipitate in people's brains out of the radiant Pacific emptiness. Space-and-Light aesthetics — Irwin, James Turrell, Doug Wheeler — get charges from it. But everything comes back to real estate, as in the atmospheric effects in Gagosian's office. Oddly, the upshot is not so much to cheapen the spiritual as to spiritualise the material. Nowhere else is the aura of money so cleanly magical. It's fascinating, like a cobra.

"You run into the subliminal self-flattery that there's a classy audience here, which there isn't."

Speaking of empty, another of my frequent stops here is the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art (LAICA), with its nifty museum near Beverly Hills and its cavernous space downtown. The museum mounts some interesting and challenging shows. Some days no one — *no one!* — comes in. Does this discourage LAICA's staff executives, Debra Burchett, Bridget Johnson, and director Bob Smith? Not really, somehow. They plug away at documenting and communicating, putting out the often sharp *LAICA Journal* and generally maintaining standards like shipwrecked Englishmen observing tea time. Well, standards are about to bend. With perhaps a touch of lonesome hysteria, LAICA is planning a show of sports pictures by Andy Warhol and (deep breath) Le Roy Neiman. Let us change the subject.

Sex. There isn't much overt sex in LA art, though sex is as monotonous a feature of the basin as the temperature inversion that keeps the smog locked in. The massed legions of beautiful, lightly clad, self-conscious bodies collectively generate such explosive force that sometimes you think the place will just combust, going up in one gruesome fireball. Out here this time without the protection of my wife who is in New York, I find it absolutely terrifying. (For a less shadowed view, consult my collaborator Mr James Hamilton, bachelor photographer.) What makes it weird is how languid and, well, *static* the sexuality is, as if it were an impersonal power that had nothing to do with desire. In New York it is tenser and more behavioral — people get silly or hostile or sheepish, more them-

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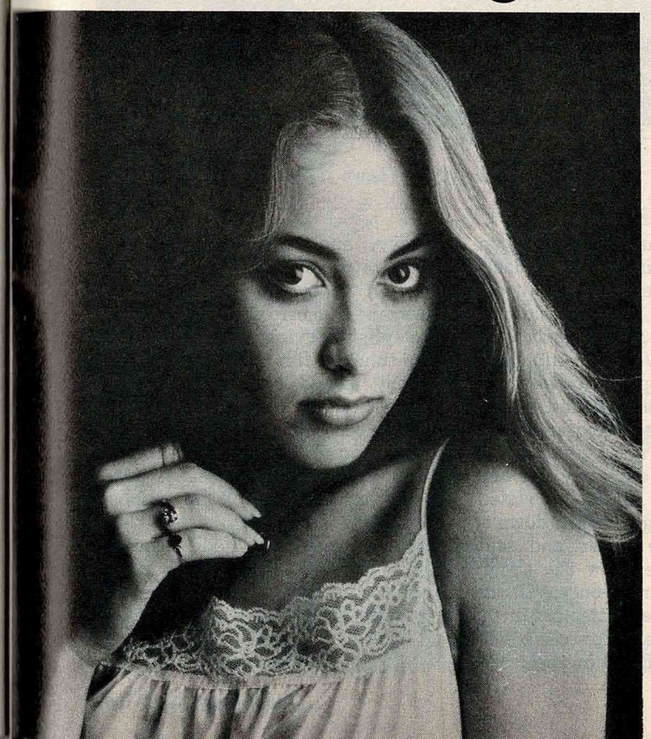

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selves. Here people's bodies broadcast delirious animal messages, and their eyes are bland, almost defeated. Every attraction has the same subtext: "Here we go again."

I see that I have made my first comparison of Los Angeles and New York, something I swore not to do. Comparisonitis, relentlessly malicious, is something every newcomer comes down with here, like the flu. Recovery is possible. It comes with the realisation of just of how *peculiar* a place LA is, and what a radical sense of the human it breeds. A central mystery is how, with none of the characteristics of even a small traditional city, LA can nonetheless be, and feel like, the great world city it is. Just how little engagement can a city give its citizens and still be a city? Very damn little indeed, answers LA. It suffices that the citizens perceive each other and themselves as people who are marked by a difference, a way of being in the world that is their own. The LA way, cutting across every social division, is in a haze of pleasure.

This is never going to be a real art centre unless, in the process, it ceases to be LA. The very word "centre" is a solecism here. The downtown area may sprout skyscrapers and institutions forever, as some anticipate, yet never feel like the centre of anything. It will just be downtown, a neighborhood distinguished by difficult parking. A realistic hope, voiced to me by Koshalek, is that apartment construction will bring enough people there to constitute a neighborhood-as-city, a land-island metropolis. MOCA will then function as the cultural corner store. Hulten would like the museum to stay open at night, which is a very, very smart idea. Meanwhile, the real estate god will long since have expelled the current artist settlers from the cement Eden. Where will they go? It hardly matters in "scene" terms. In every compass direction away from the clustered loft buildings of downtown lies the limitless, energy-swallowing sprawl that is LA's definition and fate. There, all sense of difference is homogenised in the even spread of sunlit privacies — across which falls a common shadow.

What is the flip side of the love of pleasure? Fear of pain, here the pain of crime. Burglary is epidemic. Violent crime is widespread, often horror-movie vicious, and — in the basin's blanketing anonymity — somehow much scarier than elsewhere. Ever topical, Chris Burden drives around the city for hours a day with his machine guns and pistols in his new black Buick sedan. A hit man's car. If Burden himself weren't so very frightening, one could get an odd, poetic reassurance from this knowledge — the thought that out there at this moment, cruising some boulevard (a moving red indicator on a fantasised street map), is this heavily armed artistic concrescence of the city's faceless dread. (As it is, the image just heightens a suspicion of engulfing madness.) Fear keeps people in private, apart from each other; being apart feeds their paranoia, so their apartness grows. This makes the idea of a museum open in the evenings all the more appealing, and it can also make chance encounters seem disconcertingly poignant.

I will conclude with a cultural event: a car crash. Two years ago my wife and I were first on the scene of an accident in West Los Angeles. A Volkswagen had flipped off the Santa Monica Freeway and rolled to the edge of an exit ramp. It was 2 am. Brooke rescued a girl wandering dazed and bleeding on the freeway; I tended to a stunned boy sitting beside the wreck. They were miraculously little hurt. (Forget the Volkswagen.) Other cars stopped. People helped or, too late to help, stood around and chatted pleasantly. A huge Mexican family showed up from a nearby house with water and towels; evidently this happened a lot. The mood was elated, even exalted. The girl looked down at her stained white slacks and said, laughing, that she knew she should have worn her red ones. Others laughed, too — a sweet sound in the dark. Presently the LA police arrived, strutting and bullying in their best mercenaries-in-Africa style, and reluctantly we all returned to our cars.

Infant cemetery, Forest Lawn

It's an old joke here that people have crashes for the company. To move up in the world, go to Wilshire and Doheny and ram the first Porsche that comes by. (In fact, I've seen people after fender-benders exchanging information and smiling — smiling!) For some reason I am remembering about that night how in the illumination of headlights and smoggy sky glow, everyone — Anglos, blacks, Mexicans — looked simply terrific: handsome, pretty, dressed just right, relaxed. Now I'm not sure whether I'm remembering or imagining, but it seems to me that the voices, which included my own, were like those of happy children who know that they are lovable and that the world is kind.

What a hopeless, horrible city. It's Sunday, and today's big cultural event (to which a local art critic will devote two lead paragraphs in the newspaper tomorrow) is the beginning of Daylight Saving Time. Late-afternoon sunshine fills our yard like incandescent melted butter, setting the oranges on (yes) our orange tree aglow. Soon the sun will go down — that sudden, lights-out, neon-on Southern California sunset. A police siren goes by, making all the neighborhood dogs howl. You would think they'd get used to it. I will never get used to any of it. Tomorrow I will take a cab to the airport, climb the boarding stairs, and go home.

FICTION BY TERRY BLAKE

It has never happened, and many hope it never will: an oil spill on The Great Barrier Reef. Big oil men charter a boat to inspect the sludge and meet a captain with a crown of thorns.

THE SEABIRD

THE FIRST wave poked a half-hearted fist at the bow, parted with a thump and slid down the waterline to boil astern.

They'd reached the mainstream and the *Seabird* began to toss a little. She was just eight metres, but heavy and deep in the gut, clinker-built for the big seas beyond what was left of the Great Barrier Reef.

"Cigars, fella! I said, where do I get a decent cigar in this goddamned hole?" Duggan pushed his shoulder against the words, so that the wheel dropped and swung the trawler across the wave pattern toward midstream and the full benefit of the outgoing tide. The speaker staggered against the cabin wall.

"Hey!"

There was no sign of oil slick, but that didn't mean much. Even if the pontoons had breached during the night, the seven metre tide-fall would have flushed it straight out to sea. Ten kilometres upstream, where the river narrowed to slot past the heavy columns of the road bridge, the tide was roaring through like a waterfall.

Duggan thought of a spot in the reef, a 10-metre break just north of Proserpine where, during king tides, the sea level built up so swiftly the coral became a retaining wall, and the break a monstrous floodgate in the middle of the ocean.

He'd once turned the *Seabird* into that flood at full revs, just to see what would happen. He might as well have

Illustration by Alan Ewart

tried to tack up the Niagara in a sail boat. It had been an eerie feeling, the *Seabird* straining against the torrent. The ocean at eye-level. He'd wondered what would happen if the reef collapsed, and an ocean dam burst in his lap. But that was silly. The reef had been there for millions of years and nothing the Pacific could throw up against it had made a jot of difference. Not cyclone nor sea quake nor Crown of Thorns.

And then came a ripple from the Persian Gulf.

"Listen fella, we're paying you good money to haul our asses round in this old tub. Now when I ask a question you answer, okay?"

The Crown of Thorns. That was the warning signal. It could have been stopped north of Cairns if people had really cared. But they'd had to wait until the reef threatened to erode away in great shards and expose the sheltered coastline to the thundering Pacific. Then there was action, minimal it was true, but enough to ensure the ports didn't silt up or the real estate slide into the sea.

"I'm gonna ask you one more time buddy, and then I am gonna blow my stack."

Duggan's back quivered. He turned to the oil man, tubby and red but chunky tough beneath the fat. The eyes were angry above a crouched stance, cigar pointed like a smoking gun. He was tough all right, but Duggan wondered how he'd fare in a real tussle with the reef, a tussle on its own terms instead of slow murder by injection.

"Sorry." It was too gruff. They were paying, after all. "Sorry. Cigars? No way. Not out here. Couldn't you find any back in town?"

"Yeah. Sure I could, but this stupid mother left 'em in the limo."

"Limo?"

"The limousine back at the wharf."

Duggan thought of the giant black Mercedes. There'd never been anything like it north of Sydney before the rigs.

"Sorry," he said again.

"Forget it. Ain't your fault. Say, how long before we reach that goddamned pontoon?"

He stepped closer. The *Seabird* rocked slightly. Duggan smelt his cigar breath. He could smell things cleanly since he'd stopped smoking. The sea, he'd discovered, had a thousand different smells, depending on the wind and the tide and the nearness of land or reef.

"Do you hear me, man? Say, whatsa matter with you anyhow? Okay, so you're uptight, but it ain't my goddamned fault."

Duggan stared ahead. The smell of cigars on a fat man's breath. He should be savoring the morning air, rushing through his nostrils like soda.

"Soon," he said. "The pontoon's around the next bend."

He flicked open the pilot port to kill the cigar fumes. And swiftly clicked it shut.

It was on the air already. Where the soft, lulling fumes of the diesel should have been cut apart by the draught of fresh air, it was as if all the diesels in the world were out there.

It was true then. What they'd said would happen had actually happened. He could no longer pretend it was an exaggeration, one of those newspaper semi-hoaxes he'd learnt to ignore. He shook his head and opened the throttle. The *Seabird* shivered and sunk her stern, waves beating solid against the bow. Top speed was forbidden in the stream, but Duggan wanted to finish it quickly. They rounded a bend and saw it. The oilman said:

"Hey, that's neat man."

Across the river mouth, from the breakwater to the lighthouse, dozens of inflated rubber pontoons threaded together to form a water-borne dam. Between each pontoon, tiny cracks were bleeding black into the clear river water, seeping outward and falling back with the tide.

Neat? Duggan knew it was only a question of time before the black patch expanded into the river mouth, then downstream, until eventually the pontoons gave under the endless, massive pressure of the king tides.

They reached the wharf, where the biggest boat ramp had been extended over the breakwater on makeshift rails, to drop into the sea at the other side, a land ferry for craft locked in the river.

Duggan reversed, cut the motor and hauled himself through the cabin roof. The sun hit him, thick and hot and wrong in his nostrils. He leapt to the wharf with the forward line, dragging the bow into the old grey timbers. The stern swung with the tide against the pontoons. The two oilmen were marooned in the cabin unless they climbed through the roof. It was unintentional and he regretted the ripple of malice. Straightening from the wharf cleat he looked out to sea for the first time. And wished he hadn't.

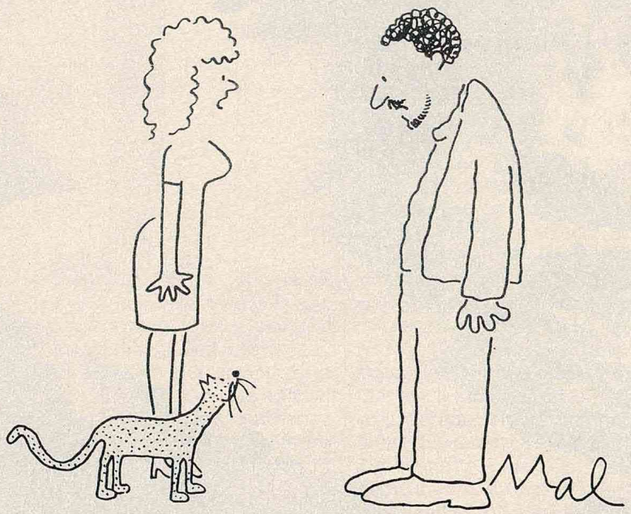
The off-shore wind had died and from the edge of the pontoons to the horizon the sea was transformed into great patches of still, gleaming black. The sun bore down the tunnel of this view in giant blinding spears.

He could have been looking across a blackened mirror to some baleful hell. Except for the fumes. There was nothing mystical about the fumes. They were as modern and effective as the sleek, throbbing engines they were meant to feed. A sleek, throbbing metallic smell it was, thick enough to obliterate the sharp, salty freshness of the sea.

Duggan shut his eyes and slumped against the wharf capstan, partly aware as he did so of the grunts and struggles of the fat American forcing his bulk through the *Seabird's* hatch.

But the malice was gone, wiped clean by the shock to his vision, and his feelings were as numb and black as the crude oil that grew like an evil flower through the heart of the Great Barrier Reef.

He had heard an ABC report that the king tides were powerful enough to sweep the oil to shore in a matter of



"But darling, you're the one who wanted me to shave my pussy."

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hours. Hundreds of kilometres of the Queensland coast, as well as the reef itself, could be affected. A team of experts were to be flown out from Texas to help stop the blow. The ABC then reeled off a toll of spillage disasters from other parts of the world . . .

Tory Canyon, Santa Barbara, Gulf of Mexico, Botany Bay . . . remote bad news. It could never happen here. But it had. A major oil blow from No. 2 rig, Barrier Oil Exploration Ltd, vomiting the killer muck from below the coral reef at miles of destruction each minute. And he, Duggan, was as guilty as the rest.

Yet it hadn't started out like that. The drilling hadn't particularly worried him. The reef was indestructible. There were all those environmental reports, the guarantees against oil spillage. Like everyone else he had looked on cynically as both the Federal and Queensland Governments used rocketing oil prices and constitutional sophistry to manoeuvre the "experimental survey" rigs into place. Twelve months later, the first barrels of reef oil were lubricating an economic juggernaut by then invulnerable to the average Australian battling through near-depression. The rest of the oil leases had been taken up and Duggan, like the rest of Australia, shrugged his shoulders.

After all, the reef had recovered from the Crown of Thorns, and the scavenging of the Taiwanese. Oil meant men and boats to carry them. There was a sight more money in chartering than fishing, and if he hadn't been the one to do it, someone else would.

So he'd watched the great rigs float in, the mindless, terrible drills biting deep into the reef. He'd seen the clear waters slowly turn dirty around the rigs, the underwater slag heaps forming, the coral dying swiftly and outwardly, as it does, so that when the rigs moved on, hectares of once beautiful live coral were reduced to grey-brown lumps, and from the air, the drill hole looked like the heart of a burst pimple.

It was on the air trip that Duggan's vague bitterness had turned to guilt.

From the perspective of height, he'd seen how these scores of pustules could eventually link up, killing off huge areas of coral and eventually that section of the reef itself. The geologist on board had said it couldn't happen, that the reef would eventually restore itself. But Duggan could remember the Crown of Thorns and its threat to one of the most sensitive of all ecologies.

All it needed on top of the drilling was a little push like a bad oil spill.

Duggan straightened, the guilt deep and hurtful, the catalyst that would complete the job staring him in the face. With the tide half out. A black blanket lay from the high water mark to the water's edge. It was only a few metres, but those few metres multiplied by 100 kilometres either way could wipe out enough coral and life to destroy that section of the reef.

"How's it look, fella?"

Duggan turned, curious at the concern in the oilman's voice. Then he remembered that his mission was public relations.

"Shithouse."

The oilman said nothing.

The *Seabird* winched to the top of the improvised rail, hesitated, then lumbered and creaked down to the ocean. She nosed into the murk, diving slightly, and lifting her bow as the stern became buoyant, the oil slime shiny on her white nose.

"What is the score on sparks, ignition, that sort of thing?"

The slip man shrugged.

"No one's caught fire yet. I don't think it's all that inflammable, crude in the water like this." He paused: "If it is, you won't have to worry too long. There's enough oil out there to fry up the navy, let alone your tub."

Duggan grinned at the wry certainty. He turned to the oilman. His face had become thoughtful, the cigar poised halfway to his lips. He dropped it, barely smoked, ground it thoroughly underheel and nodded to his assistant. The three of them headed for the dory and the *Seabird.*

By the time they lost sight of land, the wind had freshened and the oil patches became smaller and more frequent. The blow was due east and on the bigger waves Duggan could make out the top of the rig. They were heading north for the near-reef beaches where the coral locked in the sea close to shore and where the toll would be heaviest.

Here the oilmen would begin their report, at the same time making contact with the public. No one was looking forward to it, Duggan least of all, but he'd taken the job for his guilt and maybe a little of it would rub off with the confrontation.

As land drew near, he began to feel glad he wasn't alone. The oilman moved up behind him and said:

"I know how you feel, buddy. I was at the Gulf of Mexico runaway. That's my territory." He paused, Duggan stared silently ahead.

"One thing I can't figure though. How did it happen? I mean, how come your government let the lease out?"

Duggan said nothing.

"I was chewing the fat with Big Ed McGuire after he sold his lease. Real chuffed up about the prices he was. Bought it for peanuts after Fraser Island. Never figured you guys'd ever really let rigs on the reef. Then whadya know, he's sitting on a gold mine. I guess you'd call it black gold, huh?"

Duggan spat it out. He couldn't help it.

"He didn't have to sell though, did he now?"

The oilman grinned.

"I guess not," offhand with victory. "But you guys didn't have to lease them in the first place, did you?"

Duggan withdrew. Temper came and went and left the weight of the reef on him. Tiredly, he lifted the *Seabird's* anchor and dropped it into the sludge 20 metres offshore. They then climbed into the dory.

The beach was one of the finest in the area, a perfect white crescent divided at one end by a tidal stream leading back into the mangroves. It was called Soldier's Beach, after the swarms of soldier crabs that hissed across the sand.

Now Soldier's Beach was well and truly fallen. The crabs were gone and the white sands had turned blotchy black in the tidal oil scum. At one end, near the kiosk, local volunteers had set up an emergency station to try to save the seabirds, the gannets, cormorants, terns, pelicans and seagulls that were the first victims of the blow. Dozens of children scoured the beach for birds, some flapping half-heartedly in the shallows, but most lying in the sand, glued there by the oil, slowly freezing to death from the loss of feather insulation.

"Is it all right to smoke, buddy?" Duggan nodded distractedly.

"Goddamn. I'm out of cigars."

His sidekick hurried forward, proffering cigarettes.

"No man. Cigars, doctor's orders."

Duggan had hardly heard. He was watching one of the local children gently pick up a stranded seagull, trying to avoid its terrified pecking. He felt a rush of gratitude, almost an expiation, at the boy's gesture. Maybe there was a chance after all.

"Hey, kid." The oilman approached the boy. Duggan felt annoyance.

"Listen kid, wanna earn a buck?"

The boy looked up, the seabird struggling in his hands.

"Doing what?"

"Tell me. Where can I get a cigar around here?"

Duggan watched, incredulous, as the oilman pulled one 10 dollar note from his wallet. The boy was staring at the note.

"Up at the kiosk. They've got 'em up there."

"Well, I'll tell you what kid. You just run up to this keesk of yours and come back with a pack of decent cigars and you can keep the change."

The boy's eyes widened. Duggan felt alarm.

"All of it?"

"Guess so."

"Geez."

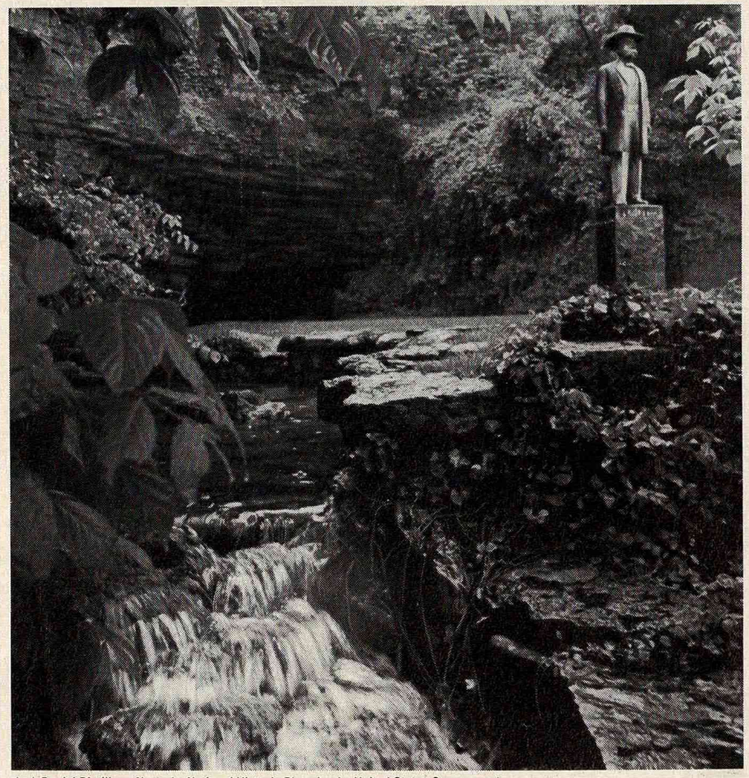
The boy put out his hand for the note. As he did so, the seabird flapped free and thumped into the oily sand. The boy ignored it, eagerly reading the 10 dollars. With a yell, he turned and pelted up the beach.

The oilman stood there, nonplussed. Duggan reached for the bird.

"Hey fella," he hesitated, "I didn't mean for him . . . you know . . ."

Duggan said nothing, uselessly trying to calm the dying seabird. Then he trudged off to the emergency station.

"The tits are real, but the smile is fake."



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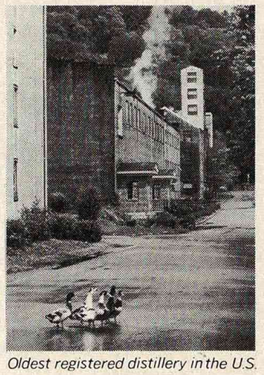

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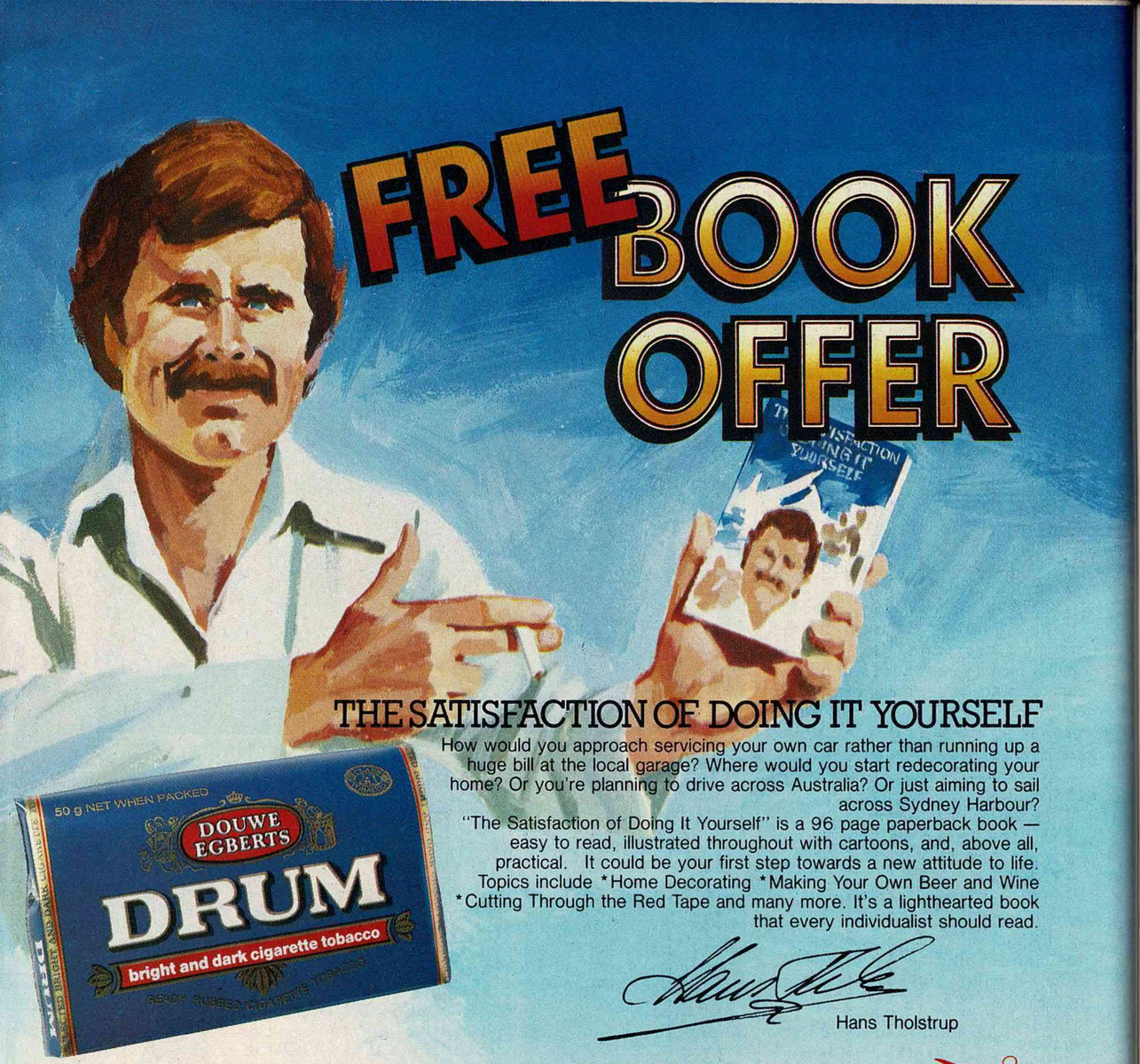

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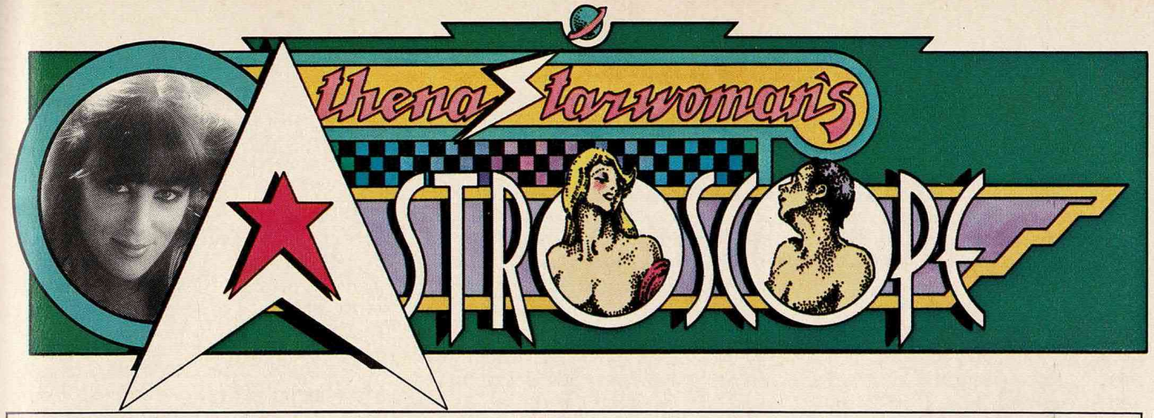

IF YOU've been waiting for a wild night to set the scene for sexual abandonment, the full moon on November 12 could prove exactly what you've been waiting for. Full moons create tension, and people look for ways and means to let off steam. The full moon's energies are cumulative, so the period starting on the 9th and finishing on the 14th should be an ideal time for wild living. This full moon is directly pointing at Scorpio, Taurus, Leo and Aquarius. They should feel an underlying restlessness and be subconsciously looking for excitement. On nights with these high sexual vibes in the air, obviously sex scores, 10 out of 10. Cancer, Pisces, Virgo and Capricorn, however, could become introverted and need more sexual attention than usual.

Between November 25 and 28 is a new moon. This is always the ideal time for staying home, catching that early night you've been needing, or ringing an old flame for a relaxed evening together. Sagittarius, Gemini, Pisces and Virgo will all feel the new moon's effect and could be a little withdrawn and needing some tender loving understanding. After the 28th, it's the time to start moving on any projects, especially for Leo and Aries.

Mr Aries

With all celestial stars pointing toward Arian relationships in this month, you can look forward to all kinds of sexual fun and games. If you want to get the most out of the coming month (and be coming a lot more) put on your old sneakers and start training . . . you're going to need to be fit! The women around you are going to be fast movers (in and out of bed) and delight in making you put up a good chase. Keep a watch out for a buxom brunette you could meet around the full moon on November 12th (this only applies if your Venus makes the right aspect). Remember, what you see with her isn't necessarily going to be what you'll get. She'll be out to prove she's self-sufficient, and needs sex and a man like she needs a hole in the head. Don't be fooled. Before you can say "women's lib", she's the type who could race you off to her bedroom just to show you that women definitely aren't the weaker of the sexes.

Ms Aries

This month, Ms Aries is hot — and doesn't care who knows it. She'll be using sex as her biggest power trip . . . let's hope over you! She'll tease, turn off, then do every trick she knows to turn you on again (and again, and again). If you can put up with her tease and freeze approach, you'll end up spending quite a lot of your spare time with her.

Mr Taurus

Full moons fine-tune the sexual senses and are guaranteed to make you really randy (so what's new?). Well, this month the full moon's magic is directing its sexual spell in your direction, making your vivid imagination and, in some instances, your bedroom follies, run riot. Lust will overrule logic, and you'll be drawn toward the bizarre, becoming possibly involved in sexual encounters you'd normally avoid. Watch out that stories of any extra-curricular activities don't fall on the wrong ears (especially where you have a Scorpio in your love life!). Try to censor carefully each passion-fired "sweet nothing" you utter, and whatever you do, don't put anything in writing. Women friends are going to be jealous and possessive as well as doubly suspicious.

Ms Taurus

Don't think Ms Taurus has gone crazy when she comes up with ideas for erotic pleasures that will blow your mind into fragments of fantasy and leave you breathless in anticipation. The full moon has set her sexually afire, and with all that sexual energy flowing . . . anything goes!

Mr Gemini

Ahead lies a mixed and matched month, with the chance of many social and group encounters (hopefully, of the foursome and moresomes variety). With your special lady out of town for a while, you could be left all alone, with enough time on your hands to fool around. Should temptation in the form of a curious and independent female cross your path, making it obvious that her intention is to take you home as a trophy, don't hesitate in placing yourself at her service. If you do, don't be surprised should she produce some very kinky gadgets and gimmicks. This month, the stars indicate some new sexual exposure. Now if there's any better distraction for a man on the loose, surely it has not been discovered yet?

Ms Gemini

She'll be telling tales out of the bedroom when she takes off her rose-colored glasses and faces the reality that her sexual involvements are more give than get. If you're the cad who has brought her undone, it could be wise to give her a "miss" for a while.

Mr Cancer

You'll be footloose, fancy-free and just dying for feminine company. Unfortunately, you'll be out-of-sorts

(of the female variety) and feel the kind of sexual frustration that can make Olive Oyle look like Raquel Welch. When you discover that it seems almost impossible to turn your fantasies into the realities you long for, you could become quite short in temper and very disagreeable. When other people begin to notice your lack of good humor (and the fact that you can't keep your eyes off the geriatric tea lady), tell them you're out of favor with the moon, then go out and see the sexiest movie showing in town. It isn't going to do you any good, but it will have to do until the planets (especially Venus) decide to put some Vitamin S (for SEX) back into your life again.

Ms Cancer

She's going to play hard to get, but only because she's using reverse psychology. What she really wants is to abandon herself totally in sexual debauchery. At the same time, she desperately wants you to think the idea stemmed from you. Don't contact her for week or two.

Mr Leo

If you've been on a quest to discover the woman of your dreams who is hot-blooded, loves screwing non-stop, has absolutely no conscience and delights in getting it on in the most bizarre places, don't get over-excited. This month looks like lean sexual times, so there's little chance that she will materialise into your life. However, there is a possibility that you could discover somebody you've been friendly with for quite some time has a hidden sexual light shining in your direction. But the temptation possibly won't be that great, and the person concerned could be a trifle too close to home. Yet in the light of the lack of planets kindling your sexual fires at the moment, she could prove quite a prize.

Ms Leo

She is swept up on a sexual roundabout and is playing too many bedroom games for her own good. Naturally, you could have difficulty convincing her that this is the case, and your view isn't a biased one. Be ultra-patient.

Mr Virgo

If you're happily married, totally faithful and in no way a philanderer (how boring), it would be safer not to wander far afield from your love nest during the month ahead. Temptation awaits you around each and every corner, but it's the type of temptation that appears ony when you least want it. If you're feeling randy and go out on the restless sexual prowl, you won't find a thing, but when you're partnered with somebody you really like, and go out to wine and dine, another woman (or even two) will instantly materialise who is totally devastating, and even more painful, can't seem to take her eyes off you! All you can do is put on your psychological blinkers, focus your seductive energies on the one you're with and act cool and casual. At the same time, try not to miss any extra opportunities either.

Ms Virgo

She's going to be full of sexual surprises this month and you won't have an inkling of how far she is prepared to go. If you want to dictate the terms of your relationship, the only way you will be certain of success is to watch her 24 hours a day.

Mr Libra

Your work could open up quite a lot of chances for special sexual adventures. You'll be surrounded by opportunities to walk into various great sexual possibilities, but with underlying disadvantages. With the stars stacked in your favor, you should expect confrontations with exceptional circumstances. To save yourself embarrassment, the Libran motto for the month ahead should be: "Look before you leap, and take time out for all necessary introductions, before rather than after."

Ms Libra

During the following month, she'll withdraw, preferring to spend time with her women friends. Just as you're beginning to think she could be up to something not quite kosher, she'll reappear and be desperate for some lusty male company.

Mr Scorpio

This month sees Uranus move out of your sign, making its urgent and undeniable effect on your life. There should be some significant events occurring as a direct result around the 12th. Uranus's erratic influence has been operating directly on your sign since 1975. Now, it is making a final impact. Every aspect of your life will feel repercussions. Should it affect your sexual urges, you'll discover they will be more demanding, immediate and quite overpowering. Trying to keep your attention focused on work, wife, home and family, or whatever is normal routine, could prove almost impossible. Once the Scorpio sex urge gets a jolt (especially of Uranian energy), you could discover yourself willing and able to take on any harem.

Ms Scorpio

She'll be out of phase and highly strung, almost driving you insane with the inconstancy of her whims and wishes. Fortunately, she'll be feeling horny as well — so keep her occupied. That way, she won't have the time or energy to cause chaos.

Mr Sagittarius

This month your sex life is likely to teach you the lesson that what you want isn't always what you need. With Neptune moving through your sign, your whole perspective of the way things are is going to be unrealistic. If you run into a vision of loveliness that to all intents and purposes looks like a little cosmic mermaid (all tail and still slightly wet behind the ears), don't let yourself fall into her tender trap hook, line and sinker. The kind of encounter you are likely to confront is going to be one of enlightenment, and you could find the enlightenment more in the form of "seeing the light" than shared bliss.

Ms Sagittarius

She'll be most wary of any pledges or promises you make this month and will only believe what she sees. You may have to prove yourself to her in some strange way, especially where the relationship is a serious one.

Mr Capricorn

If you've been awaiting some senses-reeling sexual soirees for the month ahead, you could find plans disintegrating around you. All your schemes and dreams may have to be put on "hold" when a woman (possibly a Cancer), or women, around you, becomes excessively demanding. You are going to be forced to confront insecurities, the kind that require constant reassurances. All this will create some tension, and worst of all, intrude into your freedom, but there is a way that may work to capitalise on all this interference. Rather than play the field, concentrate upon the one person in question. Generate enough sexual energy in her direction so she ceases to make life unbearable. Once this month comes to a close, that's the best time to close the chapter on her.

Ms Capricorn

She'll be lots of fun yet could also cost you lots of $$$s this month when she falls into an extravagant cycle, wanting the better things in life — and expecting you to provide them.

Mr Aquarius

This month you need a lover with a soft touch — somebody who by winding you down is really winding you right up again. Just now, what your mind and body needs more than anything, is to spend hour after hour involved in some gentle, sensual love-making. You've been wound up and strung out by all of the influences surrounding you. Where in the past you have craved high energy and red-blooded sex, now the pendulum is swinging back the other way. Once you find your mood mellowing out and you can relax into a laid-back blissful state, that's when your life begins its new cycle. Anxieties caused through business and other pressures start abating early this month, and with the pressure off, your own pleasure is the first thing you should organise. Expect some recurrence of excitement around the 12th and later, toward the weekend commencing November 21.

Ms Aquarius

She'll appear particularly fey this month, and you'll have to be honest and up-front; otherwise, she can see through any white lies immediately. Play it straight down the line, and you will find that she'll meet you right in the middle.

Mr Pisces

A chance to ride high — especially around the 12th and 28th of the month. All of the hedonistic Piscean pastimes you've been counting on could now appear, and you'll be right in your element. Your normally active sex life will be even more active, and you'll end the month feeling elatedly fatigued. If you are the kind of Pisces who roams far afield when looking for action, you won't find any shortage of beautiful bedmates. If you're involved in a super-special relationship at the moment, you'll find the time you spend together particularly erotic and sexually attuned with the whole cross-section of planetary influences around you. You'll be mixing in some unusual social groups. Watch out for a chance meeting with an old flame.

Ms Pisces

Seeking sexual variety will keep her busy. She'll be racing around, never staying anywhere long and anxious to be somewhere else and maybe with somebody else. Her restless quest stems from a desire to find love — so if you have some to spare, you could be just what she's looking for.

ARE OUR
35 GOLD MEDALS, 21 SILVER MEDALS, 31 BRONZE MEDALS,
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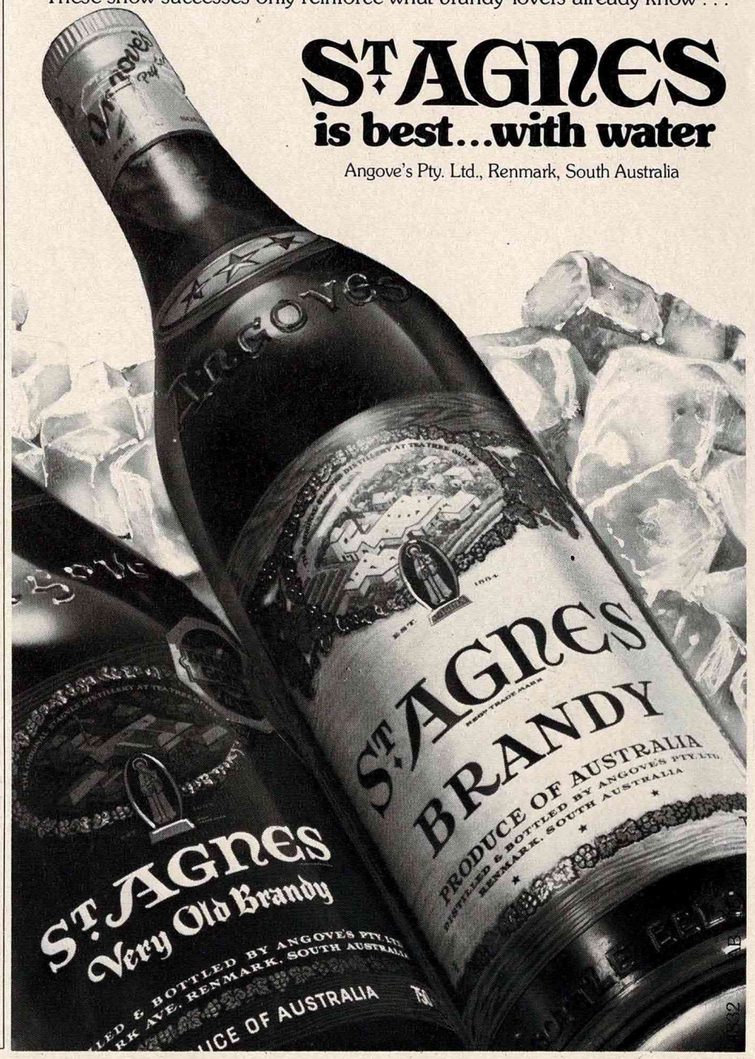
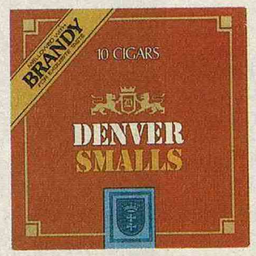
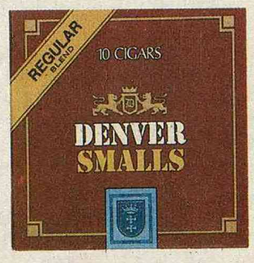
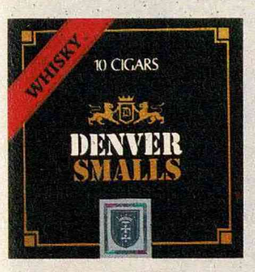


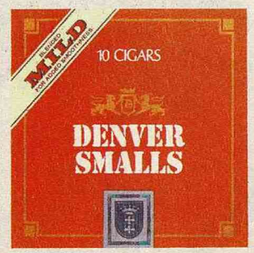
Denver Smalls.

Should've called 'em Denver Talls.









Longer than the others at the price. Four distinctive flavours and still better value than the rest.

P548

DICK PULLER'S POTPOURRI

VINTAGE HUMOR CULLED FROM THE STICKY, DOG-EARED PAGES OF LIFE ITSELF TO OIL THE SOCIAL WHEELS OF ALL THOSE PRE-CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTIES...

A FEW RABELAISIAN... BON MOTS TO DISTRACT YOUR SECRETARY'S ATTENTION WHILE YOU FUMBLE DESPERATELY WITH THOSE PESKY LITTLE BRA CLIPS...

© 1981. P. HARRISON.

AT VARIOUS STAGES IN HER LIFE, IT IS SAID, A WOMAN RESEMBLES THE CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD...

...IN HER 20s SHE'S LIKE AMERICA. YOUNG, FAST, EXPLOITING ALL HER RESOURCES AND OFFERING LIBERTIES TO EVERYONE...

...WHEN SHE'S IN HER 30s SHE'S LIKE AFRICA. A TIGRESS WITH UNTAMED ANIMAL PASSIONS...

...WHEN SHE'S IN HER 40s SHE'S LIKE THE ORIENT... EXOTIC & MYSTERIOUS. HER EMBRACE IS LIKE AN EASTERN BAZAAR, OFFERING RARE TREASURES AND MANY CHEAP BARGAINS...

...IN HER 50s SHE'S LIKE EUROPE. CULTIVATED... A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY... BUT EXHAUSTED. PICTURESQUE RUINS AND POINTS OF INTEREST VISITED MAINLY FOR PURPOSES OF TOURISM...

...BY THE TIME SHE'S 60 SHE'S LIKE AUSTRALIA... EVERYONE KNOWS IT'S DOWN THERE... BUT NO ONE'S PARTICULARLY INTERESTED!

HEY BABY! HOW ABOUT A F-F-F-F-F...

F.F..FEW MATCHES?

PHEW!

HA! I BET YOU THOUGHT I WAS GONNA ASK YOU FOR A F-F-F-F...

F-F-FULL BOX! DIDN'T YA?

AH, AT LAST, MOTHER SUPERIOR, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO SUNNY QUEENSLAND!

ER... DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

I SAID WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO... QUEENSLAND!

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

YOU DEAF OLD BITCH... I SAID BLOODY QUEENSLAND..!

WHERE THE COCONUTS ARE THIS BIG?..

..AND THE BANANAS ARE THIS LONG!

FATHER WHO?

THE SEXPERTS TELL US THAT WOMEN OF EACH NATIONALITY HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF EXPRESSING THEIR SATISFACTION AFTER A "GOOD TIME"...

THE FRENCH WOMAN, FOR EXAMPLE, IS PRONE TO EXCLAIM...

OH! LA LA! PHILLIPE... ENCORE! ENCORE!!

WHEREAS THE GERMAN WOMAN WOULD SAY...

AH, WUNDERBAR, BRUNO!.. MAYBE NOW YOU LIKE SOMEZING TO EAT?

THE AUSTRALIAN GIRL IS MOST LIKELY TO SAY...

THAT WAS BLOODY FAN-TAS-TIC! WHAT D'YA SAY YA NAME WAS?

AND THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE ENGLISH WOMAN...

FEELING A BIT BETTER NOW, ALF?

IT WAS A TYPICAL SUNDAY MORNING IN PADDINGTON... DARRYL WASN'T FEELING THE BEST...

WAS IT A CASE OF...'MISTAKEN IDENTITY'... BY INTERFLORA, OR JUST THE ROUGH END OF THE PINEAPPLE ?

MY BUM'S SO SORE... I THINK I'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR!

HALF AN HOUR LATER IN THE ANAL CASUALTY WARD OF A LEADING EASTERN SUBURBS HOSPITAL...

DARRYL... I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES..! ..I CAN SEE A BUNCH OF ROSES! HOW'D THEY GET UP THERE?

RECTO SCOPE

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW !!! ..ISN'T THERE A CARD WITH THEM?

RECTO SCOPE

DIARY OF A NEWCASTLE HOUSEWIFE

HEY! WHERE D'YA GET THE EXPENSIVE FUR COAT ?

I WON IT IN A RAFFLE!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK..

HEY! WHERE D'YA GET THOSE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS ?

I WON 'EM IN A RAFFLE!

THE NEXT WEEK..

..WHERE D'YA GET THAT PEARL NECKLACE ?

I WON IT IN A RAFFLE!

LOOK SWEETIE, I'M SO TIRED... COULD YOU BE A DEAR AND RUN ME A NICE HOT BATH?

OKAY, WHAT GIVES KNUCKLEHEAD ?.. THERES NOT EVEN AN INCH OF WATER IN THIS TUB!

SORRY HONEY... I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET YOUR "RAFFLE TICKET" WET!

GEE, I ADMIRE YOU SO MUCH DELVINE... YOU'RE SUCH A LIBERATED, MODERN WOMAN.. HOW DO YOU DO IT?

WELL!.. MONDAY NIGHT I STAY HOME ALONE & DO YOGA... TUESDAY NIGHT I'M OUT PRACTISING WITH MY BASKETBALL TEAM...

SO...O...O TOGETHER!

..WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS MY NIGHT OUT WITH THE GIRLS...

WOW! A MIND OF HER OWN!

..THURSDAY NIGHT I HAVE MY TECH COLLEGE CLASSES...

STRUTH! WHAT A WOMAN!

..AND FRIDAY NIGHTS I GO CRUISIN' THE SINGLES BARS..... ALONE!

!

..WELL, LET'S FACE IT, DOREEN, IF I HAVEN'T GOT A DATE BY THEN... ..SATURDAY NIGHT'S A "WRITE" OFF!

THE IMMORTAL (WE HOPE) MAE WEST... HAD A FAMOUS LAST LINE WITH WHICH TO FINISH ALL HER SHOWS...

...A GRAVELLY THROATED VOICE IN THE CHEAP SEATS TOOK A WILD STAB IN THE DARK WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS STILL TRYING TO THINK...

OKAY FELLAS... THE FIRST GUY WHO CAN GUESS THE WEIGHT OF MY CANARY GETS TO COME HOME WITH ME..

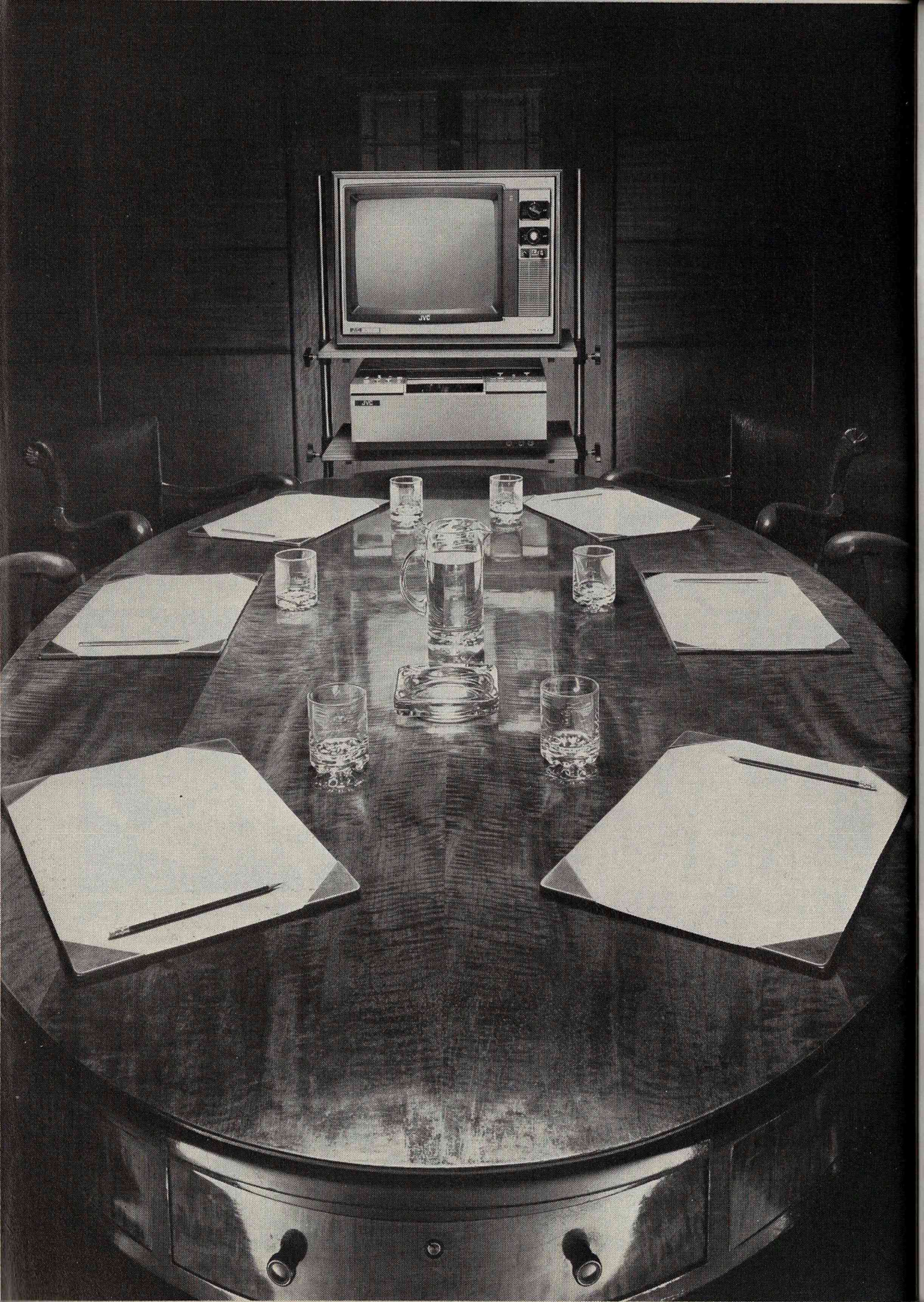
48 KILOS

CLOSE ENOUGH, BIG BOY! ...LET'S GO!

ANTIQUE

MAY I BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, MADAM?

YES! I'VE GOT THIS ANTIQUE TAMPON... ..AND WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT PERIOD IT COMES FROM!



HOW TO PUT A LEAR JET, TWO BULLDOZERS, SIX SEMI-TRAILERS AND AN OIL RIG INTO ANY BOARDROOM AND STILL HAVE ROOM FOR THE MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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What's more, JVC allows you to run a sales presentation at your own pace, complete with colour, action and sound.

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In fact, you'll find a JVC ¾" Video is a necessary tool in any sales presentation.

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You'll find that JVC is Australia's largest selling ¾" Video System.

And you'll find that we have the most intensive sales and service back-up programme available. So, if you're in the business of presenting and selling products, discover JVC.

We can put anything and everything you want into one boardroom.

And we won't cramp your style.

CR-6060ET Recorder: The logic control and full protection circuits mean that anyone can operate it without damage.

And you'll appreciate the JVC proven reliability.

7765AUM/D Monitor: The JVC black stripe picture tube and scene control gives bright, clear colourful pictures even in a well lit room.

CR-4400E Portable Recorder: Like the CR-6060ET, this unit has ¾" format. It's lightweight, easily portable and operates from its own re-chargeable batteries or A.C. The automatic assemble/edit feature lets you produce your selling programme in the field.

GX-88 Camera: Rugged, easy-to-use, at prices you can afford. Portable or mains operation with optional adaptor.

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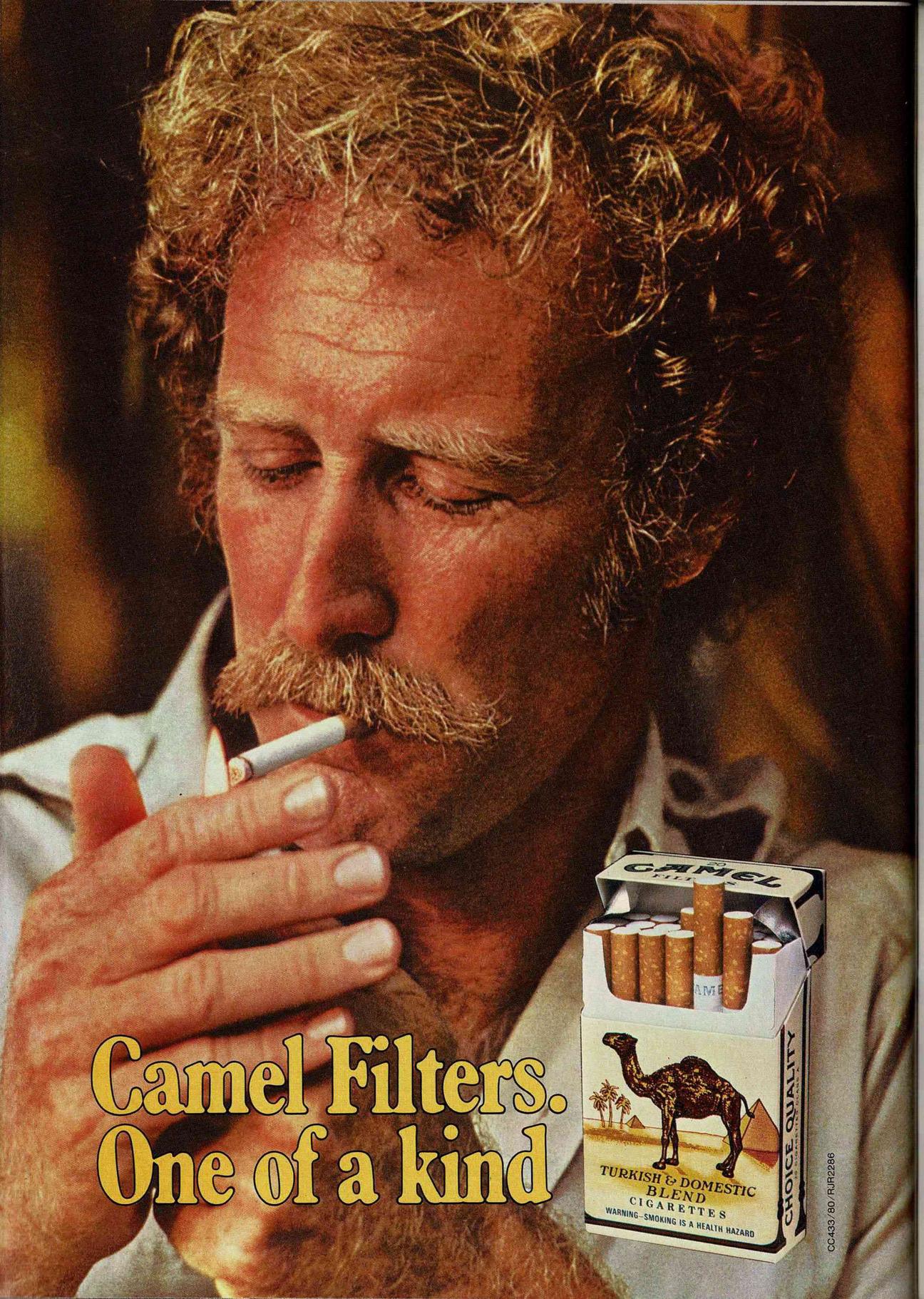


Continued from page 107

vehicle types, such as the boulevard-style Moretti and Monteverdi, and the agricultural Citroen Mehari, which looks as if it has been hacked out of a 44-gallon drum.

From Africa comes the Trax — a multi-purpose, serious off-road vehicle used by some East African military. Volvo produces a multi-wheel off-roader, and there are many others from America, South America and the Eastern Bloc countries. Even Space Invader technology has penetrated the style rooms of the 4WD producers with some notable prototypes. One is the Ford Tuareg, which looks like it would have difficulty getting out of the driveway, let alone up a dirt bank, but the Savanna, a Golf-sized Jeep-style, Italian designed four-by-four using Ford Transit running gear, is a serious and stylish contender. Another Italian, the Embo, uses modular construction to convert quickly into four completely different configurations.

Paralleling the vehicle boom is the explosion in after-market products for these vehicles. It is an astonishing (and unique) aspect of the off-road business that the hang-on bits specified by customers can equal the purchase price of the vehicle. When the market is vibrant and healthy, like now, where some industry estimates are around $4000 in accessories to each car. In the past, it has been estimated at even more. During the boom, between $6000 and $7000 in accessories was common, but it is a fragile area of the market and the echo of dozens of big companies hitting the bottom of the financial mineshaft during the last crunch still haunts the industry.

The reason is that a big percentage of accessories and special equipment is flogged to the recreation market. The so-called "serious", or commercial market, can do without it. Not that it's all cosmetic, or luxury. It's just that a lot of it is dispensable or optional on real workhorse equipment. Across-the-board products endure, like winches, free-wheeling hub conversions, canopy conversions, protection packs (bullbars/brushbars, etc). Even so, all have their markets pruned back in tight times when the Pitt Street posers and hobby farmers find their bank accounts can't stretch to cover equipment that may be purchased more to project a macho image than for serious use.

Still, the specialised equipment industry has been valued as high as $50 million a year. High premium items such as air-conditioners are included in this count. (AMC units average $600-$1000 a car and are now fitted as original equipment to some vehicles.) So, too, are optional wheel/tyre combinations (usually costing around $800-$1000 a set, and there is currently a waiting list).

There is a dazzling range of specialised equipment and conversions. *Bushdriver* magazine reports that one firm, Sydney Speed Shop, replaces hundreds of "dangerous" and inadequately designed seats in a wide range of 4WD vehicles each year. In some cases, it is possible the Recaro orthopaedic seat becomes the only factor separating the occupants from life in a wheelchair.

Factory shock absorbers often seem to be made from plasticine when they are subjected to Australian conditions. Firms like Monroe Wylie build tens of thousands of replacement shockers a year specially for off-road vehicles. CB radios are big business for communication, safety and emergency. Stereos are similarly lucrative — perhaps to drown out the bump and grind of many agricultural 4WDs. It is not uncommon to find an off-road vehicle equipped with almost $2000 worth of exotic Bose stereo hif-fi system, multiple speaker installations and all.

There is an enormous market in replacement tyres, usually specific purpose tyres. All-round rubber may not be suitable for bush-bashing, or sand, so B.F. Goodrich, Goodyear and other companies make specific tyres for specific purposes at specifically high prices — $130 to $180 is common. Goodrich now offers an economy option for most makes — the Trail-maker radial for about $100.

And a new market is developing for engine improvements, this time in the exotic form of turbo-charging. The Sydney firm of Rymec Turbochargers reports that its installations are not confined to low-powered or small capacity vehicles. Certainly diesels are rolling in the door to get more shove, but even six-cylinder Broncos and Datsun MQ Patrols have been recently converted. There are kits available for virtually every make and model, ranging in (installed) price from $1600 (diesels) to $1900 (most petrol engines). Turbos turn slugs into drag racers, and small capacity units like the Suzuki Sierra suddenly develop long legs and start eating up open road miles more effortlessly. Power increases of around 40 percent are common.

The variety of specialised equipment is staggering. Some firms are doing business with conversions like the Stepside pick-up or utility — a method of glamorising a utility while frequently reducing its loadspace! Most gear can be obtained from off-road emporiums — big outfits like Sunraysia at Auburn, Sydney.

There is no end in sight. The market is booming, the after-market is exploding and a whole publishing industry has grown around the supply of information — general and specialised — to a hungry consumer market. The Australian geography and environment are suitable guarantees of the future.

NISSAN has shed its agricultural image and aimed straight into the up-market car-type 4WD sector with the MQ Patrol. The company's market spread is broad with a full range of MQs amplified by pick-ups and a surprise packet of 4WD long-wheelbase pick-ups in the King-Cab and Dual-Cab range. Another JEEP revival spread-eagled the market from $12,000 to $20,000 with diesel/petrol and military/sedan-style units. Renegade is shown.

SEE PAGE 171 TO FIND HOW YOU CAN WIN A TURBO SUZI

INSTANT REPLAY

Motoring by Rob Luck

THE BARCLAYS TR7 Pro-Am series has been run and done. The PLAYBOY entry (No. 69) ran 5th, 4th, 2nd DNF and 4th in the listed amateur section. Of the "real" amateur entries, it finished considerably better — 3rd, 1st, 1st, DNF and 2nd. That's not a cop-out — the series was structured so that professional level drivers were grouped with the "really truly" amateurs. The controversy started from the first race, when Channel 7 commentator Mike Raymond questioned Peter Hopwood's amateur status, and continued to the end, degenerating into heated scenes on and off the track.

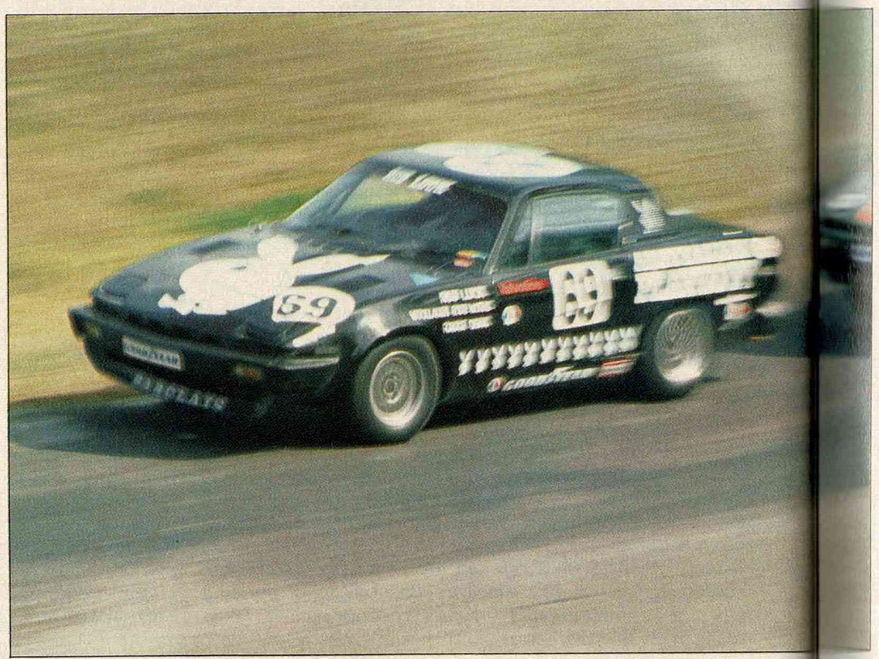
The series should really have been called the FACT-Pro-Am, because it evolved into those three categories before a wheel turned. The FACT group comprised five factory-chosen and paid professional drivers in five near-as-damnit identical factory racers — Richards, Morris, Bond, Geoghegan and Johnson (though Johnson ran in only four).

Group two were the Pros — rated drivers, regular racers, call them what you like, but don't call them amateurs. Guys like Peter Hopwood, Terry Daly and Mike Griffin, hardened, experienced racers with every-other-weekend race histories.

Then there were the amateurs, the real amateurs, like hotshot rookie Garry Waldon, sponsoring himself in his first fling in the TR7 he won by setting fastest time all year at the Village Grand Prix. And the others: Glen Molloy (Plaspak), Ed (Strongbow) White, Roger Gates, Allan Springett, and at times, Ralph Kell and Gordon (Fred's Treads) Rich, Chris Hones in the Village Grand Prix official entry, Carol (Genevieve) Barker-Alldis, your motoring editor in the PLAYBOY 69'er, sponsored by Valvoline, Woollahra Motor Body Works and (Alan) Fender Signs, all of whom turned out to be particularly necessary, plus a host of support from the industry — from Goodyear Tyres to Performance Wheels. All of us in this category were new-boy racers, real amateurs, especially when it came to preparation.

Most us us didn't even practise before the first race weekend. A Leyland familiarisation day in ours/factory cars was the extent of our breaking-in program. This produced one of the great contrasts of the season — in the factory cars, some Ams set identical times to the Pros. Such competitiveness proved elusive when our own cars were pitted against factory cars.

Most cars first hit the track with little more preparation than the installation of the standard Rallyspeed rollbar/cage, fire extinguisher, and ignition kill switch. Some were less than ready, like Chris Hones, whose car was turned upside down in private practice by a broken wheel. He went to Round One wearing the skid marks, but he went. Some of us (like me) took delivery of our cars only a week or so before Round One. This was a big difference from the factory cars, with almost two years of development and a kilobuck budget for preparation. The same with the professional drivers like Daly (who got the Leyland works development car) and Peter Hopwood (who admitted to 500 laps of practice setting up his magnificent John Thompson entry).



Luck passed Daly (top), Hopwood (bottom) for first amateur, before being "heavied" by Hopwood.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS ELFES

On the surface, the factory assistance for the Ams was good. Certainly, Leyland personnel convoluted themselves getting the Ams to the track, supplying bits, etc, but the factory development organisation of Ron ("I can't tell you everything") Gillard Motors, supplied only the superficial info. It was an object lesson in one of motor racing's fundamentals — "Yerronyerownmate", but it left some of us wondering just what the factory prep-team was frightened of — some real competition between the Pros and the Ams?

That one was answered right off in Round One, when the amateurs got among the factory drivers, despite a lack of competitive machinery — both in practice times and the race itself.

But it wasn't just a walk-up start. We had to fight, and the Pros mainly came out on top. Hopwood and Daly quickly split the factory bunch with their next-to-factory cars. And some of the pure Ams (including Waldon and me) were up there. The FACT-Pro-Am gap closed right down next meeting. To virtually nothing. Reason was a wet-weather practice day. Waldon and I split the factory cars and headed ALL the Pros. This race meeting saw the start of the most expensive confrontation of the series, when Hopwood (Pro) made a brilliant start on a dry race-day track and took out Garry Waldon (Am) in lap one.

It started a war — guerrilla style. Unfortunately, both organisers and officials ignored it. So it got worse. Hopwood hit Waldon again in Round Three, and Waldon miscued the payback and bought the wall. Waldon got it right next round, and put Hoppy into a 360 spin off the start, and Roger Gates and I slammed Hoppy. Hopwood and Gates scored the carpark, and I staggered back up the field, reeling in places, until Molloy fenced me in Winfield.

Before the last round, somebody tried to organise a truce, but the boys refused. Real gripping stuff, like Romper Room replays. So we went off and raced anyway. Fortunately, Waldon dropped the ball off the line and didn't get close enough to Hopwood to tangle with him. I did. I bumped him for fourth, then he nearly stuck me into the wall in Breville — right in front of the whole pressbox!

Not that it was limited to me. Hopwood spread it around. Said Daly, who teamed with him for the CRC 300 later: "He even hit me!" It's a pity. As a guy, I like Hoppy. It's just that on the track he has the charisma (plug for a sponsor) of a streetfighter. And it's a pity that a talented rookie like Waldon got sucked in.

Still, it was great racing, great competition, 10 minutes of balls-out, over-the-limit motor racing that sent the adrenalin gushing, the ultimate place for a rookie to cut his teeth.

But "Poor Man's" racing it was not. I proved that, despite following the classic formula. I started stock — straight off the street, driving the car in the suburbs weekdays, racing at meets, driving to and from the track.

The opposition just ran away and hid, so I got a factory engine and half the factory suspension — half because it was never right (Harry Firth looked at it in the scrutineering bay and asked how much extra they charged to jack up the back end). The most satisfying drive was a third-round run from 10th on the grid to 5th outright and 2nd amateur (behind Hopwood).

The mods bill just kept running up. The factory engine cost a grand and the suspension was another grand's worth, though Heasman's footed the bill. It was worth it, even though it still wasn't "factory". The insurance, through Terry Lipman and Lloyd's of London, was worth a grand for the season. The Compomotive three-piece wheels brought me in line with the factory mounts for dry weather, and the Performance Wheels (the only one-piece economy wheels available for TR7s) kept me competitive in the wet. Goodyear supplied their excellent Super Steel radials for everybody. So the balance was even there (it now looks like the Super Steels are the only tyres to win a Series Production with).

I looked all season for some simple edge. I believe I found it in brakes. Ignoring the factory "standards" recommended by the works' tuners, and opting for Girlock's (LDBs for those who want to know). What made them work for me was Girlock's detailed breaking-in instructions (thanks, Martin Fell). I used Champion spark plugs, too, though the factory turned away from them. When I timed the car on the street from 2000 to 4000 revs in top, it went slightly harder.

I also changed the steering wheel — I went UP in size. A bigger diameter Momo from Carisma gave me better leverage in the Loop, where the cars hung on the ragged edge and were dicey getting back from sideslides. Finally, in the last round, I replaced the rear springs with a set from a stock-standard TR7 road-going Pro-car. It dropped the bum an inch, though the tape showed I was still taller than the factory cars. But the car was neat and fast out of Winfield, which gave me more legs up the chute and over the hill. And that's the secret, Ronnie Boy, so chew on that.

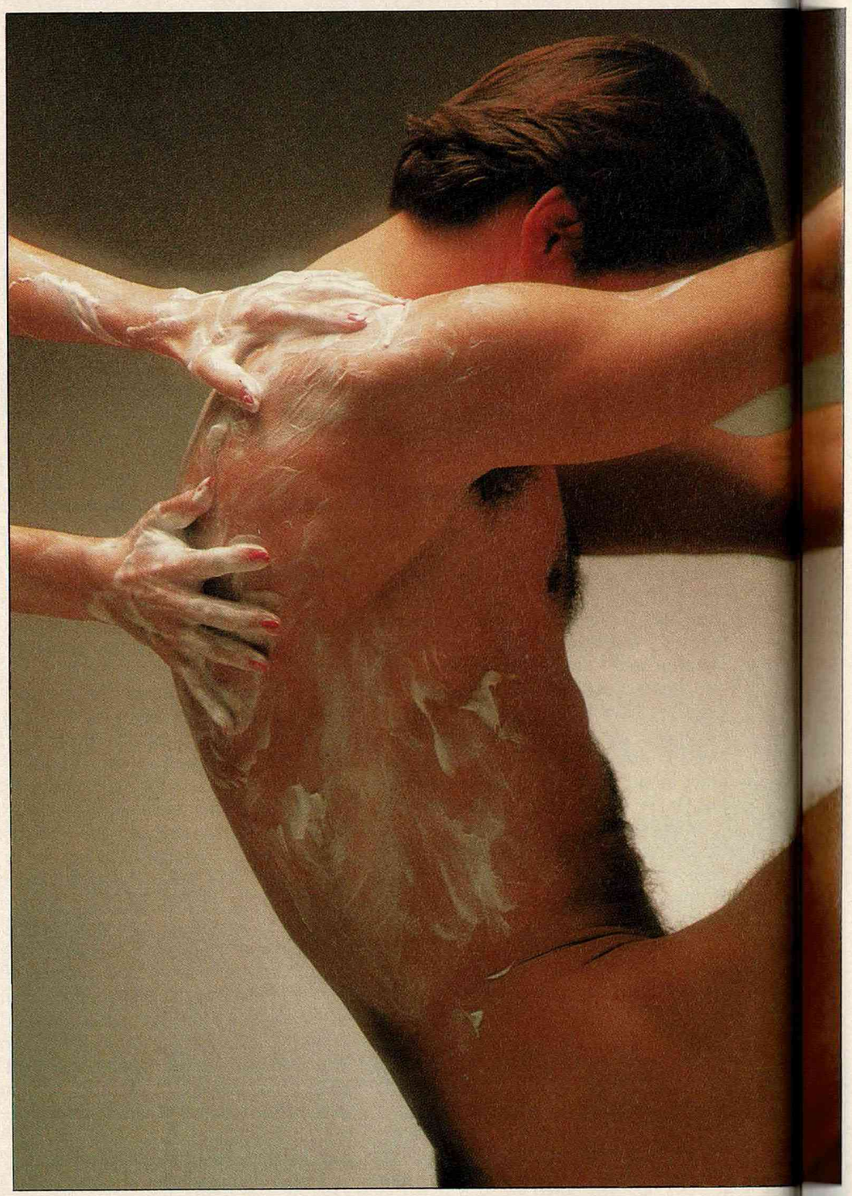
In the last round, Richards did a 1:05.1, Hopwood a 1:05.4 and I did a 1:05.6, without a wheel alignment, with one wheel half falling over, wrong wheelbases, and a hand-tuned engine (Brett climbed into the engine back on Saturday night and tweaked the distributor into an estimated slot). That'll do me for a finale.

But the best part of it all was the people. It was Graham Storah, Rymec general manager, putting his sanitary new Goldring Sports Sedan Torana aside to try to get my wheels straight. It was Richard and Brett and Peter and Terry and all the guys who pitched in to push me there. It was Alan Fender, working into the night with his brush with the care of an artist. It was the guys at Leyland finding bits from nowhere; the guys at Caldwells scrounging TR7 seconds from wrecks; Ken Webb and Mick Farr lying in the dirt trying to find some brakes for me; Kris Matich racing over a new skid lid; or Peter Mulder finding a new fireproof suit (you go through a lot of underwear in this business); it was Kerry Savage working until midnight buffing tyres so that my ground contact was up to factory scratch; and Ian Lee and Helve ferrying all sorts of rubber all over the place to get me there. It was Ben Lowe over at Valvoline saying: "Here's a little bonus for getting your act back together again after that big shunt. And good luck from us." It was clues from guys like Colin Bond and Bob Morris (who didn't have to), and thoughtful analysis and tactics from Ross Bond (who had been there and done it first). It was endless shortcuts from Susie Middenway and the ARDC girls; from Estelle Martin and the CAMS crew. It was also an instructive and sympathetic guidance from the race stewards, officials, scrutineers, and timekeepers, all of whom had a reasonable story to tell.

That is what made it all for me — that and the incredible surge of adrenalin that made it all come together on the track. It's the part of motor racing I like to remember.

MAKING GOOD SCENTS

Choosing your own body smell is like creating a personal aura. And it can work to your advantage. Grooming by Kate Stead



HAVING looked in detail at hair and skin, the most obvious showcards of good grooming, perhaps it's time to step back and take an overall view. The fundamental rule of total good grooming for everyone is, of course, all-over cleanliness.

Coming clean can be fun, and an evening bath liberally sprinkled with body shampoo or soothing epsom salts will wash away the blues. Invest in a loofah for when you've got time for a soak in the tub, and scrub every square inch of skin, from the soles of the feet up to your neck, working up a creamy lather on the way. The tingly feeling you'll feel afterward is something akin to a sauna/whirlpool experience — very stimulating!

Aramis have an invigorating body shampoo which can be dropped in the bath, or you can use it in the shower instead of soap. Good scented soaps can be found in your favorite brand of cosmetic range. If you try to match them with your preferred after-shaves and colognes the odors won't clash.

AFTER-BATH SCENTS

Deodorant is a daily security measure we recommend to everybody. Here, the choice seems infinite, but again, it's nice to co-ordinate it with your preferred fragrance. The same goes for body talcs, which, when dusted over the body, absorb excess moisture and helps control perspiration. Elbows, knees and any other dry patches require a daily moisturiser. Look for hand and body moisture lotions in your chosen range of cosmetics. If you're using Halston products on your face now, their all-purpose moisturising gel will serve for hands and body.

Choosing your scent is rather like choosing the clothes you wear — it's all about creating your own image, your personal aura. Loris Azzaro, the man behind the Azzaro Pour Homme range, says: "I would like to offer every man a secret advantage in the fascinating game of seduction — my *Eau de Toilette* will make him sensual and almost impossible to resist."

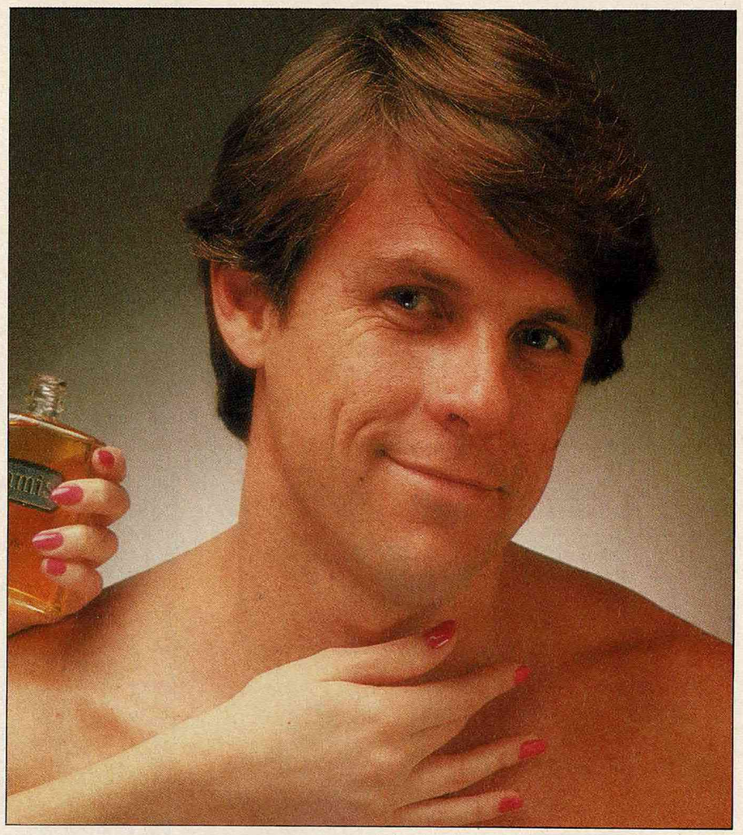
A heavy claim? Maybe, but at a recent staff lunch, a usually sedate female went berserk over one guy's scent (which happened to be Azzaro). It seems she once had a friend who wore the stuff. Whether it was the scent itself or the memory that drove her crazy, we don't know, but the incident did seem to provide proof of the pudding.

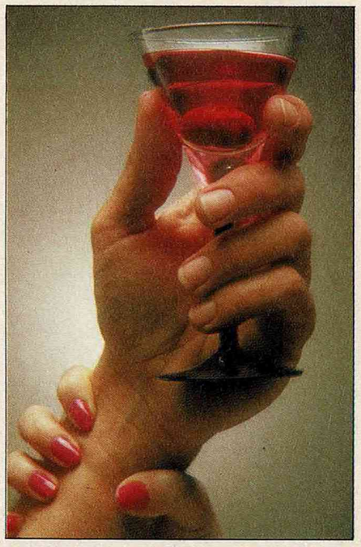
Scents come in three different strengths — *cologne,* the lightest, with three to five percent fragrance in an alcohol base; *eau de toilette,* a five to eight percent fragrance; and *concentrate,* which is uncommon in men's ranges because it is generally considered too strong for most Australian and American tastes.

Most cosmetic counters provide an array of test bottles you can try before you buy. Test by dropping some on the wrist or palm of your hand, and give it time to settle down. Try living a day on what you've tested before passing judgement. Don't try more than three different fragrances at once because you'll soon lose the ability to differentiate between them.

The choice is yours — you will know whether a scent is too sweet, too dry or too strong. Generally, too weak is better than too strong. You don't want to leave a "whiffy" trail.

Bear in mind that sunlight, heat and air-conditioning diminish the power of scent, so it's best to buy small bottles. Once a bottle has been opened, its life span runs no longer than a year. Heat also intensifies a fragrance, so go for a lighter strength in summer.





Never mix your fragrances. Apply them to your chest and thighs so that the fragrance rises and infiltrates your clothes. Not too much, though — a hint is sexy; an obvious dousing can be quite offensive.

HANDS

Your hands are an important point of focus, so make sure you can be proud of them. It goes without saying that nails should be super-clean, trimmed and neat. Try a professional manicure to set you on the road, and if you're engaged in manual work, you'll need to apply hand cream more often. Ella Bache's men's ranges include a Vitamin E hand cream, and the Aramis Devon Outdoor Hand Formula will give your hands the "kid gloves" treatment, insulating your skin against harsh weather.

The same rules of caring for hands apply to the feet. In grooming, it's the little things that count. When you go barefoot in summer, try to put your best foot forward — clean, trimmed and straight nails, softened skin. Rid your feet of built-up calluses with a pumice stone, and see a chiropodist for nasty corns or bunions.

The whole idea is to do the best you can with what you've got without becoming narcissistic. Once you've organised the raw material — your hair, skin, and body — you can build up your style of dress and accessories, which we'll have a look at next time.

Photography by Luis Martin

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1980 Bin 23 Rhine Riesling has a soft varietal Rhine Riesling bouquet. The flavoursome palate shows excellent varietal fruit character very well balanced by a crisp clean acid finish.
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PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 11.0% ALC/VOL
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SSB/LW/023

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2 It's a wine that goes beautifully with seafoods.

3 You have some friends dropping in.

4 It's a wine people like for its consistency.

5 It's made by Lindemans.

6 It's your birthday.

7 A chilled bottle of Bin 23 makes even a plate of sandwiches seem like a banquet.

8 You're giving a dinner party and want a wine that everyone will enjoy.

9 A delicious wine to serve with ethnic dishes like kebabs and a Greek salad.

10 It's not your birthday.

11 It's made with rhine riesling grapes.

12 For a quality wine it's remarkably inexpensive.

13 At leading wine shows throughout Australia Bin 23 has won 17 gold, 37 silver and 31 bronze medals.

14 A sunny day, a hammock and an empty glass.

15 It's the most popular rhine riesling sold in Australia.

16 You're going to a dinner party.

17 Leading restaurants and hotels have a chilled bottle waiting for you.

18 It's the perfect light wine to take on a picnic.

19 It brings out the flavour of your favourite entree.

20 It's just the wine to enjoy with Chinese food or a hot Malaysian satay.

21 It sets the standard for other rhine rieslings.

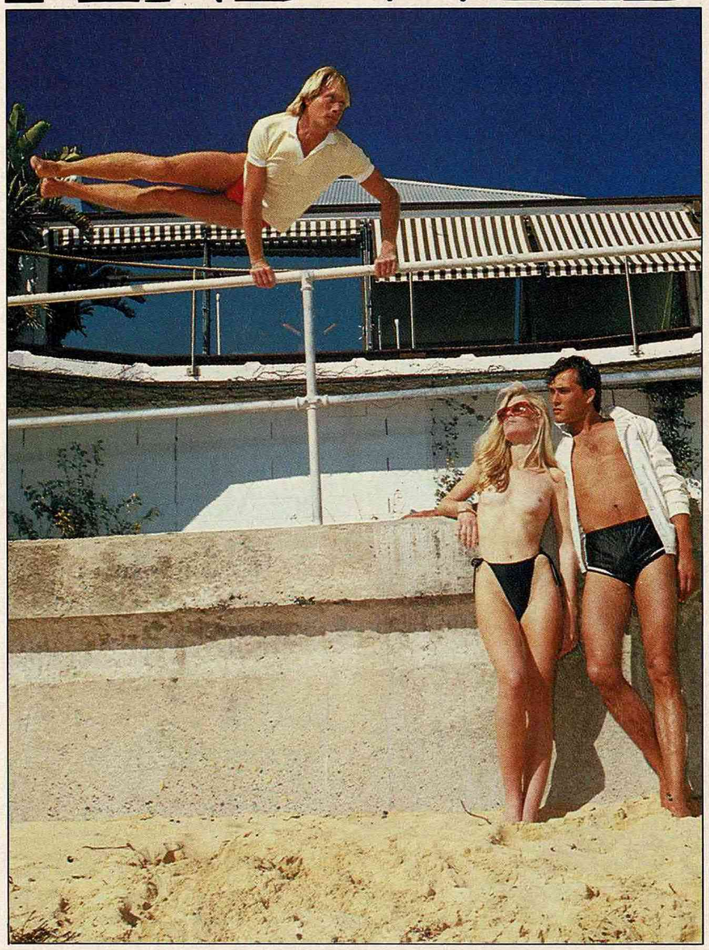
22 She's coming to dinner and Bin 23 tastes even better by candlelight.

23 You enjoy the other wines in Lindemans Private Bin Collection.

for choosing Lindemans Bin 23 Rhine Riesling

AB/1301/81 SSB/LW/023 R

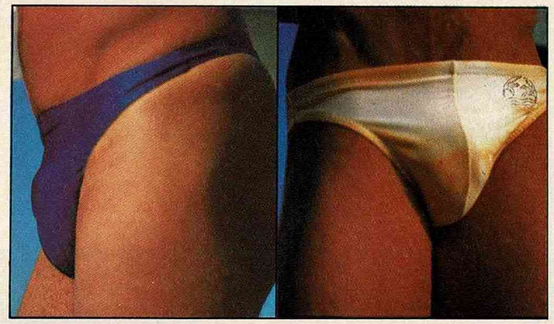
Wet And Wild



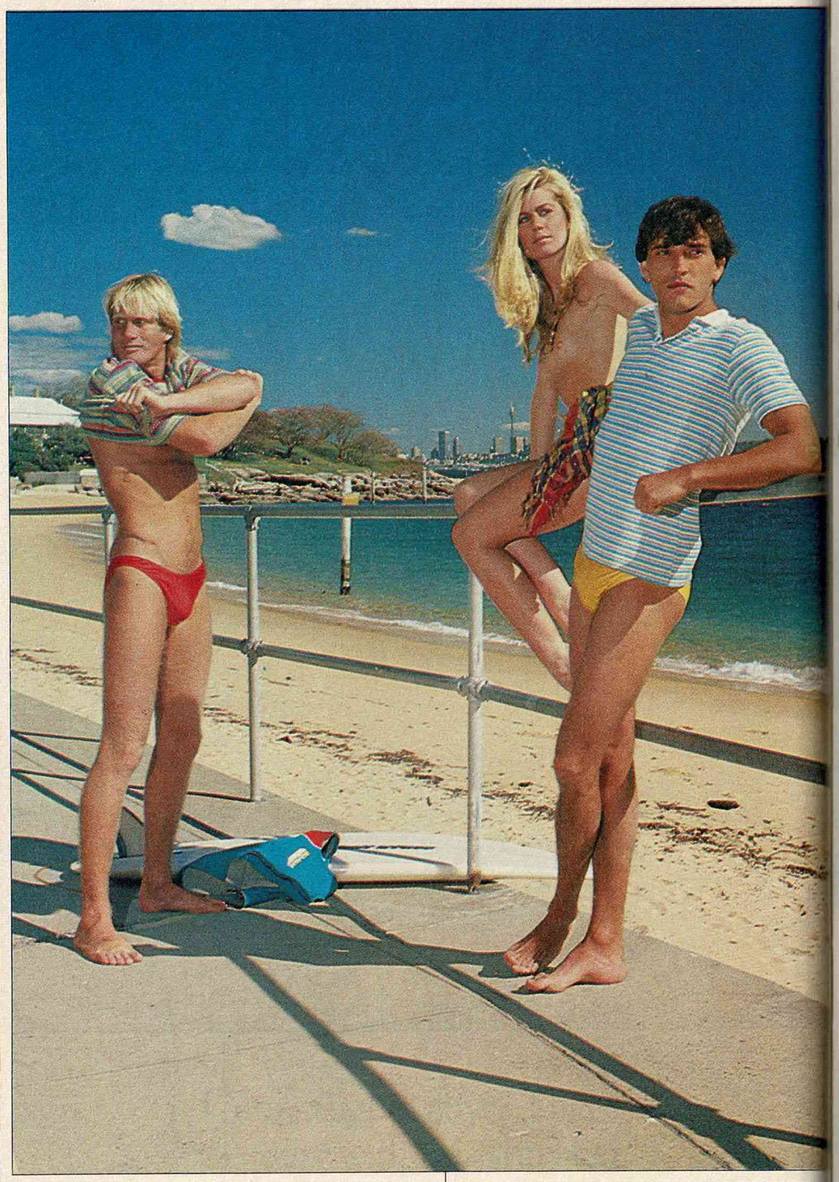
Left: Red swimmers by Brian Rochford ($15), lemon T-shirt by Pierre Charbonnier ($36); black/white swimmers by Lakiss ($30); jacket by Charbonnier ($70); her bikini bottom by Rochford ($26); sun glasses by Jonathan Sceats. Top: Striped mesh shorts by Speedo ($14). Above: Red and black striped swimsuit by Speedo ($14).

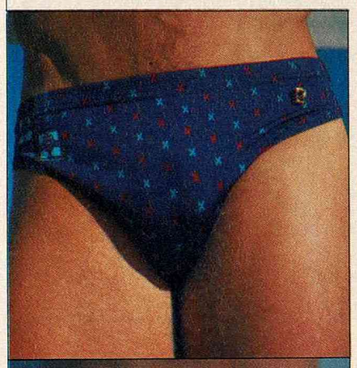
Think thighs, guys. That's the message with this summer's range of swimwear: briefer, bolder, higher on the hip and designed to turn the prettiest of heads your way.
Fashion by Kate Stead

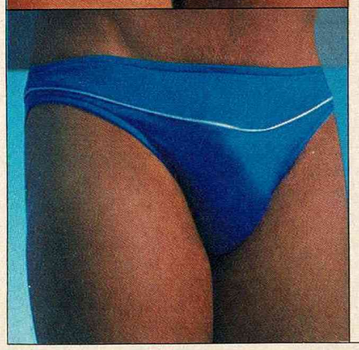
Right: Skimpy thong-style swimsuit by Brian Rochford ($11). Far right: Yellow hand-dyed swimsuit, also by Rochford ($19).



Navy blue swimsuit by Pierre Cardin ($24); two-colored snug-fitting swimmers, also by Cardin ($24); her bikini by Rosemary Lakiss-Smith ($20); jewellery by Sportsgirl.

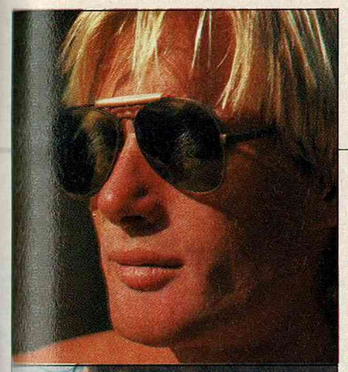


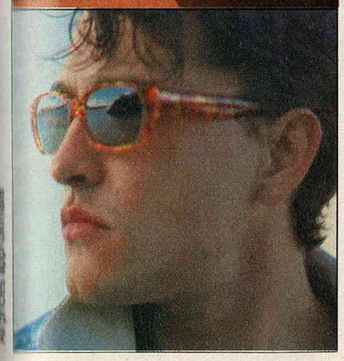




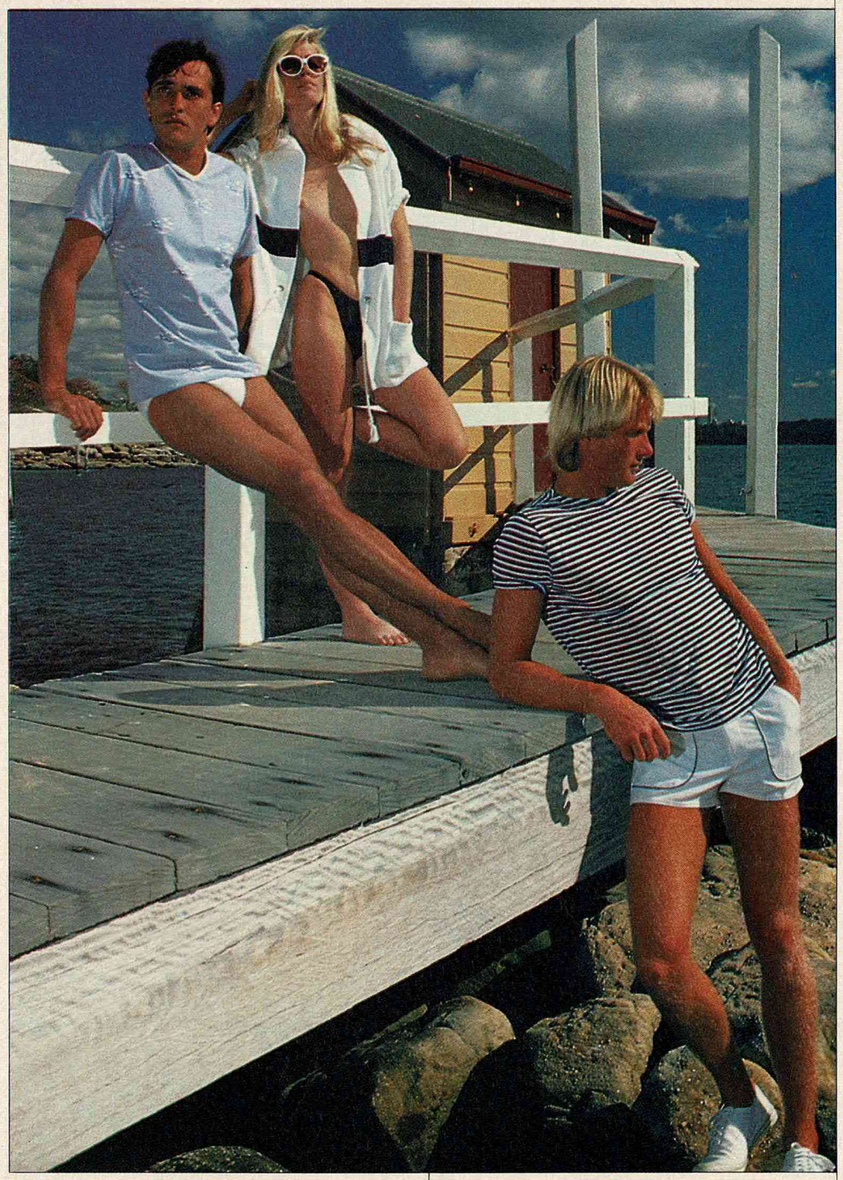
Below: Cardin motif swim briefs ($24). Bottom: Swim shorts in blue lycra with white piping by Lakiss ($25).

Red swim briefs by Lakiss ($21); multi-colored striped T-shirt by Pierre Charbonnier ($26); yellow swim briefs also by Lakiss ($21); and blue and white striped T-shirt by Charbonnier ($36); her scarf and jewellery by Sportsgirl.





Top and above: Sun glasses by Jonathan Sceats ($37.50).



White racing swimsuit by Speedo ($14); worn with cotton T-shirt by Charbonnier ($25); white shorts by Cardin ($32); Breton T-shirt, Cardin ($20); she wears a Rosemary Lakiss-Smith bikini bottom ($20) and borrows his Cardin towelling beach jacket ($60). Sun glasses by Jonathan Sceats.

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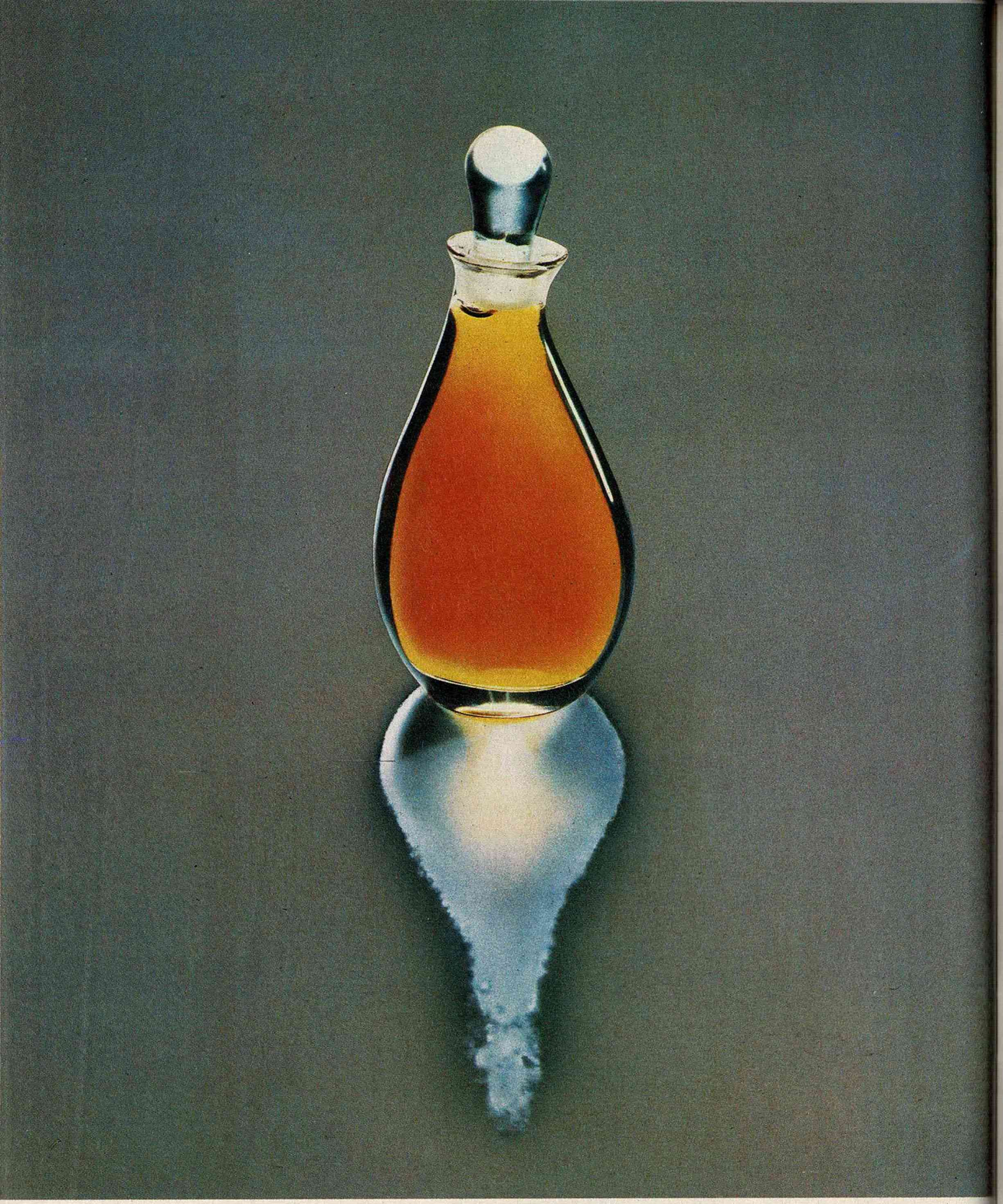
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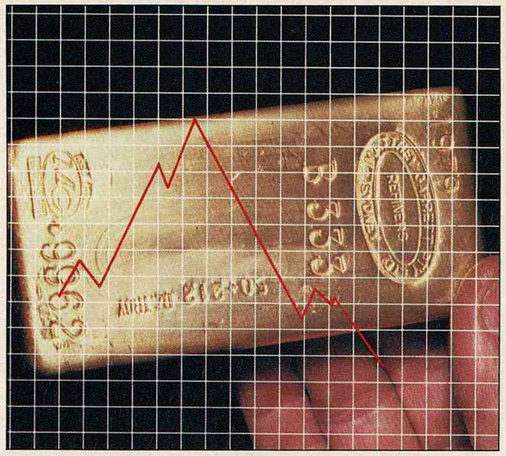

THE ADS seem to be appearing just everywhere: There is no better time to buy gold; Green light to buy gold; Invest in *real* money. Are the ads correct? Is this *really* the right time to buy gold?

Advertisers make various claims about the virtues of gold, but of all the reasons advanced for buying the metal, the only one which really interests the investor is that owning gold provides him with some protection from inflation.

Not only advertising copywriters working for bullion dealers believe this. I should say they *used* to believe this, because recent events have tested their faith. From a 1980 high of $850 (gold prices are quoted in US dollars per troy ounce), the price has fallen to around $400 an ounce. In other words, gold lost half its value during that period when inflation steamed along at 10 percent, so what kind of inflation protection is that?

The fact is that you would have done better to buy $850 worth of beer in early 1980 than an ounce of gold. The price of beer has since increased by 20 percent, giving you a fine profit, even after inflation, and should you get thirsty, you can always dip into your stock (beer is a true "liquid" asset). Gold, on the other hand, will not quench your thirst, calm your hunger pangs, keep you warm, or do much of anything at all. Its only value to investors is that other people want it. Nobody knows quite why anybody wants gold. Some philosophers say gold's indestructibility represents immortality; yet others see its lure as primarily sexual — that is, gold makes its owner desirable to the opposite sex. All agree, however, that gold's lure is psychological, rather than practical. Indeed, this is gold's main problem. Its price is not a simple function of supply and demand; nor does gold always respond predictably to inflation and deflation. Instead, the gold price is determined by a primitive psychological instinct — fear.

Economist Roy Jastram, in his book *The Golden Constant,* notes commodity price trends, currency fluctuations and the price of gold in England from 1560 to 1976. He did the same for the US between 1800 and 1976. When Jastram looked at changes in the price (measured by its purchasing power) as a function of inflation, he found that instead of increasing with inflation, gold actually *lost* value during every English inflation between 1623 and 1976. During one long inflationary period from 1897 to 1920, gold lost two-thirds of its value. And the same pattern existed in America. There were times when gold's price actually increased with inflation, but in each instance, the inflation was extremely severe. During Germany's massive inflation following World War One for example, when billions of marks were required to buy a loaf of bread, gold increased in value. So, too, did chocolate, cigarettes and anything else that wasn't paper money.

Gold prices also rise in times of severe deflation. During the Great Depression of the 1930s, gold's value increased rapidly, while the price of just about everything else (including beer) decreased. What is the common denominator? Why does gold's value increase during severe inflation *and* deflation, but not in moderate ones? Why did gold skyrocket to $850 an ounce, only to sink to $400 a year later? The answer is fear. Gold is *not* a hedge against inflation, nor does it represent "real" wealth (whatever that is). It is simply an ancient relic from our superstitious, barely civilised past. It is what people flock to when they lose faith in modern society and in our collective future. High unemployment, social unrest, worthless money, war, and even natural disasters — anything which produces fear — drives people to buy gold. Whether this is a good time to buy gold depends on your view of the future. If you think we are headed for trouble, that money will soon be worthless and that war is imminent, then by all means invest in gold; if you are more optimistic about the future and think we will overcome the difficulties which face us, then gold is not for you.

Gold is also not for you if you have only a little money to invest. Banks, smelters, and big bullion dealers trade in 400-ounce gold ingots, and usually require that trading be done for at least three ingots at a time in cash (no Bankcard). If you don't have $500,000 to spend on gold, you'll be forced to buy smaller amounts, and you'll pay more than the official prices quoted in the daily newspapers. For instance, jewellery ingots (the sort you wear on a necklace) currently sell for around $30 to $39 a gramme. Since there are 62.2 grammes in a troy ounce, this represents a gold price of between $1866 and $2426 an ounce, or about 5 to 6 times the official price. Obviously, the gold price would have to increase drastically for the buyer of small ingots to make a profit.

If you still want to buy gold, and you can't afford to buy in big quantities, you would do better to invest in gold mine shares. Though share prices are relative to gold prices, they are much less volatile and some even pay dividends. Gold not only doesn't pay dividends, but you must also pay to store and insure it. Perhaps the best way to get hold of some gold is to hire a metal detector, go out to the bush, and find some of your own. You'll get some exercise and a chance to participate in one of history's oldest pastimes — the search for security in an insecure world. — STEVEN SCHWARTZ

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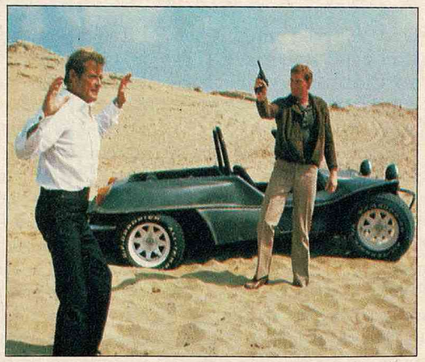
MOVIES

bond'age, urban decay, racism, decapitation . . . and they call this entertainment?



Like all of us, 007 seems to be getting on, and *For Your Eyes Only* relies on stunts for excitement.

For Your Eyes Only, the latest James Bond film, proves beyond doubt that you can make a really entertaining movie with no plot. Well, not much of one, anyway. Half the world seems to die for a portable typewriter — a helluva storyline. The original was a short story by Ian Fleming, but all producer Albert Broccoli has used is the title. What it lacks in dialogue and plot, it more than makes up for in stunts. It starts with a truly amazing sequence of helicopter flying, followed by exploding cars (a horrible way to treat a Citroen), motor bikes in snow, a ski chase, bobsleighing, then a combination of all three. After some underwater antics with diving bells, mini-submarines and, but of course, sharks, we then go back to the more mundane beach buggies and exploding warehouses, and finish off with some really scary stuff up a cliff. There's probably about half a dozen other stunts, but after a while it becomes hard to keep track. There is also death by shooting, blowing up and falling off things.

As for the girls, well, they seem to become less erotic as time passes, but then so does Mr Moore (all those turtleneck sweaters don't fool me — it's getting a bit too much for him). The only bright spark in the female stakes is Bibi (Lynn-Holly Johnson), a precocious ice-skater, but 007 turns her down. As for Melina (Carole Bouquet), the leading lady, she does have very nice hair, and Lisl (Australia's own Cassandra Harris), is only average Oz. Among the males, there is no great villain like Odd Job or Jaws. All you have is Topol (not a fiddle in sight) as a gangster with a heart of gold, and Julian Glover as Kristatos, the real heavy of the piece, who looked rather bored most of the time. The long tradition of the big climax is abandoned in this Bond movie, which is a great shame — it was always fun watching Shepperton Studios trying to self-destruct. Still, they make up for it with a very funny ending. It is a movie which is far too camp, and unfortunately not even saved by the stunts. The news is that there is a sequel in the pipeline — one called *Octopussy*. Does this mean they'll shoot it when Roger Moore and his ladies are 80? — ANDREW COWELL

•

Escape From New York provides an absolutely hair-raising look into the near-future, when Manhattan Island is populated by three million crims and assorted crazies. "So what's new?", I hear you mutter. Well, in 1997, the island has been turned into one big prison camp, like Devil's Island only worse. The Statue of Liberty has become just another guard tower, from which officers wearing infra-red goggles blast away at prisoners desperate enough to escape. Helicopters circle endlessly. Apart from the monthly food drops into Central Park, the outcasts living on Manhattan have no contact with the outside world. There are no warders, and only one rule — you never leave. Into this hell crashes a hijacked Air Force jet carrying the American president. He's the only survivor after taking refuge in his special presidential crash pod. The president (a part played sweatingly by Donald Pleasence) is held hostage by the most powerful gang of criminals on Manhattan. In a matter of hours, he's due to meet other world leaders for vital peace talks. Trying to storm this island Bastille would mean certain death for the prez and the peace negotiations. The authorities' only hope of getting him out lies in a character called Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), a master thief and war veteran whose imminent despatch to the

Donald Sutherland, as per usual, is brilliant in *Eye of the Needle,* a harrowing spy story set in England in World War Two.

island is interrupted when police chief Bob Hauk (Lee Van Cleef) offers him freedom if he is able to rescue the president.

The rescue mission is fraught with peril after peril. John Carpenter's direction, of the screenplay he cowrote with Nick Castle, maintains a good racy pace. The musical score was also written by Carpenter, and the thumping, synthesiser-heavy rhythms contain a violence which blends well with the plot. Carpenter's previous credits include *Halloween, The Fog,* and the not-so-well-known but very brilliant black sci-fi comedy, *Dark Star.* In *Escape From New York,* he wrote some of the parts for specific actors — such as Cabbie, a slightly deranged but affable character played with great gusto by Ernest Borgnine. Cabbie still drives his beaten-up yellow taxi-cab around the island, injecting a comic touch by pulling up as the villains start to close in on the fleeing Plissken and president, and inquiring: "Taxi?" The sets of production designer Joe Alves are most impressive, providing a stark contrast between "free" New York, with its angular lines and colorless backgrounds, and the inside of Manhattan and its neo-medieval landscape. And the special effects team also acquits itself well, providing frightening realism.

Kurt Russell's portrayal of Snake Plissken is the only real flaw. A chameleon-like actor who just convincingly played Elvis in the movie of the same name, Russell here appears to be imitating Clint Eastwood *a la* Sergio Leone.

That aside, *Escape From New York* is a winner. There's a beautiful twist at the end, and you might find yourself, like me, leaving the cinema wondering: "Could this *really* happen . . .?"

— TONY MAGUIRE

•

One of the perennial pleasures of moviegoing is to sink into a theatre seat and surrender to a tantalising yarn, confident that ace professionals are in charge up there. The good vibes come quickly in **Eye of the Needle,** a conventional but almost totally satisfying thriller starring Donald Sutherland, for my money among the choicest actors in moviedom. Though skunked out of the Oscar nomination he richly deserved for *Ordinary People* last year, Sutherland snaps back with a subtle, varied and strangely touching portrayal of a ruthless killer in a first-rate adaptation by Stanley Mann of Ken Follett's best seller about a German spy in Britain during the D-day build-up of World War Two. As the implacable Faber, who seems to have a wild animal's instinct for danger whenever his pursuers draw nigh, Sutherland knocks off his numerous adversaries without a blink of remorse until, at last, he is marooned on an English coastal island with a bitter, legless former RAF pilot (Christopher Cazenove), the pilot's young son, and his unhappy wife (Kate Nelligan). What develops is a kind of spy-who-loved-me tale of a passionate woman and the mysterious stranger whose relationship is explored with probing delicacy — though not to the exclusion of a wham-bam climax that's astonishing on several counts, significantly for fine work by Nelligan, a Canadian-born stage acress who matches Sutherland's *tour de force* with some virtuosity all her own. Director Richard Marquand, winner of a 1972 Emmy for the TV series *The Search for the Nile,* maintains an easy balance between sheer suspense and simple humanity. Admirers of the novel (which I had never read) assure me the screenplay sticks closely to the original, though there's much less attention paid to the intelligence man on Faber's trail, even with England's top-notch Ian Bannen in the part. No matter. *Eye of the Needle* has the sure holding power of a book you can't put down.

•

Writer-director David Cronenberg's **Scanners** will not disappoint a growing coterie of fans who consider Cronenberg a genius light-years beyond such directors as John Carpenter and Brian De Palma. The movie has scarcely begun when a man's head explodes like a shattered melon. A kinetic kissin' cousin to *Carrie,* an accomplished scanner is able to concentrate his amazing powers on such cerebral blowouts. *Scanners'* diabolical political plot involves Patrick McGoohan, Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack, the last just okay in his key role. But the film's ending is dynamite, and that's where nine out of 10 thrillers these days seem to go askew.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Friday the 13th, Part 2 is an abattoir of a film in which a group of fresh-faced fun-loving specimens of American youth at a summer camp are slaughtered by a psychopathic killer. The plot and storyline are identical to the parent film, *Friday the 13th,* which was released on the Australian circuit about 18 months ago, the only essential difference being the killer's identity. In fact, *Friday the 13th, Part 2* has the same storyline as umpteen other movies of a certain B-grade genre. What it boils down to is pure carnage, with the money saved on using a cast of unknowns (Well, *do* John Furey or Adrienne King ring a bell?) being injected into the special effects department to capture as bloodily and graphically as possible the various stabbings, garrottings, decapitations and other grotesque endings.

The director Steve Miner takes us from one gory scene to another, using various unsubtle cinematic techniques to make the audience wince, shriek and burst into nervous laughter. But it's all been done before, and a true master of suspense, for example, Alfred Hitchcock, would weep if he was exposed to this unsubtle piece of horror.

Friday the 13th, Part 2 is one of this year's top grossers in the US, and will no doubt enjoy an equivalent success here, simply because people like to be scared. It's a pity film producers trade on this to churn out such drek.

— TONY MAGUIRE

•

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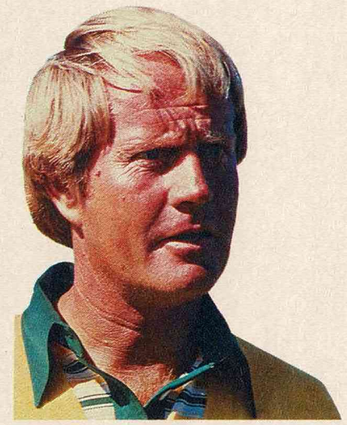

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I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

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Harold Abrahams is "flattered" that he could be the fastest guy on two legs even if he does have to balance a whacking great chip on his shoulder (Harold's Jewish, you see, and out to make his mark at waspish Cambridge University). But what about Eric Liddell? He seems a genial and straightforward young Scot, with an adoring wee lassie at his side. What makes Eric run? Well, God's in the driver's seat there. He will "run in God's name and let the world stand back in wonder". Ah, but never on Sunday!

Chariots Of Fire examines these obsessed young athletes and some of their mates, their motives, triumphs and disappointments on the track to the dais at the 1932 Olympic Games in Paris. The film has a storyline both as slender as a winning-tape and broad as the world of sports itself.

Okay, so with this sort of material we are not in the dreaded clutches of, say, a Roger Corman or a Jerry Lewis. What remains then to be asked about the 1981 Royal Film Performance choice is, does it hare off the other way and become one of those frightfully sincere, well-intentioned, hand-carved, gold-plated bores? The answer is a resounding negative.

I guess a yarn about the world's top dash should move right along and this does. *Chariots Of Fire* is also all class, a superb evocation of time, place and circumstance.

Harold Abrahams (who became an ace commentator) and Eric Liddell (who died a missionary) were a sort of short-course Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe of their day, although both had better manners than the churlish Ovett. Between races, they used dinky old expressions like: "Isn't she a peach?" And although Liddell had to stand up to a browbeating by the gormless Prince of Wales when religious beliefs looked like getting in the way of a gold medal the Establishment coveted, there was still a great deal of style and charm in the way sportsmen simply went about competing — a far and cautionary cry from today's trouble-plagued Games.

The cast is basically "new" talent (excepting Sir John Gielgud, among others). Ben Cross portrays Harold Abrahams and succeeds in the tricky task of giving this brooding, intense fellow likeability as well. Ian Charleson, looking amazingly like Sam Neill with a few pock-marks, is Eric Liddell. And Nigel Havers has the flashier role of Andrew Lord Lindsey. They're all in the care of 45-year-old director Hugh Hudson, making an impressive feature debut after a string of documentary and commercial awards. As for awards at the Games, look it all up in the record books if you like but I'm not about to spill the beans on who wins or loses what. You are advised to get ready, set and go to see for yourself, whether *Chariots Of Fire* turns out to be a sprinter or a stayer at the box-office.

•

Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed gaze uncomprehendingly at one another across a crowded desert and then start firing, respectively, homilies and cliches. And beliefs. And bullets . . . and bombs and . . . Lots of people get theirs, the biggest casualty of all being, mercifully posthumously, Omar Mukhtar whose bedouin resistance of the pre-World War Two fascists **Lion Of The Desert** sets out to honor. "My father used to say that blows which don't break your back strengthen it," muses Quinn, as Omar, in light of renewed aggression from Il Duce . . . "Let's show . . . some spine." If Omar hadn't been hanged on September 16, 1931, he'd be sending for the physio now. What a shame: there's a great yarn at the bottom of all this. Mukhtar, a former teacher, was 73 years old when he died, still the leader of inferior numbers with inferior weapons which had stymied Libya's colonisers for years. The most vital ingredient missing from this screen version is the passion to make its memorable events convincing even in a world with an Afghan analogy. Instead, from the Italian camp we get petulance; from Quinn at least dignity; and from his followers, mainly sullen resentment. What Reed is up to, as the arch-enemy General Graziani, is anyone's guess. He plays his role with a ruthless urbanity — a sort of curled stiff upper lip — that reeks of nothing more so than a puzzled Pom in a sweaty black shirt. He is perhaps just another victim of the casting miasma created by these multi-national spectaculars (also on hand: Rod Steiger, as Mussolini; John Gielgud, as El Gariani; Irene Papas, as Mabrouka; etc). Oh, there's plenty of action — in bloody spurts — but the cowboy-and-indian cultists who relish such simple displeasures may find themselves restless between rounds when we break for a stab at philosophy. This reviewer spoke to Quinn shortly before he went on location for *Lion Of The Desert*. He had just done the camel-opera *Caravans* which, for subsequently obvious reasons, he was none to keen to discuss. Indeed, what his distinguished career could really use now is another oasis. *Lion Of The Desert* is set for national release on October 16 and that, you will note, is exactly 50 years after Mukhtar's execution — plus a month. All up, a nearer miss than the production itself. — GLENN RUSSELL

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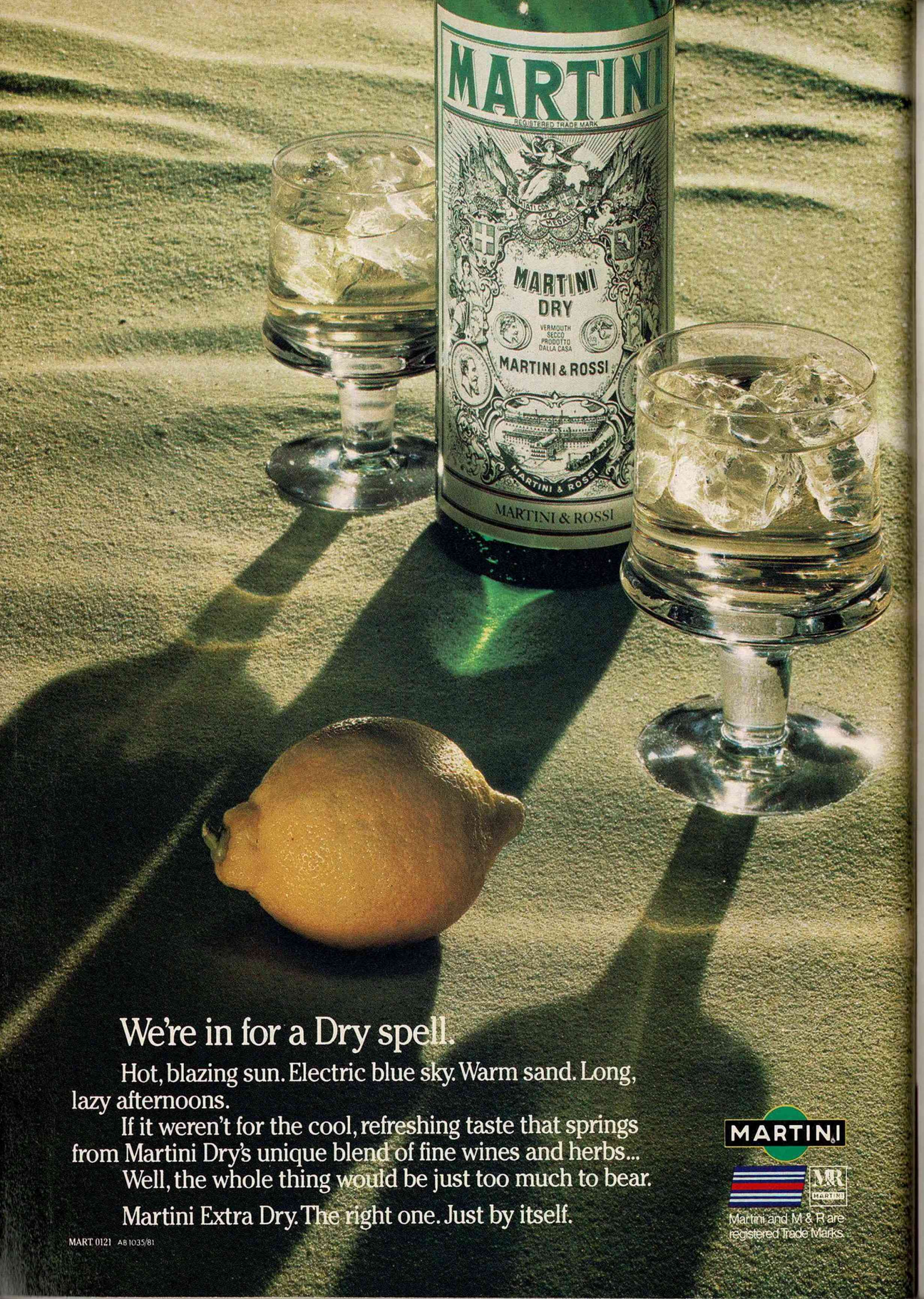
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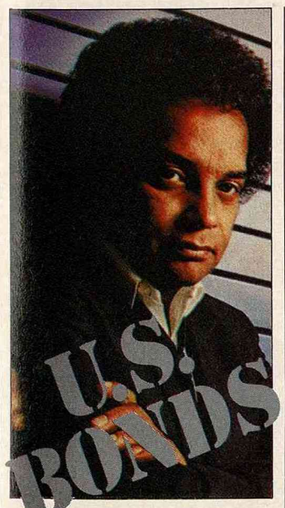


Gary US Bonds has the sort of track record from which today's rock legends are scripted, but it took the patronage of Bruce Springsteen and Miami Steve Van Zandt to provide him with a new lease on his rock career.

Bond's *Dedication* (EMI America) marks the recording point where Springsteen picked him out of the roadside bar circuit and kicked him high up the US charts. The story of changing fortunes runs something like this: born Gary Anderson in Jacksonville, Florida, the better part of 40 years ago, he found voice in church choirs. In the late 1950s, he became associated with small-time producer Frank Guida, and together they produced one of the most original rock sounds of the era. A swaggering drum line, lots of Phil Spector-style handclaps and a pumping sax were sloshed over a frenzied background noise, and somehow, it produced great dance music with a sense of soul excitement.

Years after Bond's career had run its apparent short course following four top-10 singles, Springsteen became a latter-day fan and even used Gary's hit, Quarter To Three, in the live act. When Bruce and Gary produced an impromptu gig following a chance meeting in a New Jersey bar three years ago, the resurrection began.

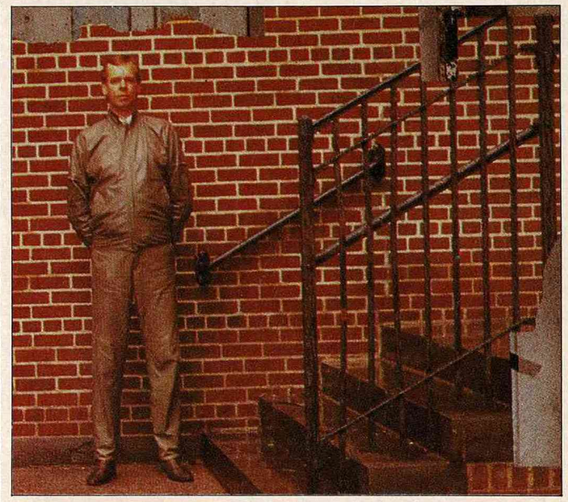
Dedication was originally intended as an EP, but the union of Springsteen's E Street Band with Bond's backing outfit has produced such a rapport that the venture expanded to cover an album. Bond's contribution comes straight from the heart via the vocal chords, and projects him as one hell-uva singer. Most cuts on side one were written by Springsteen and Van Zandt, with side two including an exemplary version of Jackson Browne's haunting tune, The Pretender.

Your Love is a soul surprise and features the legendary Ben E. King and Chuck Jackson on support vocals. However, the tune which best tells the tale is Van Zandt's Daddy's Come Home (Back Where He Belongs), because it captures the sentiment of Bond's comeback and, in so doing, manages to say volumes about the road rock 'n' roll has taken.

•

Quite possibly one of the finest contemporary albums is the Pointer Sisters' *Black and White* (Planet). The three girls, who dropped by Australia earlier this year to say

it was their aim to be the best, have certainly gone one step closer to being the Supremes of the '80s. It's been a lot of hard work for Anita, Ruth and June, because they've been a world class act for close on 10 years, and have been improving by degrees to find the right formula. They've tapped the golden vein on this disc with an excellent single in Slow Hand, a precise choice of top material, superb musicianship and a crystal-clear recording which makes most other runners look sick by comparison.



The Pointer Sisters, Rick Wakeman: two new great LPs

The side salad's fine, but what really carries the work are the vocals. All three sisters take turns at lead, and the range, power and clarity of their voices is almost without comparison in the popular field. Their harmonies are so precise that it's impossible to decipher the divisions — a point which must go down to the girls for they're responsible for all vocal arrangement.

Russ Ballard's Someday We'll Be Together harks back to the girls' gospel training, and What a Surprise is one of the show-stoppers. Try Slow Hand on a primo system and appreciate the subtlety of its delivery. Better still, buy the album — it's great value.

•

There would be genuine cause for concern if Rick Wakeman let all those keyboard banks gather dust forever as a result of his surrender to the destructive forces of overwork, excessive cash and too much booze. Never fear, the king of the concept album has beaten all and resurfaced on a new label, to produce one of his most exhaustive works of all. Like *Journey To The Centre Of The Earth, 1984* (Charisma) follows the style of adapting literary tale to music and both the futuristic scripts of H.G. Wells and George Orwell lend themselves to interpretation through Wakeman's rampant imagination.

The obvious switch is Wakeman's dismissal of electronic gimmickry in favor of a stronger melodic feel. The styles of ex-Yes singer Jon Anderson and firebrand Chaka Khan appear to be diametrically opposed, but the pairing works well. With lyrics by Tim Rice and master virtuoso Wakeman heading a five-man band, plus a small orchestra, there is room for tremendous scope, and Wakeman manages to curb his urge for overkill at last.

On an album of such proportions, the unsung heroes lurk in the studio, where bottling the demands of the Wakeman imagination make the building of the pyramids appear small fish. For the task, he used a staff of 17 plus engineer Mike Bobak. The work should be judged

in its entirety, but it is not unfair to isolate a couple of high points.

Julia's Song, with Chaka in soft voice, is a haunting tune which contrasts spectacularly with the sheer power of Robot Man and Rice's vocals on the punk-ish Proles. Another surprise is Steve Harley, who gets a vocal run on No Name. In fact, there's lots of startling items on an album which just about kicks Wakeman's fortunes back into top gear.

•

The question of whether Marc Hunter can cut it as a solo act will be solved by the time *Big City Talk* (Mercury) runs its race. The collection of a dozen songs is Hunter's second solo album, and after almost two years of introspection, he would be less than human if he wasn't anxious about his career. Backed by a national tour and a concerted promotion campaign, the album is seen as Hunter's ride back to the big league.

Somebody pulled the wrong rein by nominating the title cut as the single. It sounds far too much like Dragon's song, Are You Old Enough? and everybody is certain to see it as a rather tired formula. Maybe that has as much to do with brother Todd Hunter (who co-produced it with Marc), and engineer Richard Lush, as it has with the singer. The real grit rests in cuts like A Loser's Game and Echoes, but it's still hard to escape the suspicion that Hunter's credibility is not strong enough to carry him beyond the handicap that we've seen and heard much of it before.

A little *Chemistry* from Mondo Rock and some *Big City Talk* from Marc Hunter . . . plus what may well be the album of the year, *Pirates* by Rickie Lee Jones. . . all debut this month

•

The real crucible for the firing of the Mondo Rock experiment is a gem of an album aptly called *Chemistry* (Avenue). This will rank right up there with the best Aussie albums of '81, because it brings together the principal ingredients of a great product. Take one well-known band fronted by an enigmatic vocalist, add a sharp songwriter, field three hit singles, throw them around seven other songs and a clever cover, and the chemistry is complete.

Guitarist Eric McCusker's writing ability has been a real find and his State Of The Heart heads Mondo's other fine single pair in Chemistry and Cool World. James Black's cute keyboard inserts on the title cut are just a glimpse of the guy's importance in this band, and it's his originality which reinforces McCusker's restrained playing.

Gone are the days when a group of Mondo's standing would have the air let out of their tyres by a lousy studio recreation. While recorded "on the run" in Sydney and Melbourne by a mixed crew, it loses none of Mondo's slickness and command. A perfect example is McCusker's Moves — a clever song which demands the smartest finishing to display the contrast between sharp lyric and melody. That part of Ross Wilson which houses his zany originality exposes itself in Trash and Mondo Sexo, while McCusker's Summer of '81 displays some outstanding imagery.

The collision of so many "right" factors has not only produced an album of rare quality, but shot Mondo Rock right into the super league. We always suspected they were capable of it: *Chemistry* is the proof.

•

A live double Frank Zappa album is not the ideal manner in which to come to grips with the master Mother, but for Zappaphiles *Tinsel Town Rebellion* (CBS) is almost too hard to pass. Zappa concert fans have always claimed the man has to be caught in the act to be truly appreciated, and *Tinsel Town* proves them right.

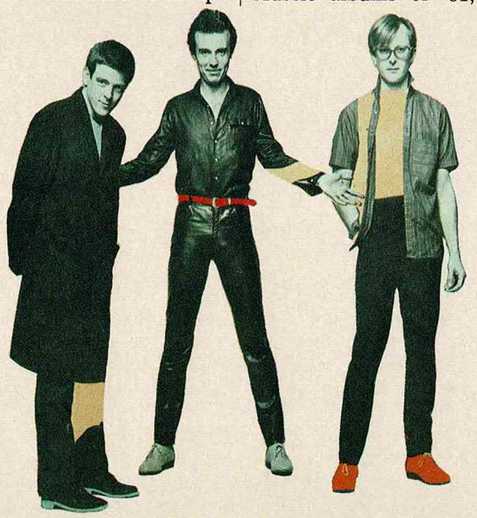
Contentious monologue, some brilliant playing by Zappa, a big backing contingent and the ever-present Frank wit, make this disc something more than just another live album. Don't make the mistake of thinking this is a "best of" album; it's not. Zappa opens up new creative domains at will and spends precious few moments on hindsight. Verdict: Revealing.

•

Rickie Lee Jones' fans had almost given up hope of seeing a follow-up to her big-selling debut album. It took three years for *Pirates* (Warner Bros) to find its way out of the maze, but it has been in the stores for some weeks now and its quality proves it was worth the wait. Additionally, the LP establishes Rickie Lee as one of the most complex and brilliant of contemporary female performers, with an originality factor which puts her in the same class as Carole King.

Her unique style bears strong jazz elements with rhythm and blues comparisons which hark back to the free-rein expressions of Van Morrison. She has an exceptional voice which, when latched on to her unusual arrangements, produces a sound unlike anybody else.

Pirates suggests that her writing-vocal-piano style might become as important to the '80s as Carole King's sound was to the '60s and '70s. Here, she has clearly emulated Ms King's *Tapestry* feat of solidifying a work free of even the slightest dull patch. Her street-life imagery says much about her former relation-



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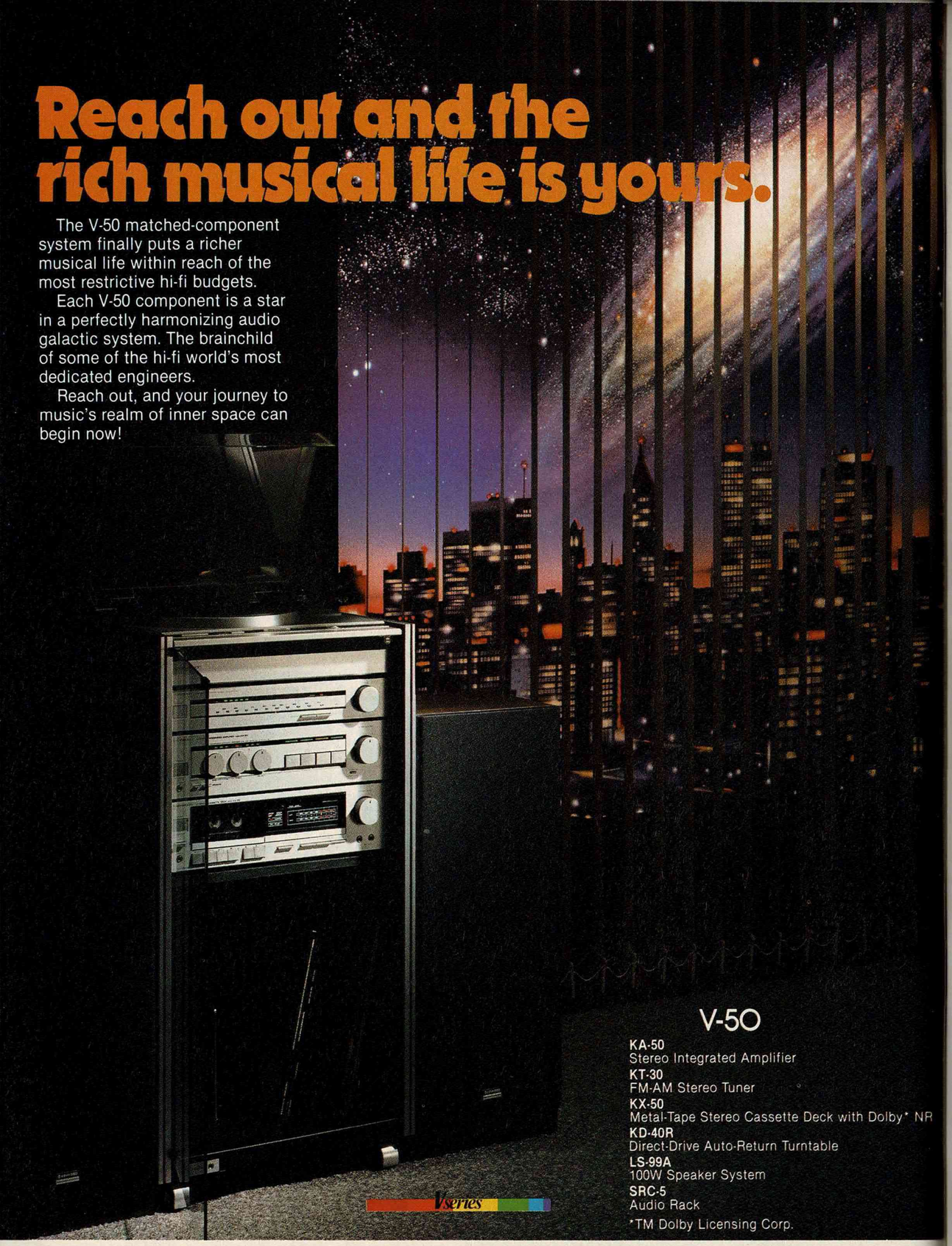

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ship with that outstanding wordsmith, Tom Waits, but, unlike him, Rickie Lee goes for richer arrangements and a broader vocal range.

The technique of double-tracking her voice to create harmonies at unlikely points is used by few others, as are the sudden tempo changes. Essentially, it's the sheer sensuality of her presentation which conjures up the spell. It's there in the gentle tug of A Lucky Guy when the breathy urgency of the final verse runs into a soft fade-out. It's hard to draw accurate reference points on something so well balanced and free of flaw, but suffice to say that this is one of the albums of the year.

•

SHORT CUTS

We were lucky enough to sample the spectacularly packaged limited edition of *Future Shock* (Virgin) by Gillan, the band headed by former Deep Purple lead singer Ian Gillan. The album currently available does not include the glossy inner booklet, but rest assured the chrome-plated side of the heavy metal product is alive and well. Guitarist Bernie Torme has since left the band, which means this set can't be duplicated. Heavy metal flash with dash.

Mecca For Moderns (Atlantic), Manhattan Transfer, is another startling offering from the New York sophisticates who specialise in the unusual. The single lift of the much-worked Boy From New York City might mislead. The rest is shockingly diverse and incorporates wild jazz revamps of old tunes and a shattering shot at A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square.

The temptation to write a longer critique on Yoko Ono's *Season of Glass* (Geffen) was never very strong. It's not dedicated to John Lennon. It was produced by Yoko and Phil Spector, and our advice is first have a listen to a friend's copy, and then make up your mind.

Since their formation in 1966, Barclay James Harvest have gone close to producing an album a year. But it was not until 1977 and the *Gone To Earth* album that the Oldham (UK) band really found their market: Europe. *Turn Of The Tide* (Polydor) is their effort for 1981, and this digital recording clearly maintains the band's pursuit of technical excellence, while not abandoning a conceptual stance. A bonus for the initiated, *Turn Of The Tide* is a good starting point for new BJH fans.

For good fun boogie, try ZZ Top's *El Loco* (Warner Bros). Sample a little Tube Snake Boogie with a touch of Ten Foot Pole, It's So Hard or I Wanna Drive You Home. It's no wonder these guys have so much fun.

Mick Jones is really an underestimated rock guitarist in a band which rarely permits much scope for his style, but on *4*, Foreigner go for a bit of diversity to unleash Jones and also introduce some guests, including saxman Junior Walker and slide guitarist Hugh McCracken. These boys are on the right wave-length.

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BOOKS

how to live through a hydrogen bomb attack while putting out the barbie fire

TO MANY urban Australians, the most disturbing threats to their basically cocooned existence are these: the annual midsummer cockroach invasion, the cloying persistence of bush flies at that suburban altar — the barbie fire — and, increasingly the disruptions of strikes.

But, after wading through *Survival* by Lex Lannoy and Peter C. Nicholls (Horwitz, Grahame), I felt besieged. This is doomsday scripting at its ghoulish best, for the authors present scenarios for an astonishing array of potential disasters.

After romping through the basic boy scout recipes for survival in the bush, arid areas, jungles, rain forests and mountains, they tackle survival in the community and home, and the techniques for coping with nuclear, biological and chemical warfare.

They're nothing if not thorough. Discussing home hazards, they offer sound advice on coping with fire, gas and electricity, drugs, poisons, intruders, emergency childbirth, crowd violence . . . Additionally, they also volunteer advice on hijacking and terrorism, and methods of coping with cyclones, floods, earthquakes, landslides, fogs, and lightning, too.

Their delight in disaster is again evident in the extensive chapter on warfare, which they approach with zest. And they offer all the answers to survival through nuclear attack.

Our disaster duo have obviously done their homework. Their advice is sound and practical and the book would not be out of place in most homes — just in case.

However, their eager boy scout approach can be a bit cloying. Here's their "personal matchbox survival kit" which they recommend be carried wherever you go.

It consists of: two Band-aids in sealed wrappers, razor blade also in sealed paper wrapper, a magnetised needle (for use as a compass), a length of waxed thread, three safety pins, a 10-cent coin (for emergency phone call), $1 note (rolled tight), three aspirins in a sealed foil, four matches and a pencil stub.

A footnote adds that the matches should be replaced every few weeks so that the heads do not become damp and unworkable.

Feel safer?

— ALLAN MOULT

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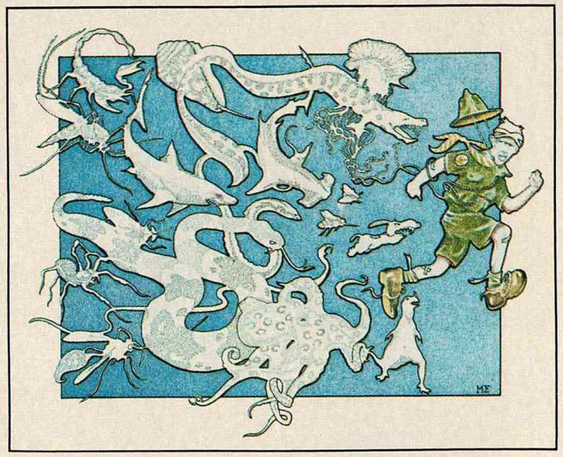

Survival: read it and learn how to cope with anything.

I have an intuitive feeling that Murray Bail has made a detailed study of the cultural and migratory habits of Australia's aunts and uncles, and used his findings to great advantage in his latest book, *Homesickness* (Penguin). You see, here we have a small congregation of Australians, touring the great world centres — Africa, England, South America, New York, and even Russia — searching for wonderful things. Places and people to write home about, experiences to remember, some interesting items and souvenirs to pack away.

Australian travellers (as with every nationality) have distinctive traits that set them apart from the rest. In this book, Murray Bail has portrayed our cultural tendencies with both understanding and wit. He has gently touched upon our idiosyncrasies without insulting them.

The tourists, a dozen or so of them, can be seen wandering, with a rather wide-eyed naivety, through a number of experiences, at times bordering on the surreal, that leave them in the end with rather puzzled expressions on their faces, and not too many ideas about what to write on the postcards. Bail achieves these images through some carefully constructed graphic writing, and a subtle humor that follows the tourists across continents.

Homesickness deserves all the acclaim it has received as recipient of the 1980 National Book Council Award; however, it is a book that will require more than a casual reading, a book that leads the reader to a place "where nothing is as it seems". — GRIGOR BROWN

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World War Two in the Pacific was not quite what Warner Bros wanted us to believe — some kind of Technicolor tropicana where all the gung-ho heroes single-handedly mowed down half of the Imperial Nipponese forces before expiring without fuss (usually of invisible wounds) in the arms of beautiful island maidens.

Survivors, such as author William Manchester, remember the war in the Pacific rather differently, more like a charnel-house splattered with the offal of combat — "gobs of blood, shards of shattered bones, ropy intestines, and slimy brains".

Manchester's *Goodbye Darkness* (Michael Joseph) is a disturbing memoir of battle, an attempt to come to terms with the forces that changed him from callow boy to killer. His aim was to confront, and thereby exorcise, memories so bestial that they have haunted him for 30 years.

The author's odyssey took him to Bataan, Corregidor, Guadalcanal, Midway, to the fetid swamps of the Kokoda Trail. Often he would visit a one-time hallowed battlefield to find a supermarket or a drive-in movie theatre as the only "memorial" to the thousands who had perished there. Elsewhere he found golf-courses and tawdry tourist traps. But every so often, Manchester also discovered something — a crumbling graveyard in the New Guinea Highlands, an overgrown foxhole — that would quickly lay bare the wounds of old and unleash a flood of memories.

This is when Manchester is at his best. His descriptions of the conflict are ferocious reading.

Manchester is less effective when dealing with the lighter side of the service. His breathless accounts of barrack-room pranks, oddballs and misfits, and of his own hapless attempts to lose his virginity, are clearly devices to provide the light relief, but such slapstick rings false and retards the narrative's emotional build-up.

But even the limp, Joseph Wambaugh-style of humor cannot obscure the book's single message — that war is obscene. — LARRY WRITER

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CREDITS
Girls of Perth (Pages 108-117): Fur coat supplied by Baileys Fur Salon, Barrack Street, Perth.
Making Good Scents (Pages 148-149): Cocktail glass courtesy of Saywell Imports of Sydney.

NEXT MONTH

RAGING BEAUTY

CUPID FIRED

MICKI

SUPER SUZI

SHE'S NO RATBAG — SAY "CR-CR-CROCODILES!" AND YOU IMMEDIATELY THINK OF **MICKI GARDENER,** THE JANE WHO NIBBLED PICNIC BARS WHILE TARZAN LOST HIS BANANAS IN THE WELL-KNOWN TV COMMERCIAL. NEXT MONTH, THE DIZZY FORMER SUPERPERSON OF RATBAGS REVEALS ALL

WIN A SUPA-DUPA SUZUKI•SIERRA — PLAYBOY'S **ROB LUCK** HAS BUILT UP A $17,000 TURBO-SUZI WITH (AMONG OTHER THINGS) A RYMEC TURBOCHARGER, RECARO SEATS, BOSE STEREO AND PRINCE ON-BOARD COMPUTER. ENTER OUR COMPETITION — IT'D MAKE A GREAT CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

IT'S THE IN THING — OR, MORE CORRECTLY, THE NOT-IN THING: CELIBACY. IT'S A BOLD NEW STEP IN MALE-FEMALE RELATIONSHIPS WHERE THE PARTNERS CHOOSE, FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS, NOT TO HAVE SEX. BY **DAVID WITT**

RAGING BULL'S RAGING BEAUTY — WHATEVER BECAME OF VIKKI, THE YOUNG WIFE OF FIGHTER JAKE LA MOTTA? SHE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE, AND AT 51 STILL VERY MUCH A RAGING BEAUTY. ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN **JEAN VALLELY'S** FRANK PROFILE OF THE WOMAN WHO DROVE HER HUSBAND TO UNCONTROLLABLE VIOLENCE. YOU WON'T BELIEVE HER LOOKS

MATESHIP REVISITED — WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE NOBLE PURSUIT OF HANGING OUT WITH THE BOYS? FROM THE LOCKER ROOM TO THE-LAST-DRINK-ON-FRIDAY, THE CONCEPT OF MATESHIP HAS BEEN PURGED ALMOST OUT OF EXISTENCE. WE TAKE A LOOK AT MATESHIP'S DEMISE AND THINK THAT MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR A REVIVAL

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MAD TO PLAY HERE — AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SANE, EITHER. TO THE MADCAP MEMBERS OF THE OXFORD DANGEROUS SPORTS CLUB, DEFYING DEATH IN A DOZEN ZANY WAYS JUST FOR FUN IS HOW THEY'VE COME TO BE CALLED **THE WORLD'S MOST DARING SPORTSMEN**

THE CUP — WHAT'S A BLOKE DO WHEN HE'S GOT A POCKET FULL OF MOOLAH, IT'S NOVEMBER, AND HE'S MET THIS HIGH-PRICED BIRD, LADY DI, WHO DON'T COME EASY AND WHO'S NEVER SEEN MELBOURNE TOWN? HE HIRES A MERC AND OFF THEY HEAD FOR THE RACE THAT STOPS AUSTRALIA DEAD IN ITS TRACKS. MORE HUMOR FROM **JOHNNY BYRELL**

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